



*Samuel Prado.*

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THE  
ORATIONS  
OF  
*C I C E R O,*

Translated into ENGLISH.

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By WILLIAM GUTHRIE, Esq;

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V O L. II.

Containing the

Following ORATIONS,

*VIZ.*

|         |         |           |  |             |                    |
|---------|---------|-----------|--|-------------|--------------------|
| First,  | against | CATILINE. |  | For CÆLIUS. |                    |
| Second, |         |           |  | The first,  |                    |
| Third,  |         |           |  | The second, | <i>Pbiliippic.</i> |
| Fourth, |         |           |  |             |                    |

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The THIRD EDITION,

In which the TEXT has been carefully REVISED and  
CORRECTED with ADDITIONAL NOTES.

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corrections with additional notes.

WORLD

Lining for T. W. Miller, at the C. and New Mills  
in May, 1871. - B.C. 112273.



## THE ARGUMENT.

**N**O Conspiracy was ever enter'd into with a more bloody View, or if successful, must have been attended with more dismal Consequences, than that of Catiline against Rome. The Ends which the Conspirators proposed, were not merely Political, such as those of creating an Alteration in the fundamental Constitution of the Government, or removing Persons in Power, but tended to an utter Extinction of all who were not immediately concerned in the Conspiracy. The very City of Rome was to have been fired, and the Senators and Citizens cut off; but as the Particulars of it have been fully described by Sallust, and many other Authors, we shall say nothing more, either of the Persons, or the History of the Conspirators.

The following was probably not the first Oration which Cicero had pronounced against Catiline and his Accomplices. But, as this contains the Substance of all he had formerly said on this Occasion, it appears, that he had been at no Pains to preserve the others. The Occasion on which it was pronounced, was as follows:

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B

Catiline,

## ARGUMENT.

Catiline, and the other Conspirators, had met together in the House of one Marcus Lecca; where it was proposed, that Catiline should leave the City, while the others remained to execute the bloody Purposes of their Conspiracy. Upon Catiline's making a small kind of a Difficulty in leaving the City before Cicero was murdered, two Roman Knights who were present, whose Names were Caius Cornelius, and Lucius Vargunteius, undertook to murder him before break of Day. But Cicero having Advice of this, by one Fulvia, a noted Courtezan, took such Measures as entirely disappointed them, and next Day summoned the Senate into the Temple of Jupiter Stator, with a Design to lay before them the whole of the Conspiracy. Catiline appearing at the Place appointed, with the other Conspirators, his Audacity seems to have provoked our Orator so much, that he rushes into an abrupt Invective against him, and his Associates, whom he pathetically exhorts to be gone out of Rome.

It was pronounced in the Senate, convened in the Temple of Jupiter Stator, in the Year of the City 609, and of Cicero's Age 44.



M.



M. T.

C I C E R O's  
F I R S T  
O R A T I O N  
A G A I N S T  
C A T I L I N E.

**H**O W far <sup>a</sup> wilt thou, O *Catiline* !  
abuse our Patience ? How long  
shall thy Madness <sup>b</sup> outbrave our  
Justice ? To what Extremities  
art thou resolved to push thy unbridled In-  
solence of Guilt ? Canst thou behold the

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nocturnal

<sup>a</sup> The Reader, no doubt, perceives how finely *Cicero* rushes into this Invective, as if the Danger had been too immediate to give him Leisure for the Formality of Address and Introduction.

<sup>b</sup> Orig. *Eludet* : For the Meaning of this Word, see the Oration for *Milo*.

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nocturnal <sup>c</sup> Arms that watch the PALATIUM, the Guards of the City, the Consternation of the Citizens; all the Wise and Worthy <sup>d</sup> clustering into Consultation; this impregnable Situation of the Seat of the Senate, and the reproachful Looks of the Fathers of *Rome*? Canst thou, I say, behold all this, and yet remain undaunted and unabashed? Art thou insensible thy Measures are detected! Art thou insensible that this Senate, now thoroughly informed, comprehend the whole Extent of thy Guilt? Point me out the Senator ignorant of thy Practices during the last and the preceding Night; of the Place where you met, the Company you summoned, and the Crime you concerted. The Senate is conscious, the Consul is witness to this: yet, mean and degenerate! the Traitor lives: Lives! did I say? He mixes with the Senate; he shares in our Counsels; with a steady Eye he surveys us; he anticipates his Guilt; he enjoys the murderous Thought, and coolly marks

<sup>c</sup> The Romans had no standing Army at this Time, nor any regular Guards within the City; but on the Discovery of this Conspiracy, they had placed a strong Garrison in the *Palatium*, which was the highest Hill in *Rome*, and served as a Citadel; at the same Time, they ordered several Parties to patrol through the Streets, under the Command of the *Aediles*, and other inferior Magistrates, to prevent the Conspirators setting Fire to the City in the Night.

<sup>d</sup> Orig. *Concurfus*: But Quintilian seems to have read *Con-sensus*.

marks us out to bleed. Yet we, <sup>c</sup> boldly passive in our Country's Cause, think we act like *Romans*; if we can escape his frantic Rage.

LONG since, O *Catiline*! ought the Consul to have doomed thy Life a Forfeit to thy Country; and to have directed upon thy own Head the Plagues and Pains thou hast been long meditating for ours. Could the noble <sup>f</sup> *Scipio*, when Sovereign *Pontiff*, as a private *Roman*, kill <sup>g</sup> *Tiberius Gracchus* for a slight Encroachment upon the Rights of his Country; and shall we, her Consuls, with persevering Patience bear with *Catiline*, whose Ambition is to desolate a devoted World with Fire and Sword? Not to mention that antiquated Instance, <sup>h</sup> when *Servilius Abala* with

B 3 his

<sup>e</sup> A Reader of any Taste, requires in a Translation, that the Author's Manner as well as Sense, should be preserved. *Cæsar's* Rapidity has hurried him into the frequent Use of Daftyles and Peons: which *Aristotle*, and *Cicero* himself, in his Conferences upon an Orator, have highly commended. There is, in this Sentence, a strong Instance of this. — FUOREM AC TELA VITEMUS.

<sup>f</sup> The Priests, and even the *Pontifex Maximus*, had no Power in Civil Affairs, though they might be chosen *Prætors* or *Consuls*, as this *Scipio*, *Cæsar*, and several Pontiffs were.

<sup>g</sup> See Notes on the Oration for *Milo*.

<sup>h</sup> When the City of *Rome* was afflicted with a great Famine, *Sp. Melius*, a *Roman* Knight, the richest Man in the City, bought up great Quantities of Corn throughout all *Tuscany* and freely distributed it among the poorer Citizens: This gained  
their

## 6 CICERO's ORATION

his own Hand punished with Death *Spurius Melius*, who meditated an Alteration in the Constitution. There was, there was a Time when such was the Spirit of *Rome*, that the Resentment of her gallant Sons more severely crushed the *Roman Traitor*, than the most inveterate Enemy. Strong and weighty, O *Catiline!*<sup>1</sup> is the Decree of the Senate we can now produce against you; neither Wisdom is wanting in this State, nor Authority in this Assembly; but we, let me here take Shame to myself, we, the Consuls, are wanting in our Duty.

## WHEN

their Affections, and encouraged *Melius* to aspire to the Sovereign Power. *T. Quintius Cincinnatus*, being named *Dicator*, by the Senate, to crush *Melius*, sent his General of the Horse *Q. Servilius Abala*, to summon him to appear at his Tribunal, to answer the Accusations brought against him. *Melius* refusing to come, and calling the Mob to his Assistance, *Servilius* run him through the Body, and thus stopped his ambitious Designs. This happened in the Year of *Rome* 314, which was three hundred and seventy-six Years before Cicero's Consulship.

<sup>1</sup> The *Roman Consuls* had a very small Share of the executive Authority in their Hands; they were obliged on every Occasion, to lay the Affair before the Senate, whose Orders they were obliged to execute. But on extraordinary Cases, the Senate made an Act, that the *Consuls* should take Care *That the Commonwealth might receive no Injury*: By which Words they gave absolute Power to the *Consuls* to raise Armies, and do whatever they thought proper for the public Interest, without having Resource to the Senate's Advice. By this, they were in Effect created *Dicators*; so that *Cicero* had at this Time sufficient Power to seize *Catiline* and his Accomplices, and try them, without calling a Senate; but he chose not to exert his Authority, to avoid the Odium which might be cast upon him, and for other Reasons, laid down in the Sequel of this Oration.

WHEN the Senate once decreed, *the Consul, Optimus, should take Care that the Commonwealth might receive no Detriment*, not a Night passed before his jealous Justice put to Death *Caius Gracchus* suspected of Sedition, though descended of a Father, a Grandfather, and a Family all eminent for their Services to *Rome*; and <sup>1</sup> *Marcus Fulvius*, a Consular, with his Children, underwent the same Fate. When by a like Decree the Government was put into the Hands of the Consuls, *Caius Marius* and *Lucius Valerius*, did one Day intervene before <sup>m</sup> *Lucius Saturninus*, the Tri-

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bune

\* This was the *Consul*, who, when *C. Gracchus Tiberius* following the Plan laid down by his Brother *T. Gracchus*, endeavoured to put in Execution the famous *Agrarian Law*, for an equal Division of the Lands, put him to Death.

<sup>1</sup> This Man, though formerly a Consul, joined with *C. Gracchus* in his Attempt to divide the Lands, and was named one of the three Commissioners for that Purpose. They went on for some Time, carrying every thing before them in the Assemblies of the People, in spite of the Senate, and all the Nobility. But one of the Consul's Lictors being killed by some of the Attendants of *Gracchus*, the Senate gave *Opimus* full Power to do as he thought best, for the Good of the State. The Consul commanded all the Nobility, with their Clients, to appear in Arms next Morning in the Forum, from whence he marched at their Head to attack *Gracchus* and *Fulvius*, who had assembled several Thousands of the lower Rank on the *Aventine Mount*: The Affair came to Blows, and *Gracchus*, *Fulvius*, and his Sons were slain, with three thousand of their Followers, in the Year of the City 631.

<sup>m</sup> These two having killed a Senator in a Tumult, were declared Enemies by the Senate, who commanded *Marius* to bring them to Justice. The Consul, armed with dictatorial Power, attacked

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bune of the People, and *Caius Servilius*, the Prætor, <sup>1</sup> satisfied by their Blood the Justice of their Country? <sup>2</sup> Yet for these twenty Days have we suffered <sup>3</sup> the Edge of this Assembly's Decision, keen as it is, to remain unactive in our Hands. For we have a like Decree, but it rests upon our Records, like a Sword in its Scabbard; yet this, O *Catiline!* is a Decree that ought in Course to have given you up to immediate Death. Yet you live; you live, not <sup>4</sup> to lay aside, but to swell, your audacious Guilt.

MERCY, Fathers Conscript, is my Delight; but never, in the Hour of Danger to my Country may that Mercy degenerate into Weakness. Yet even now my Conscience tells me that I have been remiss and negligent,

tacked them in the Capitol, and obliged them to surrender, with all their Followers; after which they were stoned to Death by the Mob, before they were brought to a Trial, in the Year 634.

<sup>5</sup> Orig. Mors ac Reipublicæ pæna remorata. Though nothing can be more plain, than the Meaning of Cicero, by those Words; yet the Variations of Manuscripts, have given rise to numberless Impertinencies of Commentators upon this Passage.

<sup>6</sup> Histories tell us, this Speech was made on the 18th Day after the Decree here mentioned; but the Orator calls it twenty Days in a round Number.

<sup>7</sup> Orig. Aciem Hebescere. This is a fine Metaphor, taken from a Sword. He immediately after speaks of a Vagina.

<sup>8</sup> Orig. Deponendam.

gent. Within *Italy*, upon the very Borders of *Tuscany*, a Camp is pitched against the Republic. The Numbers of the Enemy daily increase ; but the Captain of that Camp, the Leader of those Enemies, we behold within our Walls, nay, amidst this Assembly, daily working up some home-bred Calamity for *Rome*. Should I now at this Instant, *Catiline*, command thee to be seized, to be dragged to Death, the Censure, which I am afraid I have to dread from every good Man, would be, not that I acted with too much Severity, but with too much Slowness. Yet this necessary Piece of Justice, though long required, a certain Reason prevails upon me still to delay. Thou shalt suffer Death, trust me thou shalt ; but at a Time when there cannot be found a Man on Earth so much a Traitor, so much a Villain, so much a *Catiline*, as not to applaud the Justice of the Stroke. Thou shalt live, while there breathes a Man, who dares to defend thee ; but thou shalt

\* *Catiline* had sent *C. Manlius* to raise an Army in *Tuscany*, while he minded their other Designs in *Rome* ; such as murdering *Cicero*, and firing the City.

\* *Cicero* might have done this by the *Valerian Law*, made by *Valerius Poplicola*, immediately after the Expulsion of the Kings. For by this Law, it was declared, that any Man might safely kill a Traitor without a Trial ; provided he could afterwards make good his Accusation, and prove the Person slain to have been an Enemy to the Commonwealth.

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shalt live, as thou livest now, beset by my numerous, my trusty Guards, so that thou shalt not have the Power so much as to wag against the State; for many shall be the Eyes, and many the Ears, who, unperceived by thee, as they have hitherto been, shall watch thy Motions, and observe thy Actions.

BUT, *Catiline*, what hast thou now to trust to? If neither the Gloom of Night can conceal your lawless Assemblies, nor the Walls of a private Dwelling prevent thy Treason from lifting up its Voice; if every Word is heard, if every Circumstance bursts into Discovery. Put off, put off, that hardened Sense; for once wipe from thy Mind the Thoughts of Fire and Murder. You are on all Hands beset; your Practices are clear as the Sun at Noon, as you shall own from the Detail I am now to make. You may remember, that on the twenty-first of *October* last, I foretold in the Senate, that on a certain Day, before the twenty-fifth, *Caius Manlius*, the Confederate and Creature of your Guilt, would appear in Arms. Was I deceived, *Catiline*, in my Conjectures upon this enormous, this detestable, this

\* Cicero had certain Intelligence of all *Catiline's* private Deliberations, by *Curius*, one of the Conspirators, whom *Fulvia*, a noted Courtezan, had persuaded to betray their Secrets.

this unparallelled Attempt? But what is more remarkable, did I not point out the precise Day? I likewise foretold in the Senate, that you had fixed the Massacre of our Nobles for the twenty-eighth; a Time when many of our greatest Men left *Rome*, not prevailed on by a selfish Sense of their own Safety, but the Patriot Resolution to live that they might crush your Treasons. Can you deny that on that very Day you was so beset by my Vigilance, by my Guards, that to attempt ought against the State, was out of your Power; though you boasted that the Blood of us who remained in *Rome* would be sufficient Atonement for the Escape of the others. But how! when favoured by Darkness, "you attempted to surprize *Preneste* upon the 1st of *November*, didst thou not perceive that Colony to be fortified by my Orders, by my Officers, my Guards, and my Garrison? The Words of your Mouth, the Actions of pour Hands, and the Meditations of your Heart, are familiar to my Ears, present to my Eye, and plain to my Understanding.

## RECOLLECT

" None of the Historians, who have left us the Account of Catiline's Conspiracy, make any Mention of this Attempt; so that we know nothing of the Circumstances of it, more than Cicero here informs us.

RECOLLECT now the Transactions of last Night, while I recount them, and force you to acknowledge, that I am more vigilant in my Cares to preserve, than you in your Plots to destroy, this Republic. I affirm, that last Night, you met your Confederate *Affines*, (let me speak it aloud and plain) at the House of *Marcus Lecca*, \* in the Street of the Armorers: I affirm that then, and there, Numbers of your Associates, in Madness and Guilt, were assembled. You don't dare to deny this! You own it by your Silence. Did you not, I could prove it. For I have now in my Eye, some in this very Assembly, who were present at your Consultation <sup>x</sup>.

IMMORTAL Gods! In what Air do we breathe; in what a City do we live; of what a State are we Members! Here, here, Fathers Conscrip<sup>t</sup>, within these Walls, and in this Assembly, this Assembly, the most awful, the most

\* Orig. *Inter falcarios*: We are told by the Author of the Declamation against *Cicero*, that this House of *Lecca*, as his Name is spelt on Medals, stood in a very retired Place of *Rome*, and very proper for being a Magazine of Arms. *Inter falcarios*, therefore, may signify the Street of the Armorers, more properly than the Reapers, from *Falx* a *Scymiter*, hence the Word *Faulchion*.

<sup>x</sup> *Sallust* reckons up ten Senators besides *Catiline*, who were concerned in this Conspiracy; of which Number is *Marcus Portius Lecca*.

most venerable the Sun beholds, are Men who meditate my Death, and your Destruction ; who meditate the Ruin of this City, and consequently of this World. Their Persons I can now point out ; their Opinions I am now to ask ; and instead of shedding their Blood, I spare their Reputation. That Night, therefore, *Catiline*, you was at the House of *Lecca* ; you cantoned all *Italy* out, you appointed the Station to which every one was to repair ; you singled out those whom you in Person was to head ; and those who were to stay in *Rome* ; you pointed out the Parts of the City, which the Flames were first to catch, and declared, that you yourself would go forth, but that you would tarry a little, because I was still alive. Two *Roman* Knights, then, to ease you of this Disquiet, undertook with their own Hands, before they slept, and e're the Day should dawn, to dispatch me upon my humble Couch.

SCARCE was your Assembly dissolved, before I learnt all this. The Guards of my House I doubled ; the Retinue of my Person I increased ; to those whom you sent to compliment me in the Morning I refused Admittance ; having before-hand to many great, to many worthy Men, declared by whom, and at what Hour these Compliments were to be paid.

SINCE.

SINCE such, O *Catiline!* is the Situation of your Affairs, finish what you have planned; for once march out of the City; her Gates are open; they invite you to be gone; too long has the Camp of *Manlius* mourned the Absence of their Leader. Carry along all your Accomplices; at least as many as possible: Let *Rome* disgorge her Impurities. From mighty Fears will you deliver me should a Wall divide us. No longer shall you tarry with us. I will not suffer, I will not endure, I will not allow you.

GREAT are the Thanks we owe to the Eternal Gods! and chief to thee, <sup>v</sup> O JOVE, THE STAYER! thou most antient Guardian of *Rome*; that they have enabled us so often to escape this dreadful, this dangerous, this detestable Scourge of his Country; and surely for one Man the supreme Safety of the Republic should not be exposed to repeated Dangers.

BEFORE,

<sup>v</sup> The Romans being put to Flight in an Engagement with the Sabines, *Romulus* vowed a Temple to *Jupiter*, if he would stop their Flight, and save the Roman State; which happening, *Romulus* erected a Temple to *Jupiter*, with the Appellation of STATOR, or STAYER.

BEFORE<sup>2</sup>, *Catiline*, I entered upon the executive Part of my Consulate, I sheltered me from thy treacherous Attempts, not by a public Guard, but my private Vigilance. During<sup>3</sup> the last Election of Consuls, when you endeavoured to murder, in the Field, me the Consul, with the Candidates who opposed you, supported by the Affections and Swords of my Friends, without Violation of the public Peace, I baffled your impious Attack. Afterwards, as often as you attempted my Life, I singly opposed your Fury, though well I knew that my Death was linked with mighty Calamities to *Rome*; but on this Occasion, you avowedly attempt to destroy the very Existence of this Government; you doom to Destruction and Desolation the Temples of the Immortal Gods; the Mansions of *Rome*, the Lives of her Citizens, and the Inhabitants of all *Italy*. Therefore, as I dare not now pursue the Maxims which distinguished our Government, which characterised

\* The Consuls were usually chosen six Months before they entered on their Office, during which Time they were called *Consules Designati, Consuls Elect.*

<sup>2</sup> *Catiline* had not only stood Candidate when *Cicero* was elected, but also offered himself a Candidate at the next Election, where *Cicero* presided. Being disappointed in both by the Vigilance and Interest of *Cicero*, he laid a Plot to murder him in the Field of Election.

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rised our Fathers, I will pursue a Measure, in its Execution less severe to the Criminal, but in its Consequences more useful to the Public; for should I pronounce your Death, the Dregs of your Conspiracy must still lurk in the Body of the Republic. But would you, as I have often advised you, leave the City, she will then at once disgorge the baneful the contagious Impurity of your whole Faction. How, *Catiline!* do you hesitate at doing by my Commands, what a little before you was doing of your own accord. The Consul orders an Enemy to withdraw from the City. Is this then, say you, a formal Banishment? No, Sir, <sup>b</sup> this is not your *Doom*; but, might I advise you, it ought to be your *Choice*.

## WHAT

<sup>b</sup> Had *Cicero*, by the Sovereign Authority with which he was then armed, absolutely pronounced a Sentence of Banishment upon *Catiline*, the Conspirators might justly have reproached him for banishing a Man on bare Suspicions, before any certain Proofs were brought of his Guilt. But the Consul advises *Catiline* to a voluntary Banishment, by this means to avoid a severer Punishment, which would certainly be inflicted on him, when the Consul pleased to bring the Affair to a Trial; since, by the former Part of this Oration, *Catiline* might plainly see that all his Plot, with the most minute Circumstances, was discovered. Though, at the same Time we must here observe, that a Sentence of Banishment was seldom or never pronounced against any *Roman*; there being no Law which punished any Crime with Exile. The usual Punishment was a pecuniary Mulct; they were condemned to pay a Sum of Money, in Proportion to the Greatness of their Crime. If they refused to pay this, or were not able to pay it, they went into a voluntary Exile.

WHAT is there, *Catiline*, that can give thee Joy within this City ; wherein, if I except the execrable Cabal of your own Ruffians, there is not a Man to whom you are not the Object of Fear, the Object of Detestation ; Is there a Domestic Stain, with which thy Character has not been branded ? Is there an Infamy in private Life unattached to thy Person ? Where is the Lust that has not allured thine Eye, the Guilt that has not stained thy Hands, or the Pollution that has not defiled thy Body ? Among all the heedless Youths inveigled by thy wanton Dalliances, is there one whose Infidelity has been unsupported by thy Sword, and whose <sup>4</sup> Lusts unsupplied by thy Incentives.

BUT what do I talk ? Even lately, \* after your former Wife died, when by taking another, you dispatched out of your House all that you thought might check your Enormities,

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didst

<sup>c</sup> He is said to have murdered his Brother ; debauched his own Daughter ; and was suspected to have murdered his Wife and Son, to make Way for *Aurelia Orestilla*, whom he then loved. Besides his Intrigues with several Ladies of Quality, he debauched a *Vestal Virgin*, a Priestess of the most sacred Order among the Romans. In a Word, his whole Life was one continued Scene of Villainy and Debauchery.

<sup>d</sup> He furnished young Men with Money to carry on their wicked Designs, that by rendering them odious to their Parents, and all good Men, he might attach them to his own Party, and make them proper Instruments for whatever Villainy he should undertake.

\* See the last Note but one;

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didst thou not heighten even that Crime with a new and unparalleled Measure of Guilt? But over this will I draw a Veil; for me it shall rest in Silence. Never through me shall it be known, that there lived in *Rome* a Man so exquisitely, so monstrously wicked, yet lived with an Impunity of Guilt. I shall not mention that impending Ruin of all your Fortunes, that by the next Ides you are sensible must crush you. Let me now proceed to what has no Relation to your personal Infamy in Vice, to your domestic Shame, or your reduced Circumstances; but to what immediately concerns the most important Interest of our Country, to all that is dear to us, and to every true *Roman*.

CAN you, O *Catiline*! enjoy the Light of Life? Can you with Pleasure breathe this vital Air, when you are conscious there is not a Man present who is ignorant that on<sup>2</sup> the last Day of

<sup>1</sup> *Catiline* had borrowed Money from Time to Time to support his vast Expences; and without doubt his Creditors had advanced him fresh Sums to enable him to stand for the Consulship, which might put him in a Condition to pay them with Usury: But being now twice disappointed, and his Designs discovered, he had no longer any Reason to expect more Money, or any Mercy from them. The Term was the 13th of November, and this Oration was delivered on the 7th or 8th, so that he had but a very few Days Respite.

<sup>2</sup> This relates to a former Conspiracy, in which *Catiline* was concerned. In the Year of *Rome* 687, when *Lepidus* and *Tullus* were Consuls, *P. Antronius* and *Publius Sylla*, were elected Consuls

of December, under the Consulate of *Lepidus* and *Tullus*, you stood with a Weapon in the Comitium<sup>h</sup>; that you got together a Ruffian Band, which was to assassinate the Consuls, and the greatest Men of this City; that this execrable, this frantic Attempt was disappointed, not by any Reverence, not by any Remorse that struck you, but by the Guardian Genius of *Rome*? these I omit, they are already but too well known; others are of a later Date. How often did you attempt to murder me when I was elected? How often, when I was raised to the Consulate? How often, how artfully, how narrowly, if I may say it, did I parry the Thrusts, which you knew so well to throw in, that each appeared mortal? There is nothing you do, there is nothing you design, there is nothing you contrive, that I am not informed of, before it is too late. Yet, still are you restless, still enterprising anew. How often has that Poinard

C 2 been

fuls for the Year ensuing; but being convicted of Bribery, they were deposed, and two others elected in their Stead. To revenge this Affront, *Antrobius* conspired with *Piso*, *Catiline*, and several others, to murder the Consuls on the last Day of December, in the public Assembly of the People, to whom they usually made a Speech on the laying down their Office. The Plot not being sufficiently ripe, was that Day put off to the 5th of February; when it was again disappointed by the Eagerness of *Catiline*, who gave the Signal before all the Conspirators were assembled. This was well known to the Senate; but there being no positive Proof, *Cicero* only mentions *Catiline's* having a Sword in the Comitium, which was contrary to Law.

<sup>h</sup> Any Place where the Assembly of the People was held.

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been wrested out of thy Hands ? How often by some Accident has it dropt ineffectual to the Ground ? Yet, can you not lay it for any time aside ! By what infernal, what unhallowed Rites has it been devoted and destined, that you are thus religiously resolved to lodge it in the Bosom of a Consul ?

IN what a Situation must you now be ? I speak to you now, not in the Spirit of deserved Detestation, but of unmerited Compassion. Sometime ago you came into the Senate ; but of all this full, this frequent Assembly, of all your numerous Friends and Relations, shew me the Man who saluted you. If this is a Case unprecedented in the Memory of Man ; with the Keeness of Reproach, need I to embitter this dreadful Doom of silent Detestation ? What ! at your Reproach, when these Benches were left empty ? What ! when every Man of Consular Dignity, whom you so often marked out to bleed, as soon as you took your Place, left the Quarter where you sat, bare and solitary ! Will not all this chafe you into Despair ? By Heavens,<sup>1</sup> if my Slaves should have an Horror for

<sup>1</sup> The Presider *t Bonbiers*, has a Remark truly French upon this Passage. He says, " He doubts very much whether it deserves the Praises that have been bestowed upon it by Quintillian.

for me, for the same Reasons as every Countryman you have, has for you ; I should think it proper to abandon my own House : Shall you then presume to remain in this City ? Were my Person equally obnoxious, equally odious to my Countrymen ; I would chuse rather to fly from their Looks, than stand the reproachful Glances of every Man I meet : And shall you, whose Consciousness of Guilt convicts you of the Justice of universal and long merited Detestation, a Moment hesitate in avoiding the Looks and Company of a People, to whose Souls, and whose Senses, your Person is execrable ? Should your natural Parents dread and hate you ; should you find that Dread, that Hatred invincible, I suppose you would retire from their Presence : But now your Country, the common Parent of us all, hates and dreads you ; and long has she been sensible, that all your Thoughts have been employed on the Means of destroying her ; shall you then neither be abashed by her Authority, submissive to her Will, nor daunted by her Power ?

C 3

HEAR,

*"Is it probable, says he, that a Man would quit his house because his Slaves hate him?" "Yes, to be sure ; if a Man knew that his Slaves were persuaded he designed to murder them all suddenly in the Night, as was the Case between Catiline and the Romans, he would be a Madman to trust himself under the same Roof with them. This is the Case Cicero puts ; Isto PACTO metuerent.*

HEAR, O *Catiline*! the Manner in which we may interpret the expressive Silence of this Parent; hear the Words in which we may suppose her to accost you.

" FROM thee, for these many Years, have " all Offences sprung; without thee, has no " Crime had a Being. Through thee, and " through thee alone, the Murder of many " Romans<sup>k</sup> has been unavenged; and by thee, " has the oppressive Hand that plundered my " Allies<sup>l</sup>, been free and unpunished. Thou " hast found the Means that Justice and Law " should not only be neglected, but abused " and abolished. All this, though they ought " not to have been borne, yet did I bear as I " could: But now, that thy Conduct alone " strikes Terrors through my Soul, that in " every Alarm, the dreaded Name of *Catiline* " first strikes my Thought, now that thy " Guilt

<sup>k</sup> *Catiline*, with his own Hands, killed several Noblemen, who were proscribed by *Sylla*; and secretly murdered many, who opposed his wicked Designs; and had false Witnesses ready on all Occasions, to swear whatever he desired. This made him a common Refuge for all Murderers, whom he protected to the utmost of his Power. He was accused, and tried for the Murders he committed in the Time of *Sylla's* Reign; but was acquitted by the Interest of the Nobility.

<sup>l</sup> After his Praetorship, he was made Governor of *Africa*, which he miserably oppressed and plundered. He was impeached for this on his Return by *Clodius*, and, as was thought, got off by bribing his Accuser.

" Guilt makes it evident, that you embrace  
" every Scheme that is laid for my Ruin, *now*,  
" indeed, art thou become intolerable. There-  
" fore be gone ; rid me of my Apprehensions ;  
" if they are just, I may then avoid Ruin ; if  
" groundless, at length shall I cease to fear."

SHOULD, as I have supposed, your Country thus accost you, ought she not to prevail, <sup>m</sup> even though she could not apply Force ? But how ? Didst thou not surrender thyself a Prisoner ? Didst thou not give out, that to avoid Suspicion thou wouldest live in the House of *Lepidus* ? When he refused to receive you, you had the Impudence to come even to me ; entreating that I would take you into Custody within my House. I also made answer, that it was utterly inconsistent with my Safety, for me to live in the same House with a Man, with whom I could not, without the greatest Danger, live in the same City <sup>n</sup>. You then ap-

C 4 plied

<sup>m</sup> Orig. *Etiam si vim addibere non posset.* But she is now in a Condition to apply Force.

<sup>n</sup> Why, in the Name of Heaven, did not *Cicero* accept of *Catiline's* Offer ? Why was so fair, so frank a Proposal rejected by the Government ? The Reason he gives here, is an Affront upon the Common Sense of Mankind. Was there not a Place in *Rome* close or secure enough to confine this dangerous, detestable Rebel, in whose single Person all the Hopes of the Conspirators centered ? Was it safe for the Commonwealth that this walking Pestilence should breathe and pollute *Roman* Air, free and

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plied to Q. Metellus, the Prætor, where you met with a new Repulse. Then you marched off to the excellent *Marcus Marcellus*<sup>o</sup>, your Companion; a Man, whom <sup>p</sup> belike you imagined would be very watchful in confining you, very shrewd in observing you, and very brave in bringing you to Justice<sup>q</sup>. But the Man who owns himself worthy of Restraint, how near may we presume him to be to Bolts and Chains? If so, O *Catiline!* if <sup>r</sup> the Prospect of Death *here* is shocking to a Soul like thine; canst thou hesitate in retiring to some other

Land,

and unquestioned? Were the Writings for *Catiline*, published as fairly as those against him, what a strong Argument might we expect to be formed from this Circumstance of refusing a Man a fair Trial, and even, the Security of his Person, that he would stand it? If *Catiline* did enter upon dangerous Schemes after so plain an Indication that a Conspiracy was formed, by the most degenerated Government that ever existed, against his Person, was it any Wonder? If, as unquestionably was the Case, the Government of *Rome* at this Time were worse than Banditti, and had stripped the People, not only of their Natural and Constitutional Rights, were the People to blame if they treated them as Banditti?

<sup>o</sup> This is not the *Marcellus* whom *Cicero* commends a little lower: This *Marcellus* was an intimate Friend of *Catiline*, and probably a Conspirator; the Praises *Cicero* here gives him, are spoke in Irony. The *Marcellus* mentioned just below, is he whom *Cicero* defended in that excellent Oration, *For Marcellus*. See Vol. I.

<sup>p</sup> Orig. *Videlicet.* Without translating this Word, the Irony would have been lost.

<sup>q</sup> It is certain, *Cicero* often retouched his Orations, and there are a great many Passages in them, as we now have, that were not then pronounced. This Passage I take to be one. *Cicero* could never venture to affront the Judgment of the *Roman Senate* with such an Argument.

<sup>r</sup> There is some Reason for a Doubt as to the Original here, whether it ought not to be read, *Si hic morari*.

Land, and in hiding in Exile and Solitude thy Head, that repeated, that just, that merited Forfeit to thy Country's Justice.

MOVE for the Question, say you, to the Senate. For thus you talk, as if you were ready to obey their Decision, if it shall fix Banishment as your Doom. I will move for no such Question ; it is contrary to my Inclination. Yet I will order it so, that you may be fully apprized of their Sentiments with regard to you. “ *Catiline*, leave this City ; “ rid thy Country of her Fears ; go, if all you “ wait for, is that Word, into Banishment.” Ha! *Catiline* ; hast thou the Use of thy Senses ; do you mark their Silence ? They are passive, they are mute. Need they to strengthen by their Voice what is sufficiently implied by their Silence ?

YET should I speak thus to that excellent Youth *Publius Sextius*, or the brave *Marcellus* ; before this Instant, upon this very Spot, without regard to the Sanctity of the Place, without regard to my Consular Authority, I had with Justice been chastised by the Hands of the Senate. But, *Catiline*, in thy Case, while they sit unmoved, they approve thy Doom ; while they sit in Silence, they pronounce thy

## 26 CICERO'S ORATION

Sentence; and while they stifle their Resentment, they proclaim thy Guilt. Nor is it thus with the Senate alone, whose Authority you affect to prize, but whose Lives you slight; but with these *Roman Knights*<sup>\*</sup>, these brave honest Men, and every gallant *Roman*, who surrounds our Assembly; whose Numbers you might have seen; whose Inclination you might have learned; whose Voices a little while ago you might have heard; and whose Swords and Hands I have long with Difficulty restrained from thy Person; yet with them will I easily prevail, shouldst thou leave these Walls which thou hast long devoted to Ruin, to attend you even to their Gates.

BUT wherefore do I talk? As if thy Purpose were to be shaken, or thy Guilt reclaimed? That *thou* shouldst meditate any Flight; that *thou* shouldst think of any Exile! I wish the Immortal Gods did inspire thee with such a Resolution; yet if, daunted by my Words, thou shouldst resolve to go into Banishment, I foresee what a Storm of Unpopularity must lower over my Reputation; not so much in these

\* It had been once proposed to the Conspirators, to murder the Senate at once in the Senate House; to prevent this, the *Roman Knights* were ordered to Arms, and kept Guard round the Temple, where the Senate assembled. These Knights would have dispatched *Catiline*, upon the least Sign from *Cicero*.

these Times, while thy Guilt is flagrant, as in the future. Yet with me shall this Consideration have no Weight, provided the Calamity is confined to me, and extends not to my Country. But it is unreasonable to suppose that thou canst be startled at the Greatness of thy Guilt; be daunted by the Severity of the Laws; or moved by the Dangers of thy Country. Thou, O *Catiline!* art none of those, whom the Sense of Shame reclaims from Dishonour; Fear, from Danger; or Reason, from Rage.

THEREFORE, as I have often said, be gone: And, if you want to swell the Measure of my Unpopularity, for being, as you express it, thy Enemy, depart directly into Banishment<sup>\*</sup>: Do this; then shall I with Difficulty bear up against the Reflections of Mankind: Scarce shall I be equal to that Weight of publick Hatred, shouldst thou at the Command of a Consul retire into Exile. But, if you consult the Glory of my Name, march off with your outrageous Band of Ruffians: Be gone to *Manlius*; alarm every desperate *Roman*; divide thee from the Virtuous; make war on thy Country;

\* Had *Catiline* retired into some distant Country, without joining *Manlius*, and the other Conspirators; this would have convinced the Vulgar, that he had been innocent, and accused by *Cicero* from a personal Quarrel.

Country ; plume thee in thy unnatural Robberies : Thus shalt thou seem, not as cast out by me to Foreigners, but invited thither by the Voice of thy Friends.

BUT why do I sollicite thee, when I know that you have already detached a Body of armed Men, who are to wait thee at the *Aurelium Forum*? When I know that thou hast concerted, that thou hast fixed, a Day with *Manlius*? When I know that thou hast already sent off that *Silver Eagle*<sup>n</sup>, the domestic Shrine of all thy Impieties<sup>m</sup>, and which, trust me, will bring Calamity and Ruin upon thee and thine. How could you so long be deprived of this Object of your Worship? For to it, as often as you went out to murder, you paid your Vows ; and thy polluted Hands were by Turns reared to the Altars of thy Idol, and to the Murder of thy Countrymen.

YET at length shalt thou retire to where thou hast long been hurrying through frantic Rage,

<sup>n</sup> The *Eagle*, from about the Time of *C. Marius*, was the great Standard of the Roman Armies ; each Legion had one. This *Eagle* is said to have been the same which *Marius* had in the War with the *Cimbri*.

<sup>m</sup> The Roman Standards, and especially the *Eagle*, were in a Manner worshipped by the Soldiers : They swore by them. This *Eagle* therefore had been religiously kept by *Catiline*, and had been sent down to *Manlius*, as the principle Banner of the Conspiracy.

Rage, and unbridled Ambition ! A Circumstance so far from affecting thee with Anguish, that it elevates thee into unutterable Extasy. To such a Pitch of Frenzy art thou formed by Nature, trained by Appetite, and reserved by Fate : You never delighted in Repose : You never even delighted in War, but when both were flagitious. You have levied a confederate Band of Ruffians ; from Wretches, not only completely destitute, but desperate. Here what Transports shalt thou indulge, with what Extasy shalt thou triumph, in what Riot shalt thou revel, when of all thy numerous Crew, thine Ears shall not be shocked with the Voice, nor thine Eyes with the Sight of one honest Man ? To the Enjoyment of such a Life are all these Toils, particularly called *Catiline's*, directed ; your lying out on the Ground, not only to compass a Rape, but to commit a Villany ; thy treacherous Vigilance to improve to thy own Purposes, not only the Slumber of the married Man, but the Property of the unguarded, the unsuspecting Citizen. Now hast thou a Scene to display thy boasted Patience under Hunger and Cold, and the want of every Necessary of Life ; with all which thou must soon be pinched. So much did I gain, when I disappointed thee of the Consulate, that thy Country should feel thy Attempts

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tempts as an Exile, and not thy Tyranny as a Consul; and that every Step of thy Ruffian Treason might be termed the Efforts, not of an Enemy but of a Robber.

Now, O Fathers Conscrip! that I may remove, that I may deprecate from myself the Consequences of a too well grounded Charge urged by my Country; attentively, I beseech you, hear, and treasure up in the innermost Recesses of your Minds and Memories, what I am now to deliver; for should my *Country*, that *Country* which to me is far dearer than Life; should all *Italy*, should all the Frame of this Constitution thus accost me: “*Marcus Tullius*, what are you about? Will you suffer my approved Enemy, him whom you see, who you are sensible is to be put at the Head of this impending War, whose Presence in their Camp my Enemies expect; that Spring, that first Principle of Guilt and Treason, the Man who \* enrolls my Slaves, <sup>y</sup> who ruins my Citizens; will you suffer him, I say, to escape, that he may seem not as driven *from*, but *into* this City?

\* Orig. *Evocatorum Servorum*. The Evocator was a military Term, an Office, somewhat of the Nature of a Muster-Master. But we learn from *Sallust*, that *Catiline* never consented to enroll Slaves.

<sup>y</sup> I read with the Edition of 1474, *Civium perditorem*.

“ City? Will you not command him to be  
“ thrown into Fetters, to be dragged to Exe-  
“ cution, and <sup>a</sup> to atone for his Guilt by his  
“ Blood:

“ WHAT restrains thee? The Practice of  
“ our Ancestors! When it has been known,  
“ that in this State Persons <sup>a</sup> uninvested with  
“ public Authority, have often put to Death  
“ their wicked Countrymen. Are you bound  
“ up by the Statutes relating to the Punish-  
“ ment of *Romans*? In *Rome*, never can the  
“ Man who withdraws his Allegiance from  
“ his Country, plead the Privileges of a *Ro-*  
“ *man*. Dost thou dread the Reproaches of  
“ Posterity? A glorious Proof of Gratitude  
“ indeed to thy Country, which *knowing thee*  
“ *only through thyself*, without the Merits of  
“ Ancestors to speak in thy Favour, so early  
“ raised thee through every Gradation of sub-  
“ ordinate Trust, to her supreme Seat of  
“ Power. Should Reproach however keen,  
“ should Danger however dreadful, render  
“ thee remiss, when all that is dear to her  
“ Sons is threatned? But if thou art to  
“ dread

\* *Summo supplicio Macari*. *Macari* is a Term used in Sacrifices. Great Care ought to be taken in a Translation, to pre-serve Allusions, where it is possible, with any Propriety, to do it.

<sup>a</sup> Lee Note on p. 9. l. 8.

“ dread Reproach, art thou to dread it more  
“ on account of thy not being destitute of  
“ Honesty and Courage, than for Sloth and  
“ Pusillanimity? When *Italy* shall be deso-  
“ lated with War, her Towns given up to her  
“ Foes, and her Dwellings wrapt in the Flames,  
“ <sup>b</sup> think, think, in what a Conflagration of  
“ Reproach thyself must then be consumed !”

To these awful Words of my complaining Country, and of every Man who entertains the same Sentiments, I thus briefly answer: Had I, Fathers Conscrip<sup>t</sup>, judged it most expedient that *Catiline* should die; I had not indulged, to this Trader in Murder, the Respite of a single Hour from Death. For if the greatest of Men, and the noblest of *Romans* appeared, not only unpolluted, but even looked lovely in the Blood of *Saturninus*, the *Gracchi*, and *Flaccus*, and many other Traitors of Antiquity; I, sure, had no Reason to dread the Indignation of Posterity at my destroying this Parricide of his Country. Yet did I now perceive the Storm of future Reproach impending over my Head; I have ever thought, that *Re-*  
*proach*

<sup>b</sup> It is surprising our Author should close so noble and spirited an Epopoia with a Quibble, *Tum te non existimas invidice incendio conflagraturum*. But notwithstanding his great Judgment and Art, it is certain, that when a Quibble lay fairly in his Way, Cicero was never Proof against using it.

*proach on account of PUBLIC SPIRIT, in attempting to blacken the MAN, distinguishes the PATRIOT.*

BUT some there are in this Assembly<sup>c</sup>, who either do not perceive, or are unwilling to own their Sense of our approaching Ruin; whose lenient Measures cherished the Hopes of *Catiline*; and whose Incredulity nursed the Infancy of his Treason. Many, destitute either of Wisdom or Virtue, following their Authority would have said, that in putting him to Death, I had acted in a *Cruel* and a *Regal* Manner<sup>d</sup>. Now do I perceive, that should he retire to where he intends, the Camp of *Mallius*, there is not a *Roman* so stupid as not to see, nor so wicked as not to own, that a Conspiracy is formed. His single Death, I can perceive, may for a while abate, but never can

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<sup>c</sup> *Caesar*, *Craffus*, and others of the first Rank, were suspected of being concerned in *Catiline's* Conspiracy, and of wishing that it might succeed. These were cunning enough not to be present at the Meetings of the Body of the Conspirators, lest they should be discovered; but they served *Catiline*, by maintaining that the whole Conspiracy was a *Chimera* of the Consul's Brain, or at most a Design to be revenged on *Cicero*, for disappointing *Catiline* so often in his standing for the Consulship.

<sup>d</sup> The Romans had such an Aversion to the *Kingly Government*, that *King* and *cruel Tyrant*, were Expressions of the same Signification in their Language. To avoid this Odium, *Sylla*, *Caesar*, *Augustus*, &c. reigned absolutely under the Titles of *perpetual Dictator*, *Imperator*, or any *Title*, except that of *King*.

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it extinguish, this Pestilence of my Country. But should he eject himself; should he carry his Accomplices along with him; should he make that Camp the common Center of his desperate, his now shipwreck'd Faction; not only this Pestilence of the State, now ripened into Maturity, but the very Roots, the very Seeds of all Treason, shall be cut up and destroyed.

TRUE it is, Fathers Conscrip<sup>t</sup>, that long have we trod amidst the dangerous, the doubtful Arts of Treason: But by what Means has it happened, that in my Consulate, the Tumour, pregnant with every Guilt, with long gathering Rage and Insolence, has ripened into Breaking? But if from such a Confederacy in Treason, this one Traitor only shall be removed, we may indulge perhaps a short temporary Relaxation from Care and Concern; but still shall the Danger remain lurking in the Veins and Vitals of our Country. As Patients, in the Anguish of a Disease, and parched with feverish Heat, are at first seemingly relieved by a Draught of cold Water; but soon the Disease returns with redoubled Force and Pain; so our Country gaining a short Interval of Ease, by the Punishment of this Traitor, will, from his

his surviving Confederates, languish with more mortal symptoms.

WHEREFORE, Fathers Conscript, let the Wicked retire ; let them sever themselves from the Virtuous ; let them herd together in one Place. In short, as I have often said, let a Wall divide us ; no longer let them beset the Consul in his own House ; environ the Tribunal of the City Prætor ; besiege the Court with their Swords, or lay up Magazines of combustible Balls and Brands for firing the City : In short, let the Sentiments of every Man, with regard to the Public, be inscribed on his Forehead. This, Fathers Conscript, now I promise, that such shall be the Diligence of your Consuls ; such the Weight of your Body ; such the Courage of the *Roman* Knights, and such the Unanimity of all the Wise and Worthy, that upon *Catiline's* Retreat, you shall perceive him and all his Treasons discovered, exposed, confounded, and punished.

Be gone, O *Catiline* ! Be gone, with  
Omens such as these, into an impious, an ex-

\* The Heathens superstitiously observed whatever was said on their undertaking a Journey, or any Enterprise. Some of the greatest Men have laid aside an Undertaking, or been encouraged

## 36 CICERO's ORATION

execrable War, and may its Issue prove Salvation to this Country ; Desolation, Destruction, and Death to thee, and all the Associates of thy boundless Guilt and Treason. Then Thou, O Jove ! whose Name *Romulus* consecrated by the same Rites with which he founded this City ; Thou, whom we rightly call the *Stay of this City and Empire*<sup>f</sup> ; Thou shalt repel Him and his Accomplices from thy Altars ; from the Temples of the other Gods ; from the Roofs and the Walls of *Rome* ; from the Lives and Properties of our Citizens : Then shall thy eternal Vengeance, in Life as in Death, overtake all the Foes of the Virtuous ; all the Enemies of their Country ; all the Robbers of *Italy*, and all who are linked in the mutual Bands of Treason and execrable Conspiracy.

## THE

couraged in the Pursuit of it, by a Word dropped by Chance. All the Roman Historians, particularly *Livy*, are full of this ridiculous Conceit. This solemn Imprecation therefore, pronounced by the Consul, in the Temple of *Jupiter Stator*, was like the highest Excommunication, and would be construed a bad Omen to *Catiline* by all those of his Audience, who had any Regard for the Religion of their Country.

<sup>f</sup> See the Note on p. 14. l. 15.



## THE ARGUMENT.

CATILINE, struck with the last Oration, rose in his Place, and after a plausible submissive Apology, was beginning to rail upon Cicero. The Senate calling him to Order, and expressing the utmost Detestation of his Guilt, he thought fit to rush out of Rome, and fly to the Camp of Manlius.

Next Day, Cicero assembled the People, and delivered the following Oration, in which he had two Views; first, to vindicate his Conduct in forcing Catiline from Rome; secondly, to put them upon their Guard, as the Accomplices of Catiline were still within the City.





M. T.

C I C E R O's  
S E C O N D  
O R A T I O N  
A G A I N S T  
C A T I L I N E.

A T length, at length, O *Romans* !  
have we driven, or dispatched, or  
convoyed into a voluntary Retreat  
from this City, *Lucius Catiline*,  
intoxicated with Insolence, breathing out Guilt,  
impiously meditating the Destruction of his  
Country, and threatening you, and this City,  
with all the Calamities of Fire and Sword.  
He is gone, he is vanished, he is escaped, he  
is fallyed out. No longer now shall that Pro-  
digy,

dig, that Monster of Men, scheme the Ruin of this City, while she harbours him in her Bosom. This Ringleader of Rebellion we have doubtless quelled. His Dagger is not now pointed to our Breasts. Nor shall we now tremble in the *Field* of Election, in the Forum, in the Courts of public Justice, or within the Walls of Domestic Retirement. When he was driven from the City, he <sup>a</sup> abandoned his Post; and now without Reserve, as we have no Obstacle, may we treat him as an open Enemy: Great surely must be his Perdition, and glorious our Conquest, since we have forced him out of the Character of a Bosom Traitor, into that of an Avowed Rebel.

How mortifying, how afflicting, how sensibly afflicting may you imagine it to be to *Catiline*, that he carried away the Point of his Dagger unbathed in the Blood he designed to spill; that <sup>b</sup> we lived to see him retreat; that

D 4 we

<sup>a</sup> Orig. *Loco motus est*: This is a military Term; the Omen of Victory was taken from an Enemy being obliged to yield his Ground. *Sallust* takes Notice, that every one of *Catiline's* Soldiers covered, when dead, the Ground on which he stood when alive. *Nam fere quem quis virtus pugnandi locum ceperat, eum, amissa anima, corpore tegebat. Neque recedat loco*, says *Plautus*.

<sup>b</sup> I see no Reason why the Commentators should apply the Plural here to *Cicero* alone, since *Catiline's* Intention was to murder all the Citizens.

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we wrested the Sword from his Hands ; that he left our Citizens undestroyed, and our City undemolished. Now, O *Romans* ! he lies in the Dust ; now he perceives himself buffeted and spurned, and often, with Eyes a-scanse, he surveys our City, and mourns her Deliverance from his destructive Jaws. While, to me, she seems to assume a gayer Air, for having disgorged, for having flung out that Pestilence. But if there is a Man, who, as every Man ought to do, *feels* for his Country, yet bitterly accuses me on that very head, on which I now speak with Pride, with Triumph, I mean that I did not rather apprehend, than send away that most formidable Enemy. That, O *Romans* ! is not my Fault, but that of the Juncture. Death, and the severest Judgment of his Country, ought long ago to have overtaken *Catiline* : The Practice of our Ancestors<sup>c</sup>, the Justice of our Government, and the Interests of our Country, required me to put him to Death. But how many

<sup>c</sup> The *Romans* were so jealous of their Liberties, that a Suspicion of attempting a Change, was often fatal to the Party suspected. The *Gracchi*, *Sempronius*, *Fulvius*, &c, were slain for attempting an equal Division of the conquered Lands. *Manlius Capitolinus*, *Sp. Melius*, and others, were put to Death, upon circumstantial, and even slight Proofs. *Scipio* was driven to Banishment after all his glorious Services. In a Word, Popularity, and Ability to disturb the State, was often published with as great Rigour by the *Romans*, as a real Attempt on their Liberties could have been.

many do you imagine were they, who would not believe what I advanced? How many, who from Stupidity, *could not have thought it?* How many would even have taken his Part, and how many would have loved him for his Wickedness?

BUT could I have thought that your Dangers were to cease in his Destruction, I had long since destroyed *Lucius Catiline*, though I had done it at the Hazard, not of my Reputation only, but my Life. But when I plainly saw that, without convincing you, (as all of you at least, were not even then convinced, of the Fact) if I had given him up to merited Death; yet the Load of Enmity, which I must have borne, would have disabled me from prosecuting his Accomplices; I brought the Matter to this Issue, that as I placed the Enemy full in your View, you might without Doubt, and without Diffidence, enter upon vigorous

<sup>4</sup> Orig. *Ne vobis, quidem omnibus re etiam tum probata:* I have seen no Translation or Commentator yet, which has understood the Meaning of the Particle *quidem* in *Cicero*. It implies the same, but in a greater Diminution, as *saltem*; as such I have translated, and it is the only Way by which this Sentence can be made Sense. *Grævius* has grossly misunderstood it, by not attending to the Import of this Adverb, which is perpetually occurring in *Cicero*, and perpetually leading Translators, and Commentators, and other Interpreters, into Blunders. At the same Time I am far from asserting, that it has not any other Meaning; but that must be directed by the Sense.

vigorous Action. How formidable, how very formidable this Enemy is Abroad, learn, my Countrymen, from this; it gives me Pain and Disquiet to think that he left this City with so thin a Retinue. I wish he had carried off with him his whole Force; he has carried off *Tongillus*, who is reported to have been the Object of his criminal Passion when a Youth; he has carried off *Publius* and *Munatius*, whose Tavern Scores never could have affected the Government; but of those he has left behind, how important are the Persons<sup>c</sup>, how deep the Debts, how powerful the Interests, and how noble the Birth!

THEREFORE, I hold in utter Contempt, in respect of our Gallic Legions, and the Levies which *Quintus Metellus* has made in the Countries of *Ancona* and *Lombardy*, with the Forces we are daily raising, his Army composed of aged Despair, of clownish Debauchery, and rustic Intemperance, of Men, who rather chose to fly from their Bail, than from their Army; Fellows so unfit to stand the Look of an Enemy, that they would tremble should one shew them the Writ of a Prætor.

Those

<sup>c</sup> This seems to have an Eye to *Cæsar* and *Craffus*, at that Time two of the principal Noblemen of *Rome*; who certainly favoured *Catiline*.

Those whom I perceive fluttering in the *Fo-*  
*rum*, sauntering about the Courts, and even  
stepping into the Senate-House, sleek with  
Perfumes, and shining in Purple : Those I  
had rather he had carried out as the Compa-  
nions of his Arms ; if these should remain  
here, ' mind me when I say, that the De-  
serters are more formidable than the main Body  
of their Army ; and still more so in that,  
though they are conscious of my knowing all  
their Plots and Schemes, yet they remain  
cool and unconcerned. I can here point out  
the Man to whom the *Apulia* <sup>a</sup> is allotted, to  
whom *Tuscany*, to whom *Ancona*, to whom  
*Lombardy* : I can here point you out the Man,  
who claimed the Task of betraying our Citi-  
zенs to the Sword <sup>b</sup>, and our City to the  
Flames,

<sup>a</sup> Orig. *Mementate* : When Cicero uses this reduplicated Ter-  
mination, it is with a solemn Air, and calculated to beget  
the greatest Attention ; as afterwards *celebratote*.

<sup>b</sup> *Sallust* tells us, that *Catiline*, some time before, had sent  
*Manlius* to *Fæsulæ*, and the adjoining Parts of *Tuscany* ; *Septi-*  
*mius Camers* to *Ancona*, and *C. Julius* into *Apulia*, to make  
Levies. But Cicero seems here to mean some Persons of greater  
Note, yet in *Rome*, who were to command in chief in those  
Countries, whose Names are not left us by any Historians, ex-  
cept that *Marcus Cæparius* is said, in the third Oration against  
*Catiline*, to have been named to raise the Shepherds in  
*Apulia*.

<sup>c</sup> *Lentulus*, *Cetbegus*, *Statilius* ; and *Gaffius*, undertook to fire  
the City, and murder their fiercest Enemies ; particularly *Ce-*  
*tbegus* promised to dispatch *Cicero* ; and even offered, with a  
small Force, to attack the Senate-House, and cut off all the  
Senate at once.

## 44 CICERO's ORATION

Flames. They are sensible that to me were all the Secrets of their last nocturnal Consultation divulged : Yesterday I laid them before the Senate ; *Catiline* himself trembled, he fled ; then why do those tarry ? Fatally are they mistaken, if they hope for the Continuance, the Perpetuity of my former Forbearance.

THE Point I had in View I have now gained, which was to give you ocular Proof of a Conspiracy being formed against your Country ; unless some may imagine that a Man may share in the Vices, yet not enter into the Sentiments of *Catiline*. Away with Gentleness, the Juncture calls for Severity : One Point I will even now yield ; let them depart, let them be gone, nor suffer their Leader to languish in their Absence. I'll chalk out the Road, he went by the *Aurelian Way* ; if they make Dispatch, before Night they may reach him.

HAPPY Country, could it be <sup>1</sup> drained of the Impurities of this City ! To me the Absence of *Catiline* alone, seems to have given it fresh

<sup>1</sup> The Expression in the Original, alludes to a Pump, which draws up the putrid Water in a Ship : Hence he says immediately after, *Uno Catilinæ exhausito, Catilinæ alone being pump't up.*

fresh Bloom and Beauty. Where is the Villainy, where is the Guilt that can enter into the Heart and Thoughts of Man, that did not enter into his? In all *Italy* what Poisoner, what Gladiator, what Robber, what Cut-throat, what Parricide, what Forger, what Rascal, what Ruffian, what Debauchee, what Adulterer, what Strumpet, is there found among the Corrupted or Corruptors of our Youth, among the Abandoned of our Country, that did not own an intimate Familiarity with *Catiline*? For these many Years, where has been the Murder, to which he has not been accessory, where an infamous Rape, and he not an Accomplice? Had ever any Man such Talents for debauching Youth as he possesses, who indulged himself in a criminal Flame for others, and others in an infamous Passion for himself. To some he promised the Object of their Lust, to some the Death of their Parents, and not only prompted Desire, but forwarded Enjoyment. At this Instant, what a prodigious Number of abandoned Wretches has he got together, not only from the City but the Country! There is not a Bankrupt, I will not say in *Rome*, but in the remotest Corner of *Italy*, who is not an Associate in this detestable Combination of Guilt.

AND

AND that you may be sensible how he unites in his Person opposing Qualities and differing Characters, there is not in any Fencing-School a Bully more than commonly venturesome, who does not confess an Intimacy with *Catiline*. The Strumpet, and the Stager, ingenuous and industrious in every Art of Infamy, dwell on the Remembrance of the <sup>k</sup> jovial Hours they have passed together. Yet this Hero practised in Robberies and in Rapes, while he was dissipating in lawless Lusts, the Supplies of Industry, and the Means of Virtue, was by his Associates celebrated for his Fortitude, for his Patience under Cold, Hunger, Thirst, and Watchings.

WOULD his Companions but follow him, would his desperate, his profligate Band depart from *Rome*; well might I pronounce ourselves happy, our Country fortunate, and my Consulate glorious! For Mankind has now attained to an Extravagance of Guilt; their Crimes appear not now the Crimes of Men:

As

<sup>k</sup> The Word *Sodalis*, which is used in the Original here, signifies a Pot-Companion; Cicero uses this Word to give the Senate the meaner Idea of *Catiline*; and by that Ridicule, raises at once their Contempt and Aversion. I have endeavoured to express his Manner with his Meaning.

As they are inhuman, so they are intolerable, Murders, Burnings, and Rapines, now engross their Thoughts. Their Patrimonies they have squandered ; their Fortunes they have gormandized away ; long have they been without Money, and now begin they to be without Credit, while they retain the Rage of Desire, without the Means of Enjoyment. Did they in their Revels, and their Gaming, aim only at the Enjoyment of the Bowl, and the Strumpet, their Case were indeed desperate, but still might it be borne with ; but who can suffer that the Coward should betray the Brave, the Witless the Wise, the Sottish the Sober, the Indolent the Industrious ! That lolling at their Revels, carelessly by Strumpets, crowned with Garlands, besmeared with Ointments, weakened with Whoring ; they should<sup>1</sup> belch in what Manner the Virtuous are to fall under their Swords, and this City to sink under Flames.

OVER such I hope some Fatality is now hanging, and that the Pains long due to their Villany, their Crimes, their Guilt, their Lusts,

<sup>1</sup> Orig. *Eructant*: This is a fine Expression, after the Picture which has been drawn, and therefore it would have been unpardonable, had it not been literally preserved.

## 48 CICERO's ORATION

are now ready, are now either impending or approaching. These, if my *Consulate* cannot cure, it shall remove ; and thus insure to this State, not a short, but an extensive Duration. For there is no Nation whom we dread : There is no Prince in a Condition to attack the People of *Rome*. Abroad, through the Courage of one Man, by Land, by Sea, all is Peace. At Home, we are at War ; within our Walls, Treason resides ; within them, Danger is shut up ; within them, an Enemy lurks. With Luxury, with Frenzy, with Guilt, must we struggle. In such a War, O *Romans* ! I put myself at your Head ; be it mine to stand the Shock of desperate Malice ; to whatever can be cured, will I apply every Means of Cure ; but what must be cut off, will I not suffer to fester, and to infect the Sound, till the whole State is destroyed. Let them therefore be gone, or be at rest ; but if they are resolved to keep at once the City, and their own Sentiments, let them look for what they deserve.

SOME, O *Romans* ! there are, who affirm, that by me *Catiline* was driven into Exile. Those who say so, could a Word effect it, my Word should drive into Exile likewise. To be

be sure so shamefaced, so excessively modest, was the <sup>m</sup> Gentleman, that he was not able to stand the Words of the Consul ; no sooner was he commanded into Banishment than he submitted, he obeyed. Yesterday, after I had narrowly escaped being murdered in my own House, I summoned together the Senate in the Temple of Jove *the Stayer*, I laid the whole Affair before the Conscript Fathers ; when *Catiline* came thither, did a Senator accost him ? Salute him ? Or look on him as a desperate Citizen, and not rather as a most outragious Enemy ? Nay, the Chiefs of that Order left that Part of the Benches, to which he approached, bare and empty.

HERE, I, that furious Consul, whose Word can drive Citizens into Exile, demanded of *Catiline*, *Whether he had, or had not been at the House of Marcus Lecca, in a nocturnal Cabal* : Excessively bold as he was, when Self-conviction had struck him dumb, I first laid open the whole ; the Transactions of that Night, where he had been, what was to be the Business of the next, and instructed the Assembly in all the Dispositions of his future

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<sup>m</sup> This is Irony, and therefore admits of a more modern Turn.

## 50 CICERO's ORATION

War: While he appeared disconcerted and abashed, I demanded why he doubted to be gone on an Expedition he had so long prepared for; when I knew that he had already dispatched before him, Arms, the Axes, the Badges of Authority <sup>a</sup>, and Trumpets, Military Ensigns, and that Silver Eagle, to which within his own House he had reared a Shrine of Iniquity. Did I drive into Exile, the Man, who I already saw has entered upon Hostilities? For it is likely, that <sup>o</sup> *Manlius*, a petty Centurion, who had pitched his Camp in the Fields of *Fæfulæ*, declared War against the *Romans* on his own Account; that his Camp does not now expect *Catiline*, to become its General, and that he will make *Marseilles*, and not that Camp, the Abode of his Exile.

WRETCHED is the Situation attending not only the Government, but the Preservation of a State. Now should *Catiline*, watched, entangled, and weakened by my Cares, my  
Counsels,

<sup>a</sup> When the Consuls, on the Expiration of their Office, went to the Governments, they were allowed to carry before them the Bundles of Rods and Axes, as Ensigns of their Power and Authority, as well as the Consuls for the Time being. And sometimes when private Persons were sent Governors into Provinces, they were likewise allowed to carry these Badges of Authority. These *Catiline* usurped, and entered the Camp of *Manlius* with all the State of a Consul.

<sup>o</sup> Orig. *Manlius* ifte *Centurio*.

Counsels, and at my Peril, be suddenly alarmed, change his Resolution, abandon his Party, give up his hostile Designs, and alter his Career of Guilt and War, into that of Flight and Banishment : Then it will be said, that he was not stript by me of every Weapon of Insolence ; astonished and confounded by my Diligence, or driven from all his Hopes into Despair ; but an uncondemned, and unoffending Exile, banished by the Power and the Threats of a Consul : Should the Conduct of *Catiline* be such as I describe, some would represent him, not as mischievous, but miserable, and me not as a careful Consul, but an unrelenting Tyrant. Little, O *Romans* ! does it affect me, that all the Storm of this groundless and bitter Malice, should break on my Head, provided that I can shelter you from the Tempest of this dreadful, this unnatural War. Be it said, that he was driven out by me, so he but goes into Banishment ; but believe me, *Romans*, he will not go ; though I never shall pray to the immortal Gods, that, to take some Part of the Blame from me, you may hear that *Catiline* is at the Head of a hostile Army, and spreading Desolation with his Sword : Yet this must you hear in three Days ; and then my greatest Fear is, that the

Time may come when I should be reproached, not for forcing him to fly, but for suffering him to depart. But if some affirmed that he was forced away, when indeed he went voluntarily, what would they not have said, had he been put to Death.

BUT they who give out that *Catiline* is retiring to *Marseilles*, speak it not so much by Way of Complaint, as of Dread. There is not a Man among them so tender-hearted, as not to wish him rather with *Manlius*, than at *Marseilles*. But indeed, had he never thought on what he is now executing; yet would he chose to fall as a Rebel, rather than live as an Exile: But now as nothing has happened, but what he courted and expected, except that I was alive when he left *Rome*, let us rather wish than complain, that he may go into Banishment?

But why do I dwell so long upon one Enemy, and an Enemy, who avows himself as such; an Enemy, whom, as a Wall divides us, as I have often wished it should, I no longer dread: And shall I speak nothing of those disguised Traitors, who remain at *Rome*, and mingle in our Assemblies; whose Punishment

ment I don't so much aim at, as, if it were possible to be effected, their Cure, and Reconciliation to their Country? Nor, would they listen to me, do I see any Impossibility in this. For to you, O *Romans!* will I explain of what Kind of Men their Forces consists; then shall I, in the best manner I am able, apply to each every Remedy of Advice and Eloquence.

THE first Sett consists of those who having great Debts, but still greater Estates, are so much in love with the last, that they don't care to get rid of the first. These, as they are Men of Substance, are specious in Shew and Appearance, but shameless in their Ends and Intentions. Dost thou possess, art thou gay, in a Land-Estate, fine Houses, rich Plate, a numerous Retinue? In short, dost thou wallow in all the Comforts, all the Superfluities of Life, yet grudge to take from thy Wealth that thou mayst add to thy Credit? What dost thou look for? For War? And dost thou imagine that thy Estate shall be unviolated amidst universal Desolation. A Bill of Insolvency? They

<sup>p</sup> The *Romans* were often obliged to pass a general Bill, by which all the Debts were abolished; sometimes Creditors were obliged to accept of a third, or a fourth Part, in full of all Demands.

are mistaken who look for that from *Catiline*. I shall give my Assistance to bring in a Bill ; but it shall be limited <sup>9</sup>; and this is the only Measure by which some of them as possess Property can possibly be preserved from Ruin ; and had they sooner agreed to it, nor foolishly run out their Estates in Mortgages, we should at this Day have seen them both richer Men, and better Citizens. But I am far from thinking this Class formidable ; because it is possible to persuade them into right ; or if they continue obstinate, to me their Country appears to be in more Danger from their Prayers, than their Arms .

THE next Sett consists of those, who though deep in Debt, yet aspire at Power ; they want to be at the Helm, and think in the Storm of Government to acquire those Honours they despair of in its Calm. To these I shall give the same Advice as to the rest, which is to give over Thoughts of obtaining what they aim at. In the first Place, I myself am watchful, active,

and demands. The Expectation of this from *Catiline* drew over Multitudes of the lower Sort to his Party ; or at least, made them wish him Success.

<sup>9</sup> By which the Estates of the Debtors were put to Sale to satisfy their Creditors.

That is, they wish for a Change in the Constitution ; they wish for a Bill of Insolvency ; but will not give themselves any Trouble to bring it about.

and provident for the public Interest; then there is on the Side of the Virtuous amongst us, great Courage, great Unanimity, large Numbers, and a fine Army. In short, I trust that the Immortal Gods will immediately interpose against such Ruffian Guilt, in Favour of this unconquered People; this glorious Empire, and lovely City. Had they attained to the End of all their frantic, their eager Wishes, did they hope to spring up Consuls, Dictators, or Kings, from the Ashes of this City, from the Blood of her Citizens, which they wickedly, which they treacherously, conspired to spill? Don't they foresee, that even though they should succeed in their Confederacy of Guilt, yet that they must be overtossed by some Scoundrel, or Gladiator in the Objects of their Ambition.

A third Kind is of advanced Age, but hardened Vigour: Such is *Manlius* himself, who now resigns his Command to *Catiline*. These are of the Colonies, which *Sylla* planted at *Fæfulæ*\*; which I am sensible in the main consist of the bravest of Men, and the best of

\* The *Romans* usually rewarded the veteran Soldiers with Houses and Lands in the conquered Countries. *Sylla* divided the Lands round *Fæfulæ* among his Soldiers, and advanced some of them to the Equestrian and even to the Senatorian Rank.

Citizens. But these are Planters, who getting more Money than they either expected or knew how to manage, run out their Fortunes in Riot and Excess. These, while they build like LORDS, while they indulge upon the Estates, in their Sedans, amidst their great Retinue and sumptuous Entertainments, have plunged themselves so deep in Debt, that in order to retrieve their Affairs, they must have some *Sylla* conjured up from the Shades of Death. And these have persuaded into their once successful Scheme of Rapine, some poor needy Clowns among themselves. Both these, O *Romans!* I place under the same Head of Robbers and Plunderers. But my Advice to them is, that they would awaken from their frantic Dreams of Dictatorships and Proscriptions. For the Calamities of the Times when these prevailed, have so galled the State, that not Men only, but even Beasts, would refuse again to submit to the Yoke.

THE fourth is a motly, mixt, and mutinous Kind. Long have they been deprest, never will they rise; through Indolence, Mismanagement, and Extravagance, they now droop beneath a Load of ancient Debt; they are quite  
5 teazed

teased out of their Lives by <sup>t</sup> Arrests, Judgments, and Executions ; and I hear that in great Numbers they resort both from City and Country to the Enemy's Camp. Such I don't so much take to be keen Fighters, as indolent Shufflers ; if they can't stand on their own Legs let them drop down ; but so gently, that the Shock may be unperceived, not by the Public only, but by their nearest Neighbour. For I cannot comprehend why, if they cannot live with Honour, they should desire to die with Infamy ; or why they should imagine it less Pain to die in Company, than to fall by themselves.

THE fifth Kind is a Collection of Parricides, Cut-throats, and thorough-paced Villains under all Denominations. These I shall not envy to *Catiline* : he and they are inseparable ; and even let them perish in their own Robberies, since their Number is too great to be confined within a Prison.

I come now to those who are not only the last in my List, but the last of Mankind in their Life

<sup>t</sup> Though I have applied Law-Terms to this passage, yet it will be found, that they answer as literally to the Original, as any other can. Therefore they are proper, and no other would.

## 58 CICERO'S ORATION

Life and Morals : These are the Life-Guard, the Partners of the Bed and the Bosom of *Catiline*, and appropriated to him ; these beardless or bearded, you see with curled Locks and blooming Complexions ; in full Dress, in flowing Robes, and wearing Mantles instead of Gowns<sup>a</sup>. The Labours of whose Life, and the Toils of whose Vigilance are only seen in the Midnight-Revel.

UNDER this Class are ranked Gamesters, Whoremasters, the Lewd, and the Lustful of every Kind. The soft insinuating Youths, practised in the amorous Arts of either Sex, know to sing, to dance, nay, on occasion, they can aim the murdering Dagger, and splice the envenomed Bowl. 'Tis not enough that *Catiline* shall fall ; for unless these depart, unless they die, believe me, that in this State we shall have a Nursery of rising *Catilines*. But what doth these Wretches mean ? Can they carry their Wenches along with them into the Camp ? Yet can they be without them these cold dreary Nights ? How can they bear the *Apennine*, its biting Frosts and Snow ? Unless they imagine that

<sup>a</sup> It was a Mark of Effeminacy among the *Romans* to wear their Gowns loose and flowing. To have them made narrow, and girt tight, was reckoned the distinguishing Mark of an active Man, ready for Business.

that their dancing naked at Revels has hardened them to endure the Severities of the Season. A formidable War, I must needs say, since the Household-Troops of our capital Enemy consist of shameless Strumpets !

AGAINST these gallant Forces of *Catiline*, put now, O Romans ! your Guards, your Garrisons, and your Troops in *Array* : And first, to that bruised and battered Gladiator oppose your Consuls and Generals ; next against that expelled, extenuated Crew, whose Fortunes are shipwrecked, draw out the Flower, the Strength of all *Italy*.

AND now shall the Ramparts of your Colonies, and your freed Cities, be opposed to the woodland, and the rustic Works of *Catiline*. But here I ought to run the Parallel no further, nor compare your other Troops, your Trophies, and your Towers, to the Nakedness and Necessity of that Robber. Waving all Considerations arising from Things of which we are provided, and he destitute ; such as the Senate, the Knights, the People, the Treasury, and the Revenues of *Rome*, all *Italy*, whole Provinces, *foreign Nations* ; if, I say, waving all these, we shall balance the very Circumstances

## 60 CICERO's ORATION

stances of the opposing Parties ; from that we can form a true Notion, how very low our Enemies are reduced. Here Regard to Virtue opposes Insensibility of Shame, Purity Pollution, Integrity Injustice, Virtue Villainy, Resolution Rage, Dignity Defilement, Regularity Riot ; on one Side are ranged Equity, Temperance, Courage, Prudence, and every Virtue ; on the other, Iniquity, Luxury, Cowardice, Rashness, with every Vice ; lastly, the Struggle lies between Wealth and Want, the Dignity and the Degeneracy of Reason ; the Force and the Frenzy of the Soul ; between well-grounded Hope and widely extended Despair. In such a Strife, in such a Struggle as this, even though the Zeal of Men were wanting, must not the Immortal Gods give such shining Virtues the Superiority over so great, and such complicated Vices ?

SINCE such, O *Romans !* is our Situation, do you, as I have already advised, each of you, provide for your domestic Security by Ward and Watching. I have taken Care, I have provided effectually, that the Peace of the City shall be kept without alarming you, and without Riot within the Walls : Your Planters and the Inhabitants of your municipal Cities, advised

vised by me of *Catiline's* nocturnal Excursion, will easily defend their own Possessions and Cities. The Gladiators, his strongest, and, as he thought, his most trusty Band, and indeed much honester Men than some Patricians I could name, shall be curbed by our Power. *Quintus Metellus*, whom, upon my foreseeing this Event, I had sent into *Ancona* and *Lombardy*, shall either destroy the Traitor, or baffle all his Motions, and all his Measures. As to other Matters, in what Manner these are to be regulated, to be conducted and executed, we are now to consult the Senate, whom you see assembling.

As for those who are left within this City, and left by *Catiline* for its Destruction, and your Confusion, though they are Enemies, yet still are they our natural Fellow-Citizens, and as such, will I give them my repeated Admonitions. If my Lenity has hitherto seemed inclinable to Weakness, it was with a View that this latent Corruption might be discharged. But now can I no longer forget that this is my native Soil, that to these I am Consul,  
**THAT I MUST SPEND MY LIFE AMONG  
MY COUNTRYMEN, OR LAY IT DOWN  
FOR MY COUNTRY;** the Gate is without

## 62 CICERO'S ORATION

a Guard <sup>\*</sup>, and upon the Road lies no Ambush, they who decline to depart, may do as they think fit; but among those who remain in the City, should any one create, should he attempt, should he so much as seem to aim at the least Disturbance, and be discovered by me, he shall be sensible, that within those Walls are vigilant Consuls, active Magistrates, keen Swords, a brave Senate, and a Dungeon; that Scene in which our Ancestors thought proper to punish unnatural Guilt and avowed Rebellion.

ROMANS, all this shall be so transacted, that the greatest Events shall be brought about without Disturbance; the most imminent Dangers averted without Alarm; and an intestine, a domestic War, more extensive, and more cruel, than the oldest now alive can remember, without my laying aside these peaceful Robes <sup>x</sup>; shall by me be conducted and quelled. All this,

\* That is, though I have placed Guards to prevent the Attempts of the Conspirators, I have given no Orders to stop any single Person from going out.

<sup>x</sup> The Consuls, before their setting out on any military Expedition, used to put off their Gowns, and put on their military Drefs, with great Ceremony and publick sacrifices. Cicero tells them, his Scheme for the suppressing the Conspiracy, was so well laid, that without changing his Gown, the Drefs of Peace, he would quell all the Disturbance.

this, O *Romans*! will I manage so, that, if there is a Possibility of avoiding it, not a single Rebel shall, within the Walls of this City, be punished for his Guilt. But if the Hand of avowed Insolence, if the Dangers of my suffering Country shall tear me from this Gentleness of Disposition; yet shall I so order it beyond what is even to be hoped for in a Rebellion, so far spread, and so artfully covered, that no worthy Man shall fall, and the Punishment of a few shall place you above all Dread or Danger.

THESE Things, O *Romans*! I promise you, not relying on my own Prudence, or human Policy, but repeated, infallible Intimations of the Immortal Gods. Their Protection gives me this Hope, and their Presence inspires me with this Resolution. These Gods, I say, no longer at a distance, as when attacked by a *foreign* and a remote Enemy, but here in their own Persons, by their immediate Power and Providence, defend their own Temples, and the Habitations of *Rome*; and you, my Countrymen, ought to put up your Prayers, your Vows and Supplications, that they will defend this City, which they have

**64 CICERO's ORATION, &c.**

have endued with supreme Power, Majesty, and Strength, from the unnatural Guilt of her degenerate Sons, after having subdued all her Enemies by Sea and Land.



**T H E**



## THE ARGUMENT.

*THE Conspiracy having been detected, Ciceron summoned an Assembly of the Roman People, and in the following Oration laid before them the Particulars of the Discovery; and exhorts them to celebrate a Thanksgiving to the Gods, which had been decreed by the Senate, in his Honour, for the Preservation of Rome and her Citizens.*



VOL. II.

F

M. T.



M. T.

C I C E R O's  
THIRD  
O R A T I O N  
A G A I N S T  
C A T I L I N E.



O Day you behold, O *Romans* !  
your Country, your Lives, your  
Liberties, your Properties, your  
Wives and Children, this august  
Seat of Empire, this fair, this flourishing City,  
preserved and restored to you, by the distin-  
guishing Love of the Immortal Gods, ever  
watchful for your Welfare; and by Means of  
my Toils, my Counsels, my Dangers, rescued  
from

from Fire and Sword ; nay, let me add, out  
of the Jaws of impending Fate.

AND if the Days of our Preservation are equally joyous, equally distinguished, as those of our Birth ; because the Pleasure of Deliverance is certain, but the Condition of Life precarious ; on our Deliverance we reflect with Delight ; in our Birth we exist without Consciousness ; believe me, since our Gratitude and Veneration has made the Name of the Founder of *Rome* immortal as the Gods ; the Man who saved the same City, with all its Acceffions of Strength and Wealth, ought by you and your Posterity to be revered : For by me were those Flames, that were ready to inwrap the Temples, the Domes, the Dwellings, and the Walls of this City, extinguished ; by me, was the Dagger, when pointed at the Bosom of your Country, blunted ; and the Weapons aimed at your Throats, were by me averted. All these Circumstances, as they have already been explained, laid open, and proved by me before the Senate, I will now, *Romans*, in a few Words, express to you, that you may be no longer, as hitherto, at a Loss to comprehend how important, and how evident they are, by what Means traced out, and in what Manner discovered.

IN the first Place, ever since *Catiline*, a few Days ago, broke out of the City, and had left the Accomplices of his Treason, with the boldest Ringleaders of this Rebellion at *Rome*; the End of all my Vigilance, of all my Care, has been, how we might be best secured from such Variety of Danger, from such a Mine of Mischief; for when I threw *Catiline* out of *Rome*, (for I now dread no Reproach from that Word; all I have now to fear is, from his being suffered to depart alive,) as I aimed at pulling his Conspiracy up by the Roots, I was in Hopes, that he would either be followed by the rest of his Associate Crew; or that they who remained, must be disabled and disconcerted through his Absence. And as I perceived, that the most bold and bloody of all the Conspiracy remained here with us and within *Rome*; my painful Endeavours by Day and Night were, that I might come at the Knowledge, the Proof of their Intentions and Actions: That since you could not reconcile the Enormity of their Guilt to your Belief, and therefore were inclined to distrust what I said, I might dispose Matters in such a Manner, as to unite you all in the Means of your Safety by proving to your strongest Conviction, the Imminence

minence of your Danger. As soon, therefore, as I found that *Publius Lentulus*<sup>a</sup> had been tampering with the Commissioners of the *Allobroges*<sup>b</sup> in order to kindle a War beyond the *Alps*, and create Commotions in *Gaul*, and that they had been sent to their Countrymen with a Commission to communicate on the Road their Credentials and Instructions to *Catiline*; that *Vulturcius* was sent to attend them, and that they had likewise entrusted him with

<sup>a</sup> This *Lentulus* had been *Prætor* and *Consul* before this Time, but was expelled the Senate by the *Censors*. To recover the Senatorian Dignity, he was obliged to put in for being *Prætor* a second Time, during which *Prætorship*, he was put to Death for this Conspiracy.

<sup>b</sup> These were *Gauls*, who passing the *Alps*, settled on the *Italian Side*, in those Parts now called *Savoy* and *Piedmont*. They were a brave People, and maintained a War with the *Romans* for a long Time; but before this had been totally subdued, and governed by the *Roman Prætor*, who had the Care of *Gallia Narbonensis*. About the Time of the breaking out of this Conspiracy, they had sent Embassadors to *Rome*, to complain of the Oppression and Extortion of their Governor. *Lentulus* took this Opportunity of increasing the Strength of the Conspiracy, by promising the *Allobroges* an Abatement of their Taxes, if they would rise in Favour of *Catiline*, and assist him with their Forces. The Embassador after some Deliberation, resolved to discover the Affair to *Q. Fabius Sanga*, their Patron at *Rome*, who immediately disclosed it to *Cicero*. The *Consul* advised them to agree with the Conspirators, and get a Covenant from them signed by the principal Men, to carry home to their Constituents. This the Conspirators consent to, and at the same Time desire to take *Catiline's* Camp in their Way; for which Purpose they send one of their Party *Vulturcius*, along with them, with Letters to their General. *Cicero* getting Notice of this from the Embassadors, took the whole Party Prisoners upon the Road, and by this Means had full Proof against *Lentulus*, and the other Heads of the Plot, whom he immediately seized.

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Letters for *Catiline*, I thought I had now a fair Opportunity of giving the most entire Satisfaction to myself, to the Senate, and to you, with regard to this Conspiracy, a Matter of the utmost Difficulty, and the frequent Subject of my fervent Prayers to the Immortal Gods.

YESTERDAY, therefore, I sent for the Praetors, *Lucius Flaccus* <sup>c</sup> and *Caius Pomtinus*, Men of great Courage, and true Patriotism. To them I discovered the Affair, and signified my Commands. They, as all their Sentiments for their Country are all noble and generous, without Doubt or Delay undertook the Business; and about the Evening, privately repaired towards the *Milvan* Bridge <sup>d</sup>; where they so disposed of themselves in the neighbouring Farms, that the *Tyber* and the Bridge lay betwixt them. These likewise drew together to the same Ground a great many brave Men, unsuspected by any; and I dispatched from the Prefecture <sup>e</sup> of *Reate*, a Number of chosen

<sup>c</sup> This *Flaccus* is the same, in whose Defence Cicero, some Years after, made the Oration for *Flaccus*; in which he mentions this Piece of Service to the Roman State. We know nothing of the other, but what is here mentioned.

<sup>d</sup> This was a Bridge over the *Tyber* about two Miles from *Rome*, on the Road to *Tuscany*.

<sup>e</sup> The *Prefectures* were such Towns as had Markets every ninth Day, and *Affizes* held there by *Prefects* sent annually from *Rome*.

chosen Youths armed with Swords, whose Assistance I never fail to make use of in the public Service. In the mean Time, the third Watch being almost spent<sup>f</sup>, the Commissioners of the *Allobroges*, with *Vulturcius* began to enter upon the Bridge, with a great Retinue, where our Band attacked them; both Parties drew their Swords; the Praetors alone were in the Secret, the others were not. Then upon the coming up of *Pomtinus* and *Flaccus*, the Skirmish ended; and all the Letters they had among them were delivered up, sealed as they were, to the Praetors; and their own Persons being seized, they were all of them brought before me, towards the Dawn of Day. I summoned before me *Cimber Gabinius*, that Arch-Plotter in all their wicked Conspiracies, without his suspecting how Matters went. *Lucius Statilius* was then brought in; then *Cethegus*; and then came *Lentulus*, but a long Time after, because I suppose, the Night before, he had sat up unusually late in making out the Dispatches.

<sup>f</sup> The Romans divided the Night into four Watches, beginning at Sun-setting, and ending at Sun-rising, so that the third Watch began exactly at Midnight, and ended about three in the Morning, supposing the Sun to rise at six.

WHEN many of the greatest and most considerable Men in *Rome*, upon hearing the News, came to me in the Morning, they were of Opinion, that I should open the Letters, before I communicated them to the Senate, lest, if nothing was found in them, I should be blamed for too rashly giving so great an Alarm to the City. This I refused to comply with; because as the Danger was public, so the Deliberation upon the Affair, untouched as it was, ought to be public likewise. For I considered, that even though it should appear, I was misinformed, I had no Reason to dread any Reflections for my Overdiligence in Matters that bore so dangerous an Aspect to the State. I then speedily summoned, as you saw, a full House of the Senate: In the mean Time, by a Hint from the *Allobroges*, I dispatched that brave *Prætor*, *Caius Sulpitius*, to remove any Arms, that might be in the House of *Cetbegus*, from whence he accordingly carried a very great Number of Swords and Daggers.

I brought in *Vulturcius*, without the *Gauls*, before the Senate, and by their Commands, to him I plighted the public Faith, exhorting him, without Fear or Reserve, to speak out all

all he knew. Scarce was he recovered from his Fright, when he declared, that he had Instructions and Letters from *Lentulus* to *Catiline*, advising him to arm the Slaves, and march directly up to the City with his Army, with this View, that when they had set Fire to every Quarter of the City, in their several Stations and Posts, as they had been assigned and planned, and entered upon the general Massacre, he might be upon the Spot, to cut off those who should endeavour to fly, and to act in Conjunction with these City-Commanders.

AND then the *Gauls* being brought in, declared, that an Oath had been plighted to themselves, and Letters given them to be communicated to their Constituents, by *Publius Lentulus*, *Cethegus*, and *Statilius*, and that they had it in Commission from them, and *Lucius Caius*, instantly to dispatch their Cavalry into *Italy*, they being in no want of Foot; that *Lentulus* had assured them from the *Sibylline* Predictions, and the Answers of the Sooth-sayers, of his being infallibly the Third of the Name of *Cornelius*, who was destined to be the Sovereign and Commander of this City; that the Prediction was already so far fulfilled

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fulfilled in the Persons of *Sylla* and *Cinna*, both of that Name; that he farther declared, this Year being the Tenth from the Acquittal of the Vestal Virgins, and the Twentieth from the Burning of the Capitol, was to be the critical Period for the Destruction of this City and Empire. They added to this Evidence, that there was a Dispute betwixt *Cetbegus*, and the other Conspirators; because some, with *Lentulus*, were of Opinion, that the Massacre, and the Burning of the City, should be fixed on the *Saturnalia* <sup>8</sup>, which, in *Cetbegus's* Opinion, was too late.

AT last, *Romans*, to be as short as possible, I ordered the Letters, which each of them were said to write, to be produced. In the first Place, I shewed to *Cetbegus*, his own Seal; he owned it to be his; I cut the Thread <sup>9</sup>; I read. There was it wrote with his own Hand,  
 " That he would act by the Senate, and the  
 " People of the *Allobroges*, as he had pro-  
 " mised to their Commissioners; intreating  
 " them

<sup>8</sup> Before the Regulation of the *Roman* Calendar, the *Feast in Honour of Saturn* was celebrated about the 16th of December.

<sup>9</sup> The *Romans* rolled up their Letters, and then tied them with a Thread, on the Knot of which they put their Seal, which was the distinguishing Mark to know from whom the Letters came.

" them to perform <sup>1</sup> whatever their Commissioners should lay before them." Then *Cethegus*, who a little before had pretended to excuse himself on account of the Swords and Daggers found at his House, by saying, that he had been ever curious about *Blades of good Metal*, upon hearing the Letters read, appeared dismayed, confounded, self-convicted, and of a sudden was struck dumb. *Statilius* was then brought in; he owned his Hand and Seal; his Letters, almost to the same Purpose as the others, were read to him, he confessed all. I then shewed to *Lentulus* his own Letters, and demanded if he knew the Seal. He seemed to own that he did. " Right!" said I; the Seal is well known; it is the Head of your illustrious Grand-father<sup>2</sup>; whose sole Passion was the Love of his Country, and his Countrymen; the very Sight methinks of such a Head, ought to have deterred you from the Perpetration of such enormous Guilt." His Letter, to the same Purpose, to the Senate, and People of the *Allobroges*, was read. I indulged

<sup>1</sup> Orig. *Tuae sibi Legati eorum recepissent*: It may either signify as I have translated it, or that they should perform what their Commissioners had undertaken in their Behalf.

<sup>2</sup> L. Cornelius *Lentulus Rufus*, Consul in the Year of *Rome* 598.

dulged him in saying what he had a Mind on that Subject. At first, indeed, he stood on his Innocence; but soon after, the whole Information being opened and declared, he rose up; he demanded of the *Gauls*, what Business he had with them to bring them to his House, and he put the same Question to *Vulturcius*. When they answered him in short and unvarying Terms; *by whose Means, and how often they had been at his House*, and demanded of him in their Turn, whether he had talked nothing to them about the *Sibylline Predictions*: Then distracted with Guilt, he gave a sudden Proof how powerful Conscience is. For though he might have braved it out, yet, contrary to what every Body thought, he at once confessed it. Thus, not only his ready Wit and voluble Tongue, for which he was always remarkable, but even his Impudence and Audacity, in which he has been ever unrivalled, yielded to the Force of confounded and convicted Guilt.

BUT *Vulturcius* of a sudden demands that the Letters, delivered to him from *Lentulus* to *Catiline*, should be produced and opened. Here, though *Lentulus* was struck with the utmost Confusion, yet did he own his Hand and

and Seal : The Letters however were wrote without any Subscription, in the following Terms ; WHO I AM, YOU WILL LEARN FROM THE BEARER ; BE SURE THAT YOU ACT LIKE A MAN ; REFLECT TO WHAT A PASS YOU ARE NOW ADVANCED ; CONSIDER WHAT IS NECESSARY FOR YOU TO DO, AND TAKE CARE TO STRENGTHEN YOURSELF WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF ALL, EVEN THE MEANEST.

GABINIUS was next brought in, and though he at first answered with great Impudence, yet in the Event he denied none of the Circumstances urged against him by the Gauls. And to me, O *Romans* ! though the Letters, Seals, Hands, and lastly, their several Confessions, were strong and convincing Evidences of their Guilt ; yet were these Evidences rendered still more strong by their Looks, their Air, their Countenances, and their Silence. For with such Astonishment were they struck, so strongly were their Eyes riveted to the Ground, and with such guilty Consciousness did they sometimes steal a Look of one another, that they did not now look like Men informed against by others, but betrayed by themselves.

THE

THE Informations, O *Romans!* being laid open and declared, I put the Question to the Senate, *what they thought proper to be done, at a Juncture so critical to the very being of the State.* The Voices of the leading Men were for severe and resolute Measures; these the Senate agreed to without the least Amendment. And as their Determination is not yet engrossed<sup>1</sup>, I shall, my Countrymen, as well as I can recollect, lay before you the Resolutions of the Senate.

IN the first Place, I had the Thanks of the House in the strongest Terms for having delivered the State from the most imminent Dangers, by my Courage, my Conduct, and Fore-sight. Then the Praetors, *Lucius Flaccus* and *Caius Pomtinus*, had their just and merited Share of Praise, for having so bravely and faithfully executed what I had given them in Charge; nor was any brave Colleague<sup>m</sup> forgot

<sup>1</sup> The Decrees of the Senate were hung up in the Temple of *Saturn*, where the People might read them, they were then engrossed into the Body of their Laws.

<sup>m</sup> *C. Antonius*, who was suspected of favouring *Catiline's* Party, because he was very much in Debt, and personally acquainted with *Catiline*. However, *Cicero* had gained him over, by giving him the Command of the Armies, which gave him an Opportunity of making Money, and contented himself with the Government

got in the Thanks of the Order; for removing from his own and the public Councils, the Accomplices in this Conspiracy. They then came to a Resolution <sup>a</sup>, that *Publius Lentulus*, after having divested himself of the Prætorship <sup>b</sup>, should be delivered into Custody <sup>c</sup>: The like Sentence was passed upon *Caius Cetbegus*, *Lucius Statilius*, *Publius Gabinius*, who were all present; the like upon *Lucius Cæfcius*<sup>d</sup>, who had sollicited the Commission of firing the City; upon *Marcus Cæparius*, to whom, as it appeared, *Apulia* was allotted for raising the Shepherds; upon *Publius Furius*, one of the

Planters,

ment of *Rome*; whereas usually the Consuls drew Lots to know who of them should command abroad, and who at home.

<sup>a</sup> Orig. *Censuerant*: If I mistake not, the Word *Censuere*, applied to public Deliberations, signifies a Resolution taken after Debate. But this I submit.

<sup>b</sup> The Prætors were originally elected to assist the Consuls, and to be chief Judges in the City, when the Consuls should be both abroad with the Armies. At first there was only one; afterwards, as the Empire increased, there were four, six, and sometimes eight chosen annually. One was called *Prætor Urbanus*, whose Business was to hear all Causes in the City. The others were sent by the Consuls, or by the People, to different Parts of the Empire, where the Consuls could not go in Person. After the Expiration of their Office, they were named Governors of some Province for a Year or more, as the People thought fit.

<sup>c</sup> They were at first only committed to private Houses under the Care of some trusty Senator, who was answerable for his Prisoner.

<sup>d</sup> *Cæfcius*, *Cæparius*, and the others after mentioned, were condemned in their Absence, they having escaped before the Consul could apprehend them. But *Cæparius* was overtaken in his Flight, and committed.

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Planters, whom *Lucius Sylla* had settled at *Fæfulæ*; upon *Quintus Manlius Chilo*, who was joined with the same *Furius*, in all Applications made to the *Allobroges*; against *Publius Umbrenus*, the Son of a Freed-Man, and who it was proved; first introduced the *Gauls* to *Gabinius*.

Now the Senate, O *Romans!* proceeded with this Lenity, upon the Supposition, that the Republic being preserved from so dangerous a Conspiracy, from such Strength, and such Numbers of inbred Enemies, by the Punishment of only nine desperate Men, the Minds of others might be cured. And further, my Countrymen, upon my Account a solemn Thanksgiving to the immortal Gods for their remarkable Favours, was decreed: The first Instance, since the Building of *Rome*, of such an Honour being done to one who acted without laying aside the Robes of Peace. And their Decree was in the following Terms: *Because I had delivered the City from the Flames, the Citizens from Slaughter, and Italy from War.* An Honour, my Countrymen, which, if compared with others of the same Kind, this Difference will be found, that theirs were decreed for their successfully serving, mine for happily

happily saving, the State. That which required our first Cares, was first dispatched and executed. For *Publius Lentulus*, though upon the Information being proved, and his own Confession, the Senate had adjudged him to have forfeited not only the Authority of a *Prætor*, but the Privileges of a Citizen, divested himself of his Magistracy; that we might not entertain the least Scruple, in punishing a *Roman* Magistrate, in the Person of a private Man, a Point to which the illustrious *C. Marius* had no Regard, when he put to Death the *Prætor Caius Glauca*<sup>1</sup>, against whom nothing had been expressly decreed.

Now, O *Romans*! as you have in Custody and Prison the unnatural Leaders of this detestable and dangerous Rebellion, you ought to conclude that all the Forces of *Catiline*, that all his Strength and Hopes, these Dangers of your Country being thus averted, have failed. Indeed, *Romans*! when I drove him from the City, this I foresaw, that when *Catiline* was removed, I had no reason to be afraid of the dreaming *Lentulus*, the corpulent *Cassius*, nor the furiously rash *Cethegus*. *Catiline*, of all

<sup>1</sup> Or *Glauca*.

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the Cabal, was formidable ; but no longer than while he remained within the Walls of this City. He knew every thing ; he had Access to every Body ; he had both Abilities and Boldness to accost, to tempt, and to solicit ; he had a Head turned for any Undertaking, and a Tongue and Hand proper to support what his Head projected. For performing certain Enterprizes, he had certain and selected Agents ; nor did he ever think that his bare Commands could carry any thing into complete Execution. There was nothing too hard for his Activity, for his Vigilance or Fatigue ; Hunger, Thirst, and Cold, he could undergo. Had I not driven a Man so keen, so ready, so bold, so crafty, in Treason so vigilant, in desperate Circumstances so active, from Conspiracy within these Walls into Rebellion in the Fields, let me speak, O Romans ! as I think, it had not been easy to repel such a Weight of Woe from falling on your Heads. He would not have fixed the *Saturnalia*, as the Æra of our Destruction, nor have so long beforehand determined the very Date of Perdition and Ruin to this State ; nor have ordered Matters so, that when it came to the Push, his own Seal and Letters, nay living Witnesses, should be seized as Evidences

dences of his detected Treason. Yet in his Absence, has all this been effected, and in such a Manner too, as that never was any domestic Felony so plainly detected, as this important Conspiracy against the Public has been detected and exposed. But if *Catiline* had remained in the City till this Day, in such a Case, though I had still prevented and disconcerted all his Plots, yet still at last, to speak the least, must we have come to Blows, and while such a Bosom Traitor remained within our Walls, never could we have delivered the Government from such threatening Dangers; with so much Peace, so much Tranquillity, and so much Quiet.

BUT all these Transactions, my Countrymen, were managed by me in such a Manner, that they seemed to be directed by the Will, and conducted by the Wisdom of the Immortal Gods. This we may conjecture, as well from the apparent Impossibility of such amazing Events being brought about by human Foresight, as from their immediate, and almost visible Aid and Assistance, in the late critical Conjunctions. For to say nothing of those nocturnal Effulgences\*, which beamed

G 2 in

\* The Romans were extremely superstitious in observing *Omens* and *Presages*, which were always interpreted by their *Priests* and *Auguri*.

## 84 CICERO's ORATION

in the West, and the Heavens appearing all in a Blaze; to pass over the Thundering and Earthquakes, with the other many Prodigies which have happened in our Consulate, which seemed like the Language of the Gods predicting what has now happened, This, O *Romans!* which I am now to mention, ought neither to be omitted nor postponed.

SURELY you may remember, that under the Consulate of *Cotta* and *Torquatus*, a great Number of *Turrets* in the Capitol were struck by Lightning; that the Images of the Immortal Gods were likewise overthrown, the Statues of antient *Romans* overturned, and the brazen Tables of the Laws melted down; even *Romulus*, the Founder of this City, was scorched <sup>†</sup>, that gilded Statue, which you may remember to have seen in the Capitol, representing him an Infant, sucking, and reaching at the Dugs of the She-Wolf. At that Time the Sooth-sayers from all *Tuscany* were assembled, and declared that *Massacres*

<sup>and</sup>  
*Augustus*. Of this the Nobility were so sensible, that they kept all the different Offices of the Priesthood in their own Body, even after the *Plebeians* were admitted to the Consulship. All these Omens were explained so as to answer the Purposes of the Senate.

<sup>†</sup> This Statue is still preserved in the modern Capitol at *Rome*, with the Mark of the Lightning visible upon it.

and *Burnings*, the Extinction of the Laws, a War Civil and Domestic, with the Fall of this City and her Empire, were at Hand, unless the Gods, appeased by all the Means of Devotion, should interpose their Providence to bend in some Measure, the Destinies themselves. Upon their Answer, Plays were celebrated for ten Days, nor was any Method of appeasing the Gods, omitted. The same Sooth-sayers ordered a larger Statue of *Jupiter* to be erected on a conspicuous Place; and, contrary to its former Posture, to face the East. They likewise declared, that they hoped, if that Statue, as you now behold it, should at once face the rising Sun, the Forum, and this Senate-House, the Treasons privately hatched against the Welfare of this City and Empire, should be rendered so conspicuous, as to be seen through by the Senate, and the People of *Rome*. The then Consuls therefore ordered the Statue to be erected in the Manner prescribed; but so slowly did the Work go forward, that it was not erected either by our Predecessors in Office, or by ourselves, before this Day.

CAN there now, O *Romans*! live a Man so forsaken of Truth, of such confirmed Obstinacy, of such mental Blindness, as to affirm,

that all we see, and especially this City, is not under the immediate Guidance and Government of the Immortal Gods. For when the Sooth-sayers thus by their Answers pronounced that *Massacres*, *Burnings*, the Ruin of this State, were then devising, and all by Means of her unnatural Citizens, the Enormity of Guilt rendered the Prediction to some incredible; yet you perceive that all this has been by flagitious Citizens, not only devised, but attempted. Have we not before our Eyes an Instance, which seems to have been effected by the Direction of Jove the BEST and GREATEST, in that, when by my Commands the Conspirators, and the Informers against them, were this Morning led through the *Forum*, into the *Temple of Concord*, at that very Instant this Statue was erecting! Upon its being erected, upon its being made to face you and the Senate; to you and the Senate, every traitorous Design against the public Safety was instantly detected and exposed. They therefore are worthy of the greater Degree, both of Detestation and Punishment, who endeavoured to wrap in fatal and impious Flames, not only your Habitations and Roofs, but even the Temples and Fanes of the immortal Gods; and Presumption, intolerable Presumption, were it in me

to affirm, that through Me their Purposes were defeated. No; it was that JOVE, that JOVE himself, who opposed them. To his Pleasure was it owing that the Capitol, to him that those Temples, to him that this City, to him that all of you are preserved. It was therefore, O *Romans!* the directing Providence of the Immortal Gods, that inspired me with such Resolution and Foresight, and conducted me to these important, these convincing Discoveries.

Now as to this practising on the *Allobroges*; had not the Immortal Gods deprived *Lentulus*, and our other domestic Enemies of Prudence to direct their consummate Audacity; never would they so madly have committed to Strangers and Barbarians, Affairs of such Importance, nor, believe me, intrusted them with their Letters. For can it be supposed that *Gaul*, the Subjects of a disaffected State, a State, the only one which now seems to retain both the Abilities and Inclinations to make War with *Rome*, would have slighted the Prospect of Independency, and the greatest Advantages, when voluntarily offered by *Roman* Patricians, or that they would have preferred our Preservation to their own Power? Can you ima-

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imagine, that this hath been effected without the Finger of Heaven; especially as they might have conquered us, not by handling their Arms, but by holding their Tongues?

THEREFORE, O *Romans*! since a Thanksgiving is decreed before all the Shrines of the Gods, celebrate ye with your Wives and Children, those Days of your Deliverance: Many and merited are the Proofs of Gratitude, which we owe to the Immortal Gods; but surely never were they paid with greater Justice than now. From dismal, from detestable Ruin are you snatched, and snatched without Slaughter, without Blood, without an Army, without a Skirmish. In your peaceful Robes, under me, in my peaceful Robes, your sole Conductor and Commander, have you obtained Victory. For, O my *Romans*! call to mind all your civil Disputes, not only those you have heard of, but those which you yourselves remember, and have seen. *Lucius Sylla* destroyed *Publius Sulpitius*<sup>u</sup>. He threw

<sup>u</sup> *Sulpitius*, Tribune of the People, in concert with *Marius* got a Law past to take away from *Sylla* the Command of the Army designed for the *Mithridatick War*, and to give it to *Marius*: Upon this *Sylla* brought up his Army to *Rome*, overthrew *Sulpitius*, and proscribed twelve; and among them *Marius* and *Sulpitius*. *Sulpitius* was taken and put to Death, but *Marius* escaped to *Africa*.

out of the City *Caius Marius*, the Guardian of *Rome*<sup>x</sup>, and partly drove out of this State, and partly put to Death, many brave Men. *Cneius Octavius*<sup>y</sup>, the Consul, expelled with Arms his Colleague out of the City, while this Place was choaked with the Bodies and Blood of Citizens. *Cinna*<sup>z</sup> with *Marius* then prevailed; and then was it that the very Lights of your Country were put out by the Deaths of her most illustrious Men. *Sylla* afterwards avenged himself<sup>a</sup> of this cruel Victory, needless it is for me to relate with what Diminution of our Citizens, with what Calamity to our Country. *Marcus Lepidus*<sup>b</sup> had a Difference with the brave and the illustrious *Quintus Catulus*, which ended in the Ruin of the former;

<sup>x</sup> It would appear from this Passage, that *Cicero* was conscious how strong the Remains of *Marius's* Party were in *Rome*, and therefore pays that great Man this Compliment here.

<sup>y</sup> He was so called, because he defeated the *Cimbri* and *Ten-tones*, who invaded *Italy* with an Army of several hundred thousand Men.

<sup>z</sup> *Cinna* endeavoured to restore *Marius's* Party upon the Departure of *Sylla*, but was driven out of the City by his Colleague *Octavius*.

<sup>a</sup> *Cinna* gathered an Army, and with *Marius*, *Sertorius*, and *Carba*, entered *Rome*; and murdered or proscribed all the Senators and Nobles of *Sylla's* Party.

<sup>b</sup> He is said to put to Death ninety Senators, of which fifteen had been Consuls, 2,600 Knights, and 70,000 Citizens, in cold Blood; besides those slain in Battle.

<sup>b</sup> After the Death of *Sylla*, *Marcus Emilius Lepidus* endeavoured to restore the Party of *Marius*; and for this End, raised an Army in his Province of *Gaul*, advanced to *Rome*, and engaged *Q. Catulus* in the *Campus Martius*; but was defeated, and obliged to fly into *Sardinia*, where he died.

## 90 CICERO'S ORATION

mer; nor was that so afflicting to the Public, as was the Ruin of others; yet, O Romans! all these Differences were of such a Nature, as tended not to an Abolition, but an Alteration of our Government. The Authors did not intend that no Government should exist, but that they themselves should be leading Men in that which should prevail; they desired not to see *Rome* in Flames, but themselves powerful in *Rome*. Yet were all these Differences, of which none tended to an Extinction of the State, of such a Nature, that they were determined, not by an Accommodation of Interests, but by a Massacre of Citizens. But in this War, a War, the greatest and fiercest that any Age has known, such a War as even Barbarity itself never waged within its own Dominions, a War in which *Lentulus*, *Catiline*, *Cassius*, and *Cethegus*, made it a ruling Principle, that all who could reconcile their own Safety to that of the City, should be refused Quarter; in this War, O Romans! I have so behaved myself, that you are all preserved untouched. And though your Enemies imagined, that there should remain but just as many Romans as should survive unlimited Massacre, and as much of *Rome*, as should be unincircled by Flames; yet have I preserved

ved your Persons and City still untouched and unharmed.

FOR these mighty Events, O *Romans!* I demand of you no Reward of Virtue; no Badge of Distinction; no Monument of Glory<sup>c</sup>: All I require is, the eternal Commemoration of this Day. In your Minds I desire that all my Triumphs, that all my Trophies of Glory, that all my Badges of Distinction, should be reared and deposited. Whatever is without Expression, whatever without Utterance, whatever of this Kind, in short, that can be compassed by Men of inferior Merit, has for me no Charms. In your Remembrance, O *Romans!* shall my Actions be cherished, on your Tongues shall they grow, and on your Records shall they arrive at Age and Strength; and the same Day, if I am not deceived, which brought Deliverance to this City, (which I hope will be eternal) shall transmit to all Posterity the Remembrance of my Consulate; and that at the same Period two Citizens lived under this Government, one who fixed the Limits of YOUR Empire<sup>d</sup>, not to the Extent of

<sup>c</sup> The *Romans* rewarded their Generals with Triumphs, Statues, and Surnames taken from their Services: These *Cicero* despises.

<sup>d</sup> Pompey the Great, who at this Time was carrying on the War against the *Arabians*, and other Nations in the East.

of Earth, but of Heaven; and one who preserved the Habitation, and the Seat of that Empire.

BUT as the Fortune and Circumstances of my Actions are different from those of your Generals who conduct your *foreign Wars*, in as much as I must live with those whom I have conquered and subdued, while these leave their Enemies either dead or enthralled, it is your Business, O Romans! to take Care, that if the meritorious Actions of others are advantageous to them, mine may never prove detrimental to me\*. I have taken care that the guilty and flagitious Intentions of these presumptuous Wretches should not affect you; it is your Part to take care that they never may affect me. Yet, O my Countrymen! never can my Enemies hurt my Person, Strong is the Protection of the Good, a Protection of which I am for ever assured; great is my Dignity in the Republic, my continual and silent Defender; and great the Power of Conscience, which whoever shall slight, must betray themselves, while they attempt to injure me.

SUCH

\* Cicero saw plainly that there were many Noblemen who favoured the Party of *Catiline*, who might afterwards revenge the Defeat of their Scheme on *Cicero*. This afterwards happened, and *Cicero* was banished, but restored in a little Time to his former Honours.

SUCH a Spirit, O *Romans!* is likewise in me, that not only will I bear up against all the Attempts of Audacity, but even provoke and attack all the Profligate themselves. But if the whole Force of domestic Enemies, when repelled from you, shall be pointed against my single Person, it must belong to you, O *Romans!* to reflect, upon what Terms you put those, who for the future shall for your Preservation expose themselves to Malignity and Danger of every Kind.

As for myself, what can I further acquire towards the Enjoyment of Life, especially as I see no higher Step of Promotion either in Dignity flowing from you, or in Glory derived from Virtue; at least, none that I should wish to ascend. This, O *Romans!* will I certainly effect: In my private Capacity, I will protect and grace whatever I have acted in my Consular; that if Malice is incurred from preserving the State, it may prove hurtful to the Malicious, but conducive to my Glory. In short, I shall behave so in the Republic, as ever to keep in Memory my past Actions, and to take care that they may appear, not the Effects of Chance, but of Virtue. You, O my Countrymen!

**94 CICERO'S ORATION, &c.**

since it is now Night, worship that Jove who is the Guardian of you and this City; retire to your Dwellings; and though the Danger is now repelled, yet set the same Watch and Ward over your Houses this Night, as you did the last: That you may have no Occasion to do it longer, but be able hereafter to live in uninterrupted Peace, I, my good Countrymen, will take care.



**T H E**



## THE A R G U M E N T.

THE following Speech was pronounced in the Senate, upon the Debate about the Punishment proper to be inflicted on the Conspirators. Some of the Senators, particularly Cæsar, were of Opinion, that they ought to be confined to perpetual Imprisonment in the Municipal Cities; others at the Head of whom was Silanus, were for putting them immediately to Death. Though the last Opinion was most agreeable to Tully, he does not in the following Oration declare for it; but leaves the Decision entirely to the Senate, after setting forth the Enormity of the Conspirators, which he does with great Acrimony and Art.



M. T.



M. T.

C I C E R O's  
FOURTH  
O R A T I O N  
A G A I N S T  
C A T I L I N E.

**I**Perceive, Fathers Conscript, that every Look is turned, that every Eye is fixed upon me. I perceive that you are anxious, not only about the Dangers that threaten yourselves, and your Country, but were these repelled, for those that may affect me. This kind Concern in Calamity is pleasing, and in Sorrow obliging: But by the Immortal Gods, I conjure

jure you to lay it aside; and, forgetful of my Preservation, to study that of yourselves and Families. For my own Part, could I enjoy the Consulate, only upon the Terms of my being subjected to Cruelty, Pain, and Anguish of every kind, I would bear them, not with Courage only, but with Pleasure, provided that from these my Sufferings, you and the People of *Rome* were to derive Dignity and Security.

I, FATHERS Conscript, am that Consul to whom the Forum, that Center of all Equity; to whom the Field hallowed by consular Auspices; to whom the Senate-House, the highest Tribunal of Relief to all Nations; to whom domestic Walls, the Shelter of all besides; to whom not even the Couch set apart for Repose; nay not this Seat of Dignity, nor this Chair of State, have been free from Treachery, and the Perils of Death. Much have I concealed; much have I borne; much have I yielded; and much, with my own Pain, have I healed, while you trembled for the Event. Now if the Immortal Gods would grant this to be the Issue of my Consulship, that I should snatch you, Fathers Conscript, and the People of *Rome*, from dismal Massacre; your Wives,

your Children, and the Vestal Virgins, from outrageous Persecution ; our Temples and Altars, with this our lovely Country, from execrable Flames ; and all *Italy* from War and Desolation, let me be singled out to suffer whatever Fate shall inflict ; for if *Publius Lentulus*, deluded by Fortune-tellers<sup>a</sup>, thought that his Name was ominous to the Destruction of this State, why may not I rejoice that my Consulship has, in a great Measure, been decreed by Fate for its Preservation.

THEREFORE, Fathers Conscrip<sup>t</sup>t, think on yourselves ; provide for your Country ; preserve your Order, your Wives, your Children, your Fortunes ; protect the Majesty and the Lives of the People of *Rome* ; but forbear your Tenderness and Concern for me<sup>b</sup>. For,

in

<sup>a</sup> See p. 73. l. 23.

<sup>b</sup> The *Romans* very seldom condemned any free Citizen to Death. They were often allowed to go into Banishment, which was reckoned a Sort of Death, as it deprived them of all their Privileges. The Consuls or Dictators, and sometimes private Men, slew the Ringleaders of a Tumult ; but it was only winked at, as a Thing necessary on some Emergencies, rather than lawful. Every free Citizen had the Liberty of an Appeal from the Senate to the People. *Cicero* very well knew, that all the Odium of putting the Conspirators to Death, would certainly fall upon him, as he was Consul, and the most active Person in quelling the Conspiracy. For this Reason he avoids declaring himself openly for *Silanus's* Opinion, but at the same Time desires them to deliver their Opinions freely, without having any Regard to what might befall him afterwards. For every Act of

the

in the first Place, I have Grounds to hope, that all the Gods, the Guardians of this City, will requite me according to my Deserts. Then should any thing happen, with Resolution and Resolution am I prepared to die; for to the Brave, Death can never be dishonourable; to the Consular untimely; nor, to the Wise afflicting. Not that I am so steel'd as to be unmoved by the Grief of this my dear and affectionate Brother<sup>c</sup>, and the Tears of the worthy Persons whom you see here present to surround me. Let me own too that a dispirited Wife; a Daughter dismayed with her Fears; and an Infant-Son, whom I imagine my Country now embraces as the Pledge of my Conduct; this my Son-in-Law<sup>d</sup>, whom I see waiting the Event of this Day, often recalls my Mind to domestic Endearments. Still these Objects give me Concern; but a Concern how they and you may be preserved, even though I were taken off by Violence,

H 2

rather

the Senate, or People, was always ascribed to that Person who summoned the Assembly; as he alone presided, and put the Question: So that the Odium of putting the Conspirators to Death, though voted by the Senate would as certainly fall upon *Cicero*, as if he had done it without their Advice. This really was the Case, and he was afterwards banished for passing this very Decree.

*C. Cicero, a very brave Man, and good Soldier.*

<sup>4</sup> C. Calpurnius Piso was at this Time married to Tullia, Cato's Daughter.

100 CICERO's ORATION  
rather than that we all should be involved in a  
general Wreck of our Country.

WHEREFORE, Fathers Conscript, ply to the Safety of the State ; keep a *Look-out* to every impending Storm, which, but for your Vigilance, must overtake you. It is not a *Tiberius Gracchus*, who again aspires to the Tribune-ship of the People ; nor a *Caius Gracchus*, the Incendiary, for an Agrarian Law ; nor a *Lucius Saturninus*, the Murderer of *Caius Memmius*, who is now brought into Judgment, and to the Bar of your Justice. No ; the Prisoners in your Custody are those who remained at *Rome* to fire the City, to slaughter every Senator here, and to receive *Catiline*. Their Letters, their Seals, their Hands, in short, their several Confessions, are in our Custody : The *Allobroges* are tempted, Slaves spirited-up<sup>c</sup>, *Catiline* sent for. The End they proposed was, that after a general Massacre, not a Soul should remain to bewail the extinguished Glory of *Rome*, or to weep over the Ruins of this mighty Empire.

ALL

<sup>c</sup> At first *Catiline* rejected the Slaves, trusting to the Strength of the Conspirators ; but finding his Army increase slowly, he invited the Slaves to join with him, by promising them Liberty and Plunder.

ALL this the Informers have discovered; the Prisoners have confessed; and you by repeated Resolutions, have declared to be true. In the first place, as you returned me Thanks in distinguishing Terms, and declared that, through my Virtue and Activity, the Conspiracy of these desperate Wretches had been laid open. In the next place, as you forced *Publius Lentulus* to *abdicate* the Prætorship: Then as you came to a Resolution, that he, and the other Conspirators, whom you had tried, should be delivered into Custody; and, chiefly, as on my Account you appointed a Thanksgiving, an Honour that never was before paid to any of the long Robe. Lastly, Yesterday you bestowed large Gratuities upon the Commissioners of the *Allobroges*, and *Titus Vulturius*; all which Circumstances are such, as to make it appear, that you have condemned, without Hesitation, the Persons whom you have thus expressly committed to Prison.

BUT, Fathers Conscrip<sup>t</sup>, I purpose to open the whole Matter a-new; for your Sentiments upon the Fact itself, and for your Resolutions upon the Punishment that ought to attend it. Yet I must premise what I think it my Duty

to say as a Consul: Long had I observed a strong Spirit of Disorder working; with certain dangerous Innovations mingling and fermenting in the State; but never did I imagine that so great, so destructive a Conspiracy was forming by her Subjects. Now, whatever in your Sentiments you shall incline to, whatever in your Voices you shall decree, before Night, you must come to a final Resolution. How detestable a Crime is laid before you, yourselves see; if you think that but a few are necessary to its Guilt, greatly are you mistaken. The Poison reaches farther than you imagine; it is spread not only through *Italy*, but has even passed the *Alps*, and imperceptibly creeping along, has tainted many Provinces. Forbearance and Delay can never crush it: Whatever Resolution you come to, you must speedily execute.

I PERCEIVE as yet but two Opinions; the one of *Decius Silanus*, who delivers it as his Sense, that whoever has endeavoured to abolish this glorious State, ought to be punished with Death: The other of *Caius Cæsar*<sup>f</sup>, who leaves

<sup>f</sup> *Cæsar* proposed perpetual Imprisonment in the Free Towns of *Italy*: His Speech is extant, or at least the Substance of it, in *Sallust*. This, with his former Behaviour, made him be looked upon as a Well-wisher to the Conspiracy; so that the Knights, who kept Guard round the Senate-House, threatened to kill him,

leaves out the Pains of Death, but comprehends all the severest Penalties of every other Censure. Both agreeable to their own Dignity, and the Importance of the Cause, turn upon the utmost Severity. The former is of Opinion, that they who endeavoured to deprive this Order, and the *Roman People* of Life; who endeavoured to abolish this Empire, and to extinguish the Glories of *Rome*, are unworthy to enjoy a Moment's Respite from Death, or breathe this vital Air. He proves, from Precedents, that this was a Punishment often inflicted, in this State, upon her unnatural Subjects. The Sense of the latter is, that Death was not appointed by the Immortal Gods as a Penalty; but that it is rather the inseparable Condition of our Nature, or the Ces-  
sation of our Toils and Troubles. Therefore, it is never declined by the Wise; and often courted by the Brave. But that Bonds, and those too perpetual, were at first undoubtedly invented as the proper, the distinguishing Punishment of unnatural Guilt: Therefore he advises, that the Prisoners should be distributed

H 4 among

him, as he came out of the House; and some say, they would have done it, if *Cicero* had not protected him, and carried him home with him. *Cæsar* was so frightened at this, that he never came abroad till he entered upon his Office of *Praetor* the ensuing Year.

among the municipal Towns. This, were you to order it, implies an Injustice: If you require it, it must meet with Difficulty. Yet if it be the Sense of the House, let it be decreed; for I will undertake it; and I hope to find *Cæsar* the Man who shall think it no Reflection upon his own Dignity, to acquiesce in whatever you shall decree for the common Safety. *Cæsar* is for enacting a heavy Penalty against the municipal Cities, if any of the Criminals shall break out of their Prisons. He surrounds them with horrible Guards, and decrees against them, what is adequate to the Guilt of such profligate Wretches, that no Man shall ever have a Power to apply either to the Senate or the People, for a Mitigation to the Punishment of those he condemns. He deprives them even of Hope, that sole, that usual Consolation of the Wretched. Besides, he orders their Estates to be confiscated; and all he leaves to the abandoned Ruffians is Life, of which should he deprive them, by one momentary Pang, he would take away all the Anguish of their Souls, their Bodies, and their Crimes. Therefore, that some Restraint might be laid upon the Wicked in this Life, the Ancients have thought fit, that some such Punishments should be allotted to the Guilty in Hell,

because

because they were of Opinion, that without such a Belief, Death in itself was no great Object of Terror.

Now, Fathers Conscrip<sup>t</sup>, I can perceive how much it is for my Interest that you give into the Opinion of *Caius Cæsar*; because, as he has struck into that Path which leads to Popularity in the State, I shall perhaps have less Reason to dread the Insults of the People, as he both made and supported this Motion. As for the other Opinion, I am not sure but it may raise new Perplexities upon my Hands. But let the Service of the Republic supersede all Considerations of my Danger.

*Caius Cæsar*, agreeable to his own Character, and the Dignity of his illustrious Ancestors, has delivered to us an Opinion, which is, as it were, a lasting Pledge of his Affection to his Country, and a noble Instance of the Difference betwixt the affected Lenity of busy Declaimers, and a Mind truly popular, taking a Patriot Concern in the Preservation of the People. I can now perceive, that a certain Gentleman<sup>\*</sup> of those who affect Popularity, is now absent, because forsooth he is tender of voting

\* We have no Light from History, who this Person was.

voting away the Life of *Roman* Citizens. Yet that very Member, but the other Day, committed *Roman* Citizens to Jail ; voted a Thanksgiving for me ; and Yesterday bestowed large **Gratuities upon the Informers.**

Now, who can be in doubt about the Sentiments, with regard to the whole of this Transaction and Business, of the Man, who has voted for Imprisonment to the Accused, Thanks to the Judge, and a Reward to the Informer.

BUT *Caius Cæsar* understands the *Sempronian Law*<sup>b</sup>, to respect *Roman* Citizens only ; but that the Man, who is an Enemy to *Rome*, can in no Sense be called a *Roman* Citizen. In short, that the very Enactor of the *Sempronian Law*, though uncondemned by the People, satisfied the Rigour of his Country's Justice. The same Member thinks that the profuse and prodigal *Lentulus*, who had so often hatched within himself the Destruction of the People and

<sup>b</sup> This Law was proposed by *C. Sempronius Gracchus*, and had its Name from the Person who proposed it, as most other Laws had. It decreed, that no *Roman* Citizen, should be condemned to Death by any Judge, or even by the Senate, but only by the Assembly of the People : And frequently this Sentence of Death was allowed to be exchanged for Banishment, which the old *Romans* thought a sufficient Punishment for any Crime, how great soever.

and City of *Rome*, with every Circumstance of Blood and Cruelty, cannot be called a Countryman. Therefore the meek and tender-hearted Gentleman, makes no Scruple in committing *Publius Lentulus* to eternal Darkness and Chains: And he enacts, that for the future no Man shall ever have it in his Power to vaunt of his having procured a Mitigation of this Doom, or to make himself popular to the Ruin of his Country. He likewise adds the Confiscation of their Goods, that thus Want and Beggary may attend every Torment of Body and Soul. Therefore, if ye follow his Opinion, ye will then give me a Companion to the Assembly, who is dear and agreeable to the *Roman People*<sup>1</sup>; or whether ye follow that of *Silanus*, ye will easily clear both yourselves and me of the Charge of Cruelty; and I shall prove that it is by far the milder Course,

YET,

<sup>1</sup> After the Senate had decreed any Thing extraordinary, it was usual for the Person who proposed the Decree, or him who had the chief Hand in promoting it, to give an Account of the Affair to the People from the *Rostrum*, with a Defence of the Senate's Conduct. This was something more than Matter of meer Compliment, since the People could reverse any Decree of the Senate. *Cicero* therefore tells them, that if *Cæsar*'s Opinion was followed, it would be of great Service to him, in getting such a Person as *Cæsar* to appear with him in the Assembly of the People; for *Cæsar* even at this Time was very popular, and was by his Largeesses laying a Foundation for that Height of Power, to which he afterwards raised himself.

YET, Fathers Conscript, where can be the Cruelty of punishing such Monsters of Treason? I judge of them according to my real Sense; for may I never, in conjunction with you, enjoy the Blessing of my Country's Safety, if the Keeness which I shew in this *Prosecution* proceeds from any Bitterness of Spirit; for who can be milder than I? But from particular Tenderness and Compassion. For I have now before my Eyes this City, the Eye of the World, and the Refuge of Nations of a sudden sinking under the Flames. I figure in my Mind the Bodies of my hapless Countrymen lying in Heaps, unburied in my buried Country: I have now before my Eyes the Looks and Fury of *Cetbegus*, revelling in your Blood. But when I figure to myself *Lentulus* on the Throne, which he confessed he was encouraged to hope for from the Fates; this *Gabinius* in a Purple Robe; and *Catiline* come with an Army, then am I struck with Horror at the Shrieks of our Matrons; the Flight of Boys and Maids; and the Rapes of Vestal Virgins. Now, as to me, these Calamities appear *extremely* shocking and deplorable, therefore I am *extremely* keen and rigorous in punishing those who endeavoured to bring them about. For let me put the Case, that a Master

of

of a Family had his Children butchered, his Wife murdered, his House burnt down by a Slave, yet did not inflict the most rigorous of Punishments imaginable upon *that Slave*; would such a Master appear merciful and compassionate, and not rather a Monster of Cruelty and Inhumanity? To me that Man would appear to be of a flinty, cruel Nature, who should not endeavour to sooth his own Anguish and Torment, by the Anguish and Torment of its guilty Cause. Thus ought we to act by those Men who intended to murder Ourselves, our Wives, our Children; who endeavoured to raze the Houses of every particular *Roman*, and to destroy this general Seat of Empire. Who conspired to settle the *Allobroges*\* upon the Ruins of this City, and in the Ashes of our *consumed* Empire. By discovering the keenest Resentment, we shall express the tenderest Compassion. But should we relent and retract, then must we be branded with

\* Catiline's Party had made no such Agreement with the *Allobroges*; they had only promised an Abatement, or perhaps a total Abolition of all their Taxes, provided they would assist their Conspirators with their Horse; in which they were reckoned to excel all other Nations. But *Cicero*, like a true Orator, represents every Thing in the blackest Light, to inspire the Senators with Revenge. Indeed it is hard to say, what might have been the Consequences of Catiline's obtaining a Victory, by the Assistance of the Gaulish Horse; or how far the *Allobroges* might have improved that Opportunity to the Ruin of both Parties.

## 110 CICERO's ORATION

with the Infamy of being exquisitely cruel, while the Destruction of our Country and our Countrymen is in Question.

As well may we suspect *Lucius Cæsar*<sup>1</sup>, a Man of the greatest Courage and Patriotism, of Cruelty, when the other Day he declared, that the Husband of his Sister, a Lady of consummate Merit, even while he stood by, and heard him, ought to be put to Death; and strengthened it by this Argument, that his own Grandfather was put to Death by Command of the Consul; and that his Son<sup>2</sup>, though but a Stripling, being sent on a Message from the Father, was executed in Prison. In their Case is there any Parallel to this? Had they entered into a Conspiracy to destroy their Country? A Spirit of Corruption<sup>3</sup> was then indeed beginning to work in the State, and opposite

<sup>1</sup> *Lucius Cæsar* was Uncle to *C. Julius Cæsar* the Dictator, and Grandson of *Marcus Fulvius Flaccus*. [See Note on p. 7. l. 9.] His Sister *Julia*, Widow of *Marcus Antonius Criticus*, was at this Time married to *P. Lentulus* the Conspirator.

<sup>2</sup> One of the Sons of *Flaccus* was sent by his Father as an Ambassador to *Opimius* the Consul, to propose an Accommodation; but was sent back by *Opimius*, with severe Threatnings, if he should dare to return with any Proposal besides that of an immediate Surrender. The Son returning to the Consul with other Proposals, was seized, and, after the Defeat of his Party, was put to Death by the Consul's Orders, though but eighteen Years old.

<sup>3</sup> The Tribunes of the People were endeavouring to ingross all the Power of the State, by pushing the Execution of the *Agrarian Law*.

posite Parties begun to be formed; and at that Time the Grandfather of this very *Lentulus*, an illustrious Patriot, in Arms attacked *Gracchus*; and to prevent the Majesty of the State from receiving the smallest Mutilation, he received a cruel Wound. But *Lentulus*, to destroy the very Foundations of our Constitution, sent for the *Gauls*, stirred up the Slaves, invited *Catiline*, consigned us to be butchered by *Cethegus*, the other Citizens to be murdered by *Gabinius*, the City to be burnt by *Cassius*, and all *Italy* to be desolated and plundered by *Catiline*. Can I then suppose that you will dread the Censure of decreeing with too much Severity, when the Circumstances of this Treason are so monstrous and unnatural? When you have more Reason to dread, that by Lenity in punishing, we may be blamed as cruel towards our Country, rather than, by the Severity of our Censure, too keen against its most implacable Enemies.

BUT, Fathers Conscrip<sup>t</sup>, I cannot dissemble what I hear. Some Discourse, which has reached my Ears, has been bandied about, among People who seem to fear that I have not Strength sufficient to put in Execution what you shall this day decree. That every thing,

Fathers Conscrip<sup>t</sup>, has been provided, prepared, and settled, is owing much to my indefatigable Care and Application ; but more to the strong Inclination which the People of *Rome* discovered for retaining their Imperial Sovereignty, and preserving their common Interests. Every Man of every Rank, nay, of every Age, is now waiting without ; the Forum is crowded ; the Temples round the Forum are crowded ; and all the Passages to this House are crowded. For since the Building of this City, this is the only Case in which the Sentiments of the Public are unanimous and undivided, except of such as finding their own Ruin inevitable, chose rather to perish with all, than to fall by themselves. Those chearfully I exclude ; those I separate *from the rest* ; those I think are not to be ranked among the Number even of degenerated Citizens, but inveterate Enemies. But, Immortal Gods ! for the rest, in what Crowds, with what Zeal, with what Courage, do they unite in their Concern and Care of the public Welfare and Dignity ! Why need I here to mention the *Roman Knights* ? who, though to you they yield the Precedency in Rank and Government, yet rival you in Love for their Country ; whom

after

after a Difference of many Years<sup>o</sup>, reconciled to a good Understanding and Unanimity with this Order, the present Juncture, and the present Dangers, now cements with you. A Conjunction, which strengthened under my Consulate, if we shall perpetuate in the State, be assured by me, that no civil or domestic Calamity shall ever hereafter affect any Part of this Constitution.

WITH equal Zeal in Defence of their Country, do I perceive the brave Tribunes of the Treasury<sup>p</sup> to be assembled, together with all the Clerks, whom Chance had this Day fully assembled in the Treasury; and whom now I see not intent upon their private Interests<sup>q</sup>, but upon the public Welfare. The

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<sup>n</sup> The Sempronian Law had admitted the Judges to be chosen out of the Knights; but *L. Sylla* again restored it to the Senators only. *Aurelius Cotta*, a few Years before this, had again admitted the Knights to this Privilege. This had occasioned a Difference between the two Orders for almost a Century: But in the Affair of *Catiline*, they were both agreed. N. B. Though we translate the Word *Judices* by *Judges*, yet it answers more nearly to our *Jurors* in the English Constitution; they being appointed by the *Prætor* to examine the Circumstances of the Cause, to bear the *Witnesses*, and to pass Sentence only in the Words prescribed by the *Prætor*. That is, the *Prætor* declared that the *Indictment* being proved, the *Party* should be punished in such a Manner: Then the *Judices* examined the *Witnesses*, and heard the *Pleadings* on both Sides, and afterwards condemned, or acquitted the *Party*.

<sup>p</sup> These were Officers under the *Quæstors*, employed in receiving and distributing the public Money.

<sup>q</sup> The old *Scholiast* here observes, that the Clerks were assembled to divide among themselves the Offices for the ensuing Year,

whole Body of free-born Citizens, even the meanest, assists. For to whom among them are not these Temples, the Face of this City, the Enjoyment of Liberty, in short, this very Light, and this Parent Soil, not only dear, but delightful and charming.

IT is of Importance, Fathers Conscript, to observe the Zeal of those Freed Men, who having by their Merits purchased the Freedom of this City, look on this Country as their own; whereas some born here, and born too to the most distinguished Honours, regard this not as their Country, but as a City in the Hands of their Enemies. But who do I mention those Men, and these Orders, whom private Interest, whom the general Good, whom, in short, Liberty, the dearest Object of Life, has *roused* to the Preservation of their Country. There is not a Slave, whose Condition of Life is not intolerable, who is not shocked at the Russian Boldness of our Countrymen; who does not wish these Walls to stand; and who will not contribute whatever he dares, whatever he can, to our Endeavours for the common

*viz.* who should be Secretary to the Consuls, who to the Praetors, &c. This was annually done, and, like the other Offices, at Rome, usually determined by Lot.—They seem to have been a Sort of incorporated Society.

mon Safety. Therefore if any of you are struck with a Report, that a certain infamous Tool<sup>\*</sup> of *Lentulus* runs from Shop to Shop, endeavouring to tempt and corrupt the Minds of the Needy and the Heedless; know that that indeed was begun and attempted: But none were found so wretched in their Circumstances, so abandoned in their Inclinations, who did not prefer the quiet Enjoyment, some of their Stall and their Labours, and the Place where they earned their daily Bread; some of their Couch and humble Bed; and some, in short, of their peaceful Course of Life: But the greatest Part of those who are Shopkeepers, nay, in reality, I may say that whole Rank, loves Peace. For all their Manufactures, all their Works, all their Profit, are supported by the Populousness of the City, and nourished by Peace. If their Profits were diminished by their Shops being shut up, what must they be if burnt to the Ground? If the Case stands thus, as the Guard of the *Roman* People are not wanting to you, do you take care that your Protection do not appear to be wanting to them.

\* Some of his Clients endeavoured to raise a Mob, in order to set *Lentulus* and his Fellows at Liberty; but were disappointed in their Endeavours by the Diligence of the Consul, and the Number of the Guards.

You have a Consul reserved from many Dangers, from many Conspiracies, from the Jaws of Death itself; not on his own Account, but for your Preservation; All Orders unite in Opinion, in Desire, in Zeal, in Courage, and in Voice, to preserve the State. To you your Parent-Country, beset with the Brands and the Weapons of impious Conspiracy, as a Suppliant, stretches out her Hands: To you, she recommends herself: To you, the Lives of all her Sons: To you, the Tower and the Capitol: To you, her domestic Images\*: To you, that everlasting Fire of *Vesta*: To you, all the Temples and the Altars of the Gods: And to you, the Battlements and Roofs of this City. This Day besides you are to pass Judgment upon your own Lives; upon the Souls of your Wives and Children; upon the general Interests; upon your Houses and your Properties.

You have a Leader mindful of you, unmindful of himself; a Happiness not always to be met with. You have every Order, e-

very

\* The Romans superstitiously preserved some Images of their *Penates*, the Guardian Deities of their City, which were said to have been brought from Troy by *Aeneas*; and particularly the sacred Fire, which was always kept burning by Priestesses appointed for that Purpose.

very Man, the whole Body of the *Roman* People, unanimous and united in their Sentiments ; a Circumstance, which in a civil Case, before this Day, we never knew to happen. Think, think, O *Romans* ! with what Toils that Empire was reared ; on what Virtues that Liberty was founded ; by what Munificence of the Gods those Interests were improved and heightened, which in one Night had almost been abolished. This Day are you to provide, that such Treason shall never again be executed ; nay, not so much as designed by Citizens ; and all this have I delivered to you, not to quicken you, for your Zeal has almost got the start of mine, but that my Voice, which ought to lead in Matters of Government <sup>1</sup>, may appear to have discharged the Duty of a Consul.

Now before I proceed, Fathers Conscript, in taking the Sense of the House, I must drop a Word with regard to myself : I perceive that I am now to encounter a Multitude of Enemies, equal to the Numbers of the Conspirators, which

<sup>1</sup> It was the Consul's Business more immediately to provide for the Safety of the State, and to apply himself to this, and this alone, during his Year. Besides, Cicero had summoned this Meeting of the Senate, and it might be expected that he should give his Opinion concerning the Prisoners ; but this he cautiously avoids doing in express Words, though it may easily be perceived which Way he inclined.

you see are very great ; but these I judge to be scandalous and impotent, deserted and despicable. But if ever, through the Guilt and Frenzy of any one, that Faction shall get the better of your and the public Dignity, yet never, Fathers Conscrip<sup>t</sup>, will I repent of what I have done, and of what I have devised. For Death, with which they may perhaps menace me, awaits for all ; but that Pride of living \*, with which I am dignified by your Decrees, has hitherto been equalled by none. To others have you decreed Thanksgiving for the successful Management ; but to me alone for the auspicious Preservation of the Republic ; All Honour to *Scipio* \*\*, the *Scipio* whose Counsels and Courage forced *Hannibal* to return to *Africa*, and to depart from *Italy*. May every distinguished Glory await the Name of the *Africanus* who destroyed *Numantia* and *Carthage*, those two Cities, the inveterate Enemies of Roman Sway : For ever renowned be *Lucius Paulus* †, whose Chariot was graced by the Captivity of *Perseus*, a once powerful and

\* i. e. No Man ever attained to such Honour as that to which you have raised me by your Decree.

\*\* This was *Africanus* the Elder, who after driving the *Carthaginians* out of all *Spain*, invaded *Africa*, and obliged the *Carthaginians* to recall *Hannibal* out of *Italy*, where he had harassed the *Romans* for sixteen Years.

† He conquered *Macedon*, and led *Perseus* the King in Triumph.

and glorious Monarch. May *Marius* enjoy immortal Honour, who twice delivered *Italy* from Invasion and the Dread of Slavery; but above all these, let *Pompey* be distinguished, whose Actions and Virtues are bounded by no other Climes or Limits, than those that regulate the Course of the Sun: Yet amidst all their Extent of Glory, some Corner must be reserved for my Renown, unless you suppose that there is more Merit in opening Provinces, to which we may retreat, than in taking care that our absent Countrymen may have a Place, to which they may return in Triumph.

BUT in one Circumstance the Consequences of a foreign Victory are preferable to those of domestic, in as much as foreign Enemies, reduced by Arms, are submissive; if received upon Terms, have a grateful Sense of the Favour. But Citizens, who from stupid Degeneracy commence the Enemies of their Country, if you disappoint them of public Ruin, no Force can constrain, no Kindness can reconcile. I see therefore that I am to wage eternal War with desperate Citizens: A War, which I hope I shall easily repel from me and mine, through your and every worthy Man's Assistance, and from that Remembrance of so

many Dangers which must cleave, not only to this delivered People, but to the Tongues and the Minds of every Nation on Earth. Nor indeed can any Power be so formidable as to penetrate, and to shake the Union of your Order with that of the *Roman Knights*, and this thorough Harmony of all well-affected Citizens,

THEREFORE, Fathers Conscript, instead of Command; instead of an Army; instead of a Province which I neglected; instead of a Triumph, and other Distinctions of Glory which I slighted, for the Preservation of you and this City; instead of my Clientships and Provincial Appointments, which, with my Fortune in the City, I labour as much to support as to acquire; for all these Services, for all the Instances of my Zeal for your Interest, and for the Pains which ye are Witnesses I bestow on the Preservation of this Republic, all I require of you is the Commemoration of this Juncture, and of the whole of my Consulate; while that shall remain in your Minds, I shall think myself surrounded with an impregnable Wall. But should my Expectation be disappointed by Ruffian Violence, to you I recommend my little Son. Sufficient shall be his Guard, not only

to preserve, but to do him Honour, if you shall remember him to be the Son of the Man, who at his own private Peril preserved all your Concerns. Therefore, Fathers Conscrip<sup>t</sup>, as you propose, determine with Quickness and Resolution in an Affair that concerns your very Being, and that of the People of *Rome*; your Wives and Children; your Religion and Properties; your Fanes<sup>y</sup> and Temples; the Roofs and Mansions of all the City; your Empire; your Liberty; the Safety of *Italy*, and the whole System of your Constitution. You have a Consul, who, without Hesitation, will obey your Orders, and while he breathes, will, in his own Person, charge himself, with the Execution and Defence of whatever you shall decree.

<sup>y</sup> The *Fana* were little Chapels, dedicated to the inferior Deities, or Heroes.

*This Oration was followed by a Decree of the Senate, that the Conspirators should be put to Death; which was executed the same Night in the public Prison.*

SUNDAY CATHERINE

in before you go to bed Honour it well  
and remembra min in of the good of this world  
who is the one bounre best deserving in your  
Catharine. The more I think of Catharine as  
you told me you come with Ongton and  
Roxton in the Affair that concerns your  
and mine and that of the People of York;  
and when we say Catharine; your Religion may  
hinder her; your I ame; say Members; who  
looks not Mankind in the City; your Em-  
ploy; your Friends; the service of God; and  
the members & friends of your Confraternity. You  
have a Country who support themselves will  
open your Order; and make the difference  
will in his own Favour; whose privilege will  
high degree.

THE LADY WHO HAS THE CHARGE OF THE INNERS  
TOWNSHIP OF HEDDLE

and Ongton and Roxton; and the town of the town of  
Catharine; and the town of the town of the town of  
which is the best of them; which is the best of them;

THE

## THE A R G U M E N T.

THIS Oration, which the ingenious Dr. Middleton, in his Life of Cicero, justly calls the most entertaining of all his Orations, was pronounced upon the following Occasion : Marcus Cælius was a young Gentleman who had been educated under the Eye of Cicero ; and being of a graceful Person and amorous Disposition, but of fine Genius and Learning, entered into some loose Familiarities with Clodia, the Sister of Publius Clodius, a Lady infamous for her Lewdness. Cælius casting her off, the Lady's Friends impeached him of a Design to poison Clodia ; of borrowing from her a Sum of Money to murder some Alexandrian Embassadors ; of male-treating his Father ; of being the Friend of Catiline ; of being rude to the Roman Matrons ; of beating a Senator ; and some seditious Practices at Naples, with several other Crimes. The chief Prosecutor was Atratinus, whose Father was at the same time impeached for corrupt Practices by the Defendant Cælius, who was acquitted upon this Occasion.

It was pronounced in the 697th Year of Rome, and the 51st of Cicero's Age.



M. T.  
C I C E R O's  
O R A T I O N  
F O R  
C A E L I U S.\*

**S**HOULD it happen, my Lords, that in this Court there is a Man unacquainted with our Laws, our Judicatures and Forms of Proceedings, sure he must be at a Loss to account for the aggravating Circumstances that render this

\* This Cause was tried before *Cneius Domitius Calvinus* the Praetor, who called to his Assistance a certain Number of the Knights or Senators, to assist him in the Trial. These Cicero calls the Judges, and frequently addresses himself to them; though they seem to answer more properly to our Jury, since they were

this Cause of so heinous a Nature, as that it should be the only one tried in this Festal Season<sup>a</sup>, amidst public Rejoicings, and a general were only Judges of the Fact, the Praetor himself determining the Point of Law. These Judges often heard Causes without the Praetor's being present; but the Sentence was always given in his Name, and his Words.

Cicero manages this Cause with the greatest Art: He could not refuse *Cælius*'s Familiarity with *Clodia*; it was too well known to be denied. He excuses it, by representing *Cælius* as a forward, brisk Youth, adorned with all the good Qualities that usually prognosticate a great Man; but unguarded and amorous; too headstrong in some Cases, and trusting too much to his Parts. At the same Time he paints *Clodia* in the most villainous Colours; as a notorious Prostitute, burning with insatiable Lust, and capable of the greatest Crimes. He insinuates that she had murdered her Husband *Q. Metellus Celer*, and lived in avowed Incest with her Brother *Clodius*: That the Judges might pity *Cælius* for having ever been ensnared by her; and believe her capable of doing any Thing, in Revenge for his quitting her. — The other Crimes laid to *Cælius*'s Charge, viz. his Want of Affection to his Father, his being concerned in the Murder of the Ambassadors, his being Partner in *Catiline*'s Conspiracy, and his Attempt to poison *Clodia*, &c. all these he fully refutes, by the strongest Arguments, which he occasionally strengthens by positive Evidence in Favour of his Client.

*Cælius* was acquitted, and was afterwards Praetor in the Time of the Civil Wars betwixt *Cæsar* and *Pompey*. But disturbing the Peace of the City by some new Laws, he was deposed by the Senate, and obliged to leave *Rome*. Afterwards joining with *Milo*, and attempting to gain over *Cæsar*'s Garrison at *Thurii* to declare for *Pompey*, he was slain.

<sup>a</sup> The Romans never tried any Causes on their Holidays, till the Year of *Rome* 676, in the Consulship of *M. Æmilius Lepidus* and *Q. Luctatius Catulus*, when *Publius Plautius*, Tribune of the People, proposed a Law, to allow Courts to sit in the Holidays, for trying such Criminals as were accused of Treason against the State. This Law was passed by the Assistance of *Luctatius Catulus* the Consul, and is called sometimes the *Luctatian*, sometimes the *Plautian* Law, from the Names of those two Persons principally concerned in the passing of it. This might justly alarm the Spectators, and give Occasion to Persons unacquainted with the Story, to suppose that there was some Plot discovered, or some new Sedition attempted. The Plaintiff seem

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neral Interruption of all Business in the Forum. He would conclude, that the Nature of the Crimes charged upon the Accused, is such that were it overlooked, this State could not exist. The same Person, when he shall hear that there is a Law for trying on any Day seditious profligate Citizens, who in Arms shall beset the Senate, assault the Magistrates, without disapproving of the Law, may still insist upon his being informed of the Crime that is trying. When he shall hear that what is depending has nothing in it villainous, nothing audacious, nothing riotous in its Nature; but that a Youth distinguished by Genius, by Application, and by Popularity, is here accused by a Man<sup>b</sup>, whose Father has been for some time, and now is, under a Prosecution at the Instance of this Youth; but that he is attacked by the Interest of a Strumpet<sup>c</sup>; he will not indeed blame the Piety of *Atratinus*, but he

seem to have got this Cause tried in the Holidays, by inserting in the Accusation, that *Cælius*, was concerned in *Catiline's* Conspiracy, and his murdering the *Alexandrian* Ambassadors, both which were Crimes immediately against the State.

<sup>b</sup> *Cælius* had some Time before accused *L. Atratinus* of Bribery of which he was acquitted; and had now again brought him to a new Trial, which Affair was in Dependance at the Time of this Speech. *L. Atratinus* the Son, was the principal Accuser of *Cælius*.

<sup>c</sup> *Clodia*, Sister of *P. Clodius*, formerly beloved by *Cælius*, now used all her Interest to have him condemned, in Revenge for his quitting her.

he will imagine that some Restraint ought to be laid upon Female Lewdness; he will think that you are painful, at a time when a general Vacation entitles you to Repose. For if you shall hear with Attention, and weigh with Judgment, the whole of this Cause, you must, my Lords, conclude, that no Man but by your Compulsion, would here list himself as Accuser, nor when he had listed himself, could he have the least Hopes of Success<sup>4</sup>, but from the unbounded Lewdness and implacable Malice of some other Person. I indeed pardon *Atratinus*, who is a young Man of great Humanity and Worth, my Friend, and may plead in his Excuse, Piety, Compulsion, or Youth: If he undertook this Prosecution of his own accord, I attribute it to filial Piety; if by Command, to Compulsion; if from the Hope of Success, to Youth<sup>5</sup>. The other Prosecutors, have not only no Title to Pardon, but they deserve all the Keenness of Opposition.

BUT,

<sup>4</sup> He would infinuate that *Clodia* was known to be such a Monster, as would stick at nothing to promote her Revenge; but was ready to swear any Thing herself, and bribe others to do the same.

<sup>5</sup> If *Atratinus* thought it possible to cast *Cælius* from such slender Proofs, it was owing to his being unacquainted with the Laws, and the Customs of the Courts.

But, my Lords, I apprehend, that entering upon this Defence, it is proper for me to touch upon the Youth of *Marcus Cælius*, and obviate those Calumnies with which his Accusers have endeavoured to asperse his Person, and to rifle, to rob him of Dignity. His Father is represented in different Lights, either as making but a poor Figure in Life, or as undutifully treated by his Son. As to his Dignity, *Cælius*, without either himself, or even me speaking a Word, can easily answer all Objections by appealing to those who know him, and who are advanced in Years. As to those who on account of his advanced Age, have had but few Opportunities of knowing him, he having been long disused to act with us in the Forum, let such be assured, that all that exalted Dignity which the Character of a Roman Knight can admit of, has ever in its highest Splendor been thought to be supported by *Cælius*, and it is so thought now, not only by his own Relations, but by all to whom in any respect his Person is known.

*That he is the Son of a Roman Knight*,<sup>f</sup> ought never to have been urged in Accusation

where

<sup>f</sup> The Accusers certainly had never made this a Part of the Accusation, that he was Son of a Knight; but if we may be allowed

where these were to prosecute, where you are to judge<sup>s</sup>, and I to defend. As to what you have advanced against his filial Duty<sup>h</sup>, we may form Conjectures, but the Parent is to pronounce Judgment. Our Sentiments you will hear from the Evidences on Oath; what the Sentiments of his Parents are, the inconsolable Anguish of a weeping Mother, the Dejection of a Father, and those melancholy Objects now before your Eyes, declare.

As to what is objected, as if this Youth had been disagreeable to his Fellow-Citizens, no

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allowed to guess, it is probable they might have said, that he lived extravagantly, and spent great Sums of Money, though he was only the Son of a Knight: For it was necessary to be worth a certain Sum of Money, in order to be ranked amongst the Knights, and so much more to be ranked amongst the *Senators*. Thus the Censors frequently struck out of the List of Senators, or Knights, such Persons as were found not to have a sufficient Estate, to qualify them for that Rank. This Accusation therefore, of *Cælius's* spending more Money than could be supported by a Person of his Rank, might be turned, by Cicero's Art, into a Reflection on the Rank itself.

\* By this it would seem, that all, or the greatest Part, of the Judges were Knights; as Cicero himself was the Son of a Knight: For the Knights, after being excluded for several Years, were restored to their Privilege of being appointed Judges with the Senators, by a Law passed by *Lucius Cotta*, in the first Consulship of *Pompey* and *Craffus*, in the Year of Rome 684.

<sup>h</sup> The Roman Law gave to Parents an absolute Power over their Children, even that of Life and Death. Cicero therefore justly observes, that we might have our own private Reflections on a Son's Behaviour to his Parent, but could not try him for it, unless the Father himself accused the Son: He was the most proper Judge to determine when the Son transgressed the Laws of filial Reverence.

Man in Person ever received such Honours from those of *Puteoli*, than *Cælius* has received in his Absence; in his Absence they enrolled him into their highest Order<sup>1</sup>; and, unsolicited, they bestowed on him what they had denied to the Sollicitations of many others. The same Body has sent a Delegation of the most respectable Men, both of our Order, and the *Roman Knights*, to this Tryal, with the strongest and amplest Recommendations. I seem to have laid the Foundation on which I am to build my Defence; a Foundation that must be unshaken, if rested on the Judgment of those with whom he has the nearest Connections: Nor could his Youth have sufficiently recommended him to your Favour, had he incurred the Displeasure, not only of such a Father, but of so illustrious, so wise a Corporation.

BUT that I may apply to myself<sup>k</sup> what I have said; from the same Sources, did I flow into

<sup>1</sup> The Towns called *Municipia*, *Free Towns*, were such Towns as had received the Freedom of *Rome*, had a Vote in all the Assemblies of the *Roman People*, when they pleased to come to *Rome*: At the same Time they had Power to make *By-Laws*, for the better governing their own Corporation: They had a little Senate, which they called *Curia*, and the Senators were called *Decuriones*. They had also two Magistrates annually elected, under the Name of *Duumviri*.

<sup>k</sup> This is one of the greatest Faults of this Orator. He was so full of himself, that he never made any Speech without sounding his own Praise.

into Reputation with Mankind ; and it was from the Character, from the Judgment which my own Relations formed of me, that my Practice at the Bar, and my Schemes of Life, poured through a wider Channel of public Regard. For as to the Charge against his Chastity, a Charge urged by all his Accusers, not upon Facts, but Assertions and Calumnies, never can it affect *M. Cælius* so sensibly, as to make him regret that he was not mis-shapen by Nature ; for these have ever been the common-place Calumnies propagated against all who in their Youth had a handsome Person and graceful Appearance. But it is one thing to rail, another to accuse. An Accusation requires a Charge, and this Charge must fix the Crime ; it must mark the Person, it must be proved by Arguments, and supported by Evidence : Railing has no End but to insult ; if urged with *Petulance*, it becomes *Abuse* ; if with *Humour, Wit.*

THIS Part of the Charge gave me indeed a good deal of Surprize and Concern, that it should, above all other Men, fall to the Management of *Atratinus* ; for it is both unbecoming of, and inconsistent with his Age ; and, as the Court had an Opportunity of ob-

serving, the Modesty of the excellent Youth checked his indulging himself in the Propriety of Language adapted to his Part. I could have wished that some of you beaten Gentlemen had undertaken this Province of Railing, then might we have refuted that Licentiousness of Railing, with more Freedom and more Strength, and more too in our own Way. With you, *Atratinus*, I will deal more gently, both because your Modesty is a Restraint upon my Tongue, and because I think myself obliged to preserve my Friendship for your Father and yourself.

THIS, however, it is proper I should advise you; in the first place, that you should entertain a becoming Consciousness of your own real Character; that Indecency of Expression may be as far from your Lips, as the Lewdness of Action is from your Conduct. In the next place, that you urge not in your Charge against another what, were it without regard to Truth urged against yourself, you must blush to hear. For where is the Man who may not tread that Path? Where is the Man who may not calumniate, with all the Pertness he pleases, such Youth and such Gracefulness, however blameless it may be, if its Appearance conveys but a Presumption of Guilt?

Guilt? But all the Blame of your Part in this Accusation, must light upon those who charged you with it: To the Praise of your Modesty be it said, that we can witness with what Unwillingness you spoke; and to the Praise of your Address, that what you was obliged to speak was elegant and polite.

BUT there is a short Answer to all this Charge: For as long as the Age of *Cælius* might infer a Presumption of Guilt, it was protected first by his own Modesty, and then by the Care and Education bestowed on him by his Father, who as soon as he gave him the Manly Gown<sup>1</sup> — But here let me say nothing of myself; my own Character I submit to you.—But this I will say, he was immediately brought by his Father to me. No-body saw this same *Marcus Cælius*, in that Bloom of Life, but in Company with his Father or me, or in the chaste House of *Marcus Crassus*, where he was trained in the most honourable Arts.

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<sup>1</sup> At the Age of Sixteen, the *Romans* made their Sons change their Dress: They no longer dressed in the Habit usual for Boys, but put on the full Gown. This was done with great Ceremony. They were then reckoned of Age to serve in the Army.

As to the Objection of my Client's Familiarity with *Catiline*, that is a Suspicion by no means applicable to him. While he was but a Stripping, you know that *Catiline* and myself stood for the Consulate; but if ever *Cælius* kept his Company, or if ever he left mine, though many excellent young Men were zealous, for that infamous flagitious Fellow, then let *Cælius* be thought to have been too intimate with *Catiline*. But it may be said, we know, we afterwards saw, that *Cælius* was afterwards the Friend of *Catiline*: Who denies it! But in this Place I am only to defend his Conduct, in that Period of Life, which of itself is but too liable to Infirmity, and from the Lewdness of others too subject to Infection. While I was *Prætor*, he attended me close. He did not then know *Catiline*. During that Time he acted as *Prætor* in *Afric.* The Year after, *Catiline* was tried for Extortion: *Cælius* was then with me; nor did he ever appear in Court for him as a Friend<sup>m</sup>: The following Year I stood for the Consulate; I was opposed by *Catiline*; with him,

Cælius

ovens de arco e de chumbo, queimado em fogo de lenha, queimado em fogo de gás ou a gás.

When any Person was accused, all his Friends and Acquaintance attended him in Mourning, to solicit in his Behalf, and to shew how much he was beloved.

Cælius never appeared<sup>n</sup>; from me he never departed.

HAVING therefore practised in the *Forum* many Years, without Suspicion, without Infamy he favoured *Catiline*, who again stood<sup>o</sup>. How long then do you think that Youth ought to be guarded? Formerly a whole Year was allotted to us<sup>p</sup>, in which we might learn to keep the Arm within the Gown, and Field-Exercises and Diversions we performed in our Waistcoats. The Discipline in the Camp and on the March was the same, when we first began to carry Arms. At this Time of Life, whoever did not, by his grave and decent behaviour, by the Habit he had acquired in private Education, and likewise by a natural virtuous Disposition, protect his own Character,

K 4

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<sup>n</sup> The Candidates for any Office were attended to the Place of Election by all their Relations, Clients, and Acquaintances. Cælius therefore appearing with Cicero, when Catiline set up against him, shewed that he had a greater Regard for him than for his Rival.

<sup>o</sup> As Cicero could not deny, that Cælius appeared for Catiline, upon his standing for the Consulship a second Time, he wisely passes it over in a few Words, lest it should make an Impression on the Judges; but insists more largely on those Points which made for his Client.

<sup>p</sup> The first Year after taking the Gown, was usually spent in learning their Exercise in the *Campus Martius*. There the Youth practised Fencing, Running, Leaping &c. to strengthen their Bodies, and to qualify themselves for serving in the Army, which every one did for several Years before he could stand for any Office at *Rome*.

it never was in his Power to escape real Infamy, though the Care of his Relations in his Education had been ever so strict. But who-ever had passed that Entrance upon Life without Blame or Blemish, after he arrived at Maturity, and lived as a Man among Men, No-body ever presumed to throw out the least Reflection against his Honour or Chastity.

*Cælius* had several Years practised in the Forum, before he favoured *Catiline*; but in this he did no more than what was done by many of every Rank and every Age. For *Catiline* possessed <sup>1</sup>, as I suppose you may remember, many, not indeed finished Resemblances, but striking Out-lines of the most exalted Virtues: Many were the Ruffians with whom he was acquainted; while he himself appeared to be devoted to Men of Virtue, though he often kindled Lust and Lewdness, yet sometimes he could prompt Labour and Activity: While he was burning in the Guilt of infamous Desires, he was painful in the Pursuit of military Accomplishments: Nor do I think that such a Prodigy ever appeared upon Earth; such

<sup>1</sup> Cicero here gives *Catiline* his just Character, as it is drawn by *Sallust*, and other Historians; and represents his good Qualities in the best Light, to excuse *Cælius* for having been drawn into a Familiarity with him.

such a Composition of natural Affections and Passions, so differing, so opposite, so repugnant to one another. At one Time, who was ever more agreeable to the best of Men ; and who more intimate with the worst ? At one Time, who could be more attached to the Patriot-Interest ? Yet who a more bitter Enemy to *Rome* ? In Pleasures, who more Impure ? In Toils, who more indefatigable ? Whoever more rapacious ; yet who was ever more profuse ? Yet this Man, my Lords, possessed the surprizing Qualities of being able, after he had catched the Friendship of Numbers, to fix them by his obsequiousness, by sharing whatever he possessed with all, by supplying the Exigencies of his Party with his Purse, with his Interest, his personal Fatigue, and if they required it, by his Villainy and Presumption ; adapting his own Nature to the Juncture, by supplying and bending it to his Conveniency ; by appearing severe with the Morose, easy with the Loose, grave with the Aged, gay with the Young, intrepid with the Resolute, and lewd with the Lustful.

AFTER, by this Variety, this Jumble of natural Dispositions, he had got together, from every Land, every Man who was a Ruffian or a Rebel, he, at the same Time, by a certain

Shew

Shew of Virtue held the Friendship of many brave worthy Men ; nor could his execrable Attempt to destroy this Government have sprouted up, had not the Luxuriancy of such complicated Vice been nourished from certain Stems of Compliance and Hardiness.

LET that Article therefore, my Lords, be rejected ; nor let an Acquaintance with *Catiline* be imputed as a Crime : It was the Case of many, and even of some worthy Men : Myself, let me speak it out, myself he once almost imposed upon, by appearing to me an excellent Citizen, attached to every good Man, and a firm, faithful Friend. His Crimes I was convinced of by what I saw, sooner than by what I judged ; by what I felt, sooner than by what I suspected. If *Cælius* was amongst a great Crowd of his Friends, he has more Reason to regret his own Mistake, as I too am sometimes sorry for having been imposed upon by the same Person, rather than thus to dread its being urged as a Crime that he was acquainted with *Catiline*.

YOUR Aceusation therefore is passed from the Scandal of an Intrigue, to the Unpopularity of a Conspiracy. For you urged, but in

a hesitating and cursory Manner, that *Cælius* was involved in *Catiline's* Conspiracy, because he had a Friendship for his Person; a Charge, on which it was so impossible to hang a Crime, that the Words of the eloquent Youth could scarcely hang together while he urged it. Why all this Rage in *Cælius*? Whence this monstrous Defect, either in his Morals and Nature, or in his Estate and Circumstances? Shew me, in short, whether *Cælius* ever lay under such an Imputation? But I waste the Time in proving a self-evident Truth. This however I must say, that if *Cælius* had been accessory to that Conspiracy<sup>1</sup>, nay, had he not had a determined Aversion to his Guilt, never would he have endeavoured to distinguish himself in his Youth, by the Part he bore in the Impeachment upon that Conspiracy. And I know not, if the Charge against his Ambition and the Crimes of his Associates and Confederates in Corruption, since I am now on that Subject, may not admit of the same Answer. For it never can be supposed, that *Cælius* could be so infatuated, had he stained himself by plunging into the boundless System of Corruption

<sup>1</sup> I am afraid Cicero's Argument here is not conclusive. He asserts, that *Cælius* could not be guilty of such Crimes, because he had impeached others for the same Crimes. This is often done, and is by no Means a Proof of Innocence to wise Men, however it may blind the Vulgar.

ruption with which he is charged, as to impeach another of the same Practices. Nor would he have prosecuted another upon a Presumption of a Crime, which he wished that he himself might be indulged in perpetually practising: Nor, if he had thought that he himself was to be once tried for Corruption, would he have ever impeached another Person twice on the same Crime; which though he did against the Rules of Prudence, and against my Advice, yet such is his Humour, that he chuses rather to attack the Innocence of another, than to seem in the least Doubt about his own.

As to the Objection of his Debts, his unwarrantable Expences, and his Books of Accounts that are now demanded<sup>\*</sup>, I shall answer it in a few Words. One who is under the Tuition of his Father, keeps no Books. He never yet borrowed any Sums. There is indeed one Article of Expence laid to his Charge, which

\* The Censors of *Rome* were chiefly employed in restraining Luxury: They could demand an Account of any Man's Expences. It is probable, by this Passage, that upon an Accusation, the Praetor might do the same. Cicero very well knew that his Client had been extravagant, and therefore wards off this Blow, by putting them in Mind, that *Cælius*'s Father was yet alive, and that of Consequence *Cælius* had no Occasion to keep any regular Account of his Expences; it being supposed, that he had no Money, but what was furnished him by his Father.

which is his Dwelling. He pays, you say, a Rent of two hundred and fifty Pounds a Year. Now at last I begin to peroeive, that the House of *Clodius* is to be put up to Sale; for the Lodgings that *Cælius* rents in it, can scarce be worth above eighty Pounds a Year. But you, to do *Clodius* a Pleasure, have made this Lie to serve a Jobb of his.

You blame him for leaving his Father; a Charge unjustly urged against him at this Time of Life. He who, when acting in a public Capacity, obtained a Victory<sup>†</sup>, to me indeed mortifying, but to himself honourable; and when he was of an Age to stand for a Magistracy, had separated from his Father, not only by the old Man's Permission, but Persuasion: And as his Father's House was at a great Distance from the Forum, that he might have easier Access to our Houses, and that his Friends might wait upon him with less Inconveniency

to

<sup>†</sup> *Cælius* accused *Caius Antonius*, Cicero's Colleague in the Consulship, of Treason, and cast him; so that he was obliged to go into Banishment. This was an Honour to *Cælius*, but a Grief to Cicero, as he loved *Antonius*, and defended him in the Trial. This might puff up a young Man like *Cælius*, and make him hope to raise himself by his Eloquence at the Bar; to attend which more closely, he removed from his Father's House, and hired *Clodius*'s House in the *Palatium*. Thus Cicero tells the Story, though it is more than probable, that it was to carry on his Amour with *Clodia*, that made him chuse that Neighbourhood.

to themselves, hired a House upon the *Palatium*  
at a moderate Rent.

AND here I may say with *Marcus Crassus*,  
when lately he complained of King *Ptolemy's*  
Arrival at *Rome*; *I wish that never in the Pe-*  
*lian Wood*<sup>u</sup>; I could even piece out this Poem  
farther, *For never then a wandering Lady had*  
given us this Trouble —

A MEDEA

*With love-sick Soul, and Heart by Passion*  
*smit.* —

For you shall find, my Lords, when I came  
to this Passage, that I will prove this *Medea*  
of the *Palatium*, with his Removal into her  
Neighbourhood, has been the Cause of all the  
Sufferings, or rather of all the Calumnies that  
this young Gentleman has endured.

THEREFORE, my Lords, supported by your  
Wisdom, I am in no Pain about the Fictions  
which, I understand, have been invented by  
the Prosecutors to prejudge this Cause. For  
they

<sup>u</sup> These are supposed to be some Fragments of the Poet *Ennius*,  
the Humour of which we cannot rightly judge of, for want of  
the whole Passage. The last Part concerning *Medea*, evidently  
alludes to *Clodia*, as the Author of this Prosecution.

they gave out, that there will be a Senator who will give Evidence that he was beaten by *Cælius* at the Pontifical Elections \*. I would demand of this Senator, should he appear, First, Why he did not proceed upon an Action immediately after this happened ? Then, if he chuse to make Complaints rather than seek for Redress <sup>1</sup>, Why he was here upon Compulsion by the Prosecutors, and not of his own Accord ? Why he should chuse to complain so long after the Fact happened, and not instantly. Should he answer clearly and pointedly to all these Questions, I will then enquire, *From what Source this Senator springs?* For if his Rise and Fountain be in his own Person, perhaps I shall as usual be under some Concern : But should I find him to be a Rivulet brought from the Fountain-Head, to flow through the Canal of your Accusation <sup>2</sup>, it will give me Pleasure, that in a Charge like yours, supported by so much Popularity and Power <sup>3</sup>, only one Senator

\* The Assembly for electing either the *Pontifex Maximus*, the High-Priest, or some of the inferior Orders. I shall only here observe, that the *sacred Officers* were not excluded from any civil Office. *C. Julius Cæsar* at that Time was High-Priest ; and *Cicero* was of the College of *Augurs*.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Why he chose to go about murmuring, rather than bring an Action directly against him.

<sup>2</sup> Cicero seems to insinuate, that they were capable of the meanest Tricks to procure Witnesses ; and that he would be careful to search into the Characters of every Witness they should produce, to see if they were bribed.

<sup>3</sup> This is said in Derision, and not in Earnest.

Senator can be found who is willing to oblige you.

NOR am I under any Apprehensions with regard to that other Set who saw so clearly in the Dark; for the Prosecutors give out, that they can produce Citizens to prove, that as their Wives were returning from Supper, they were ruffled by *Cælius*. They must be very wise Persons, who will venture to advance such a Fact as this upon Oath, when they must admit, at the same time, that they never once proposed a Reference, nor entered upon any Steps towards Redress for these enormous Insults!

BUT, my Lords, the whole Nature of this Attack you now understand; and when it is made, you ought to repel it. For my Client is not accused by those by whom he is attacked, The Darts aimed at him are publickly thrown, but privately furnished. Nor do I speak this to cast a Slur upon those Gentlemen<sup>a</sup>, to whom this very Circumstance ought to do Honour: They do their Duty; they defend their Friends; they act like Men of Courage; when

<sup>a</sup> The Accusers, viz. *Herennius*, *Bassus*, and *Atratinus* the Younger.

when wronged, they complain ; when angry, they exclaim ; and when provoked, they fight<sup>b</sup>. But, my Lords, your Wisdom must direct you, that though these brave Men may have good Reasons for their attacking *Marcus Cælius*, yet never can that be any Reason why you should have greater Regard for another's Resentment, than your own Reputation. You see what Multitudes are in the *Forum*, and how various the Natures and Passions of those who crowd it. Of all their Numbers, how many do you imagine use to press their Services, to make their Court, and offer their Evidence to Men of Power, Popularity, and Eloquence, when they think they have any View to serve.

IF any such should intrude themselves at this Trial, let your Wisdom, my Lords, disappoint their Forwardness ; thus shall you appear to provide at once for the Safety of my Client, your own Consciences, and the Interest of all your Fellow-Citizens, against the dangerous Encroachments of Power. And here

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give

<sup>b</sup> This seems to refer to *Atratinus* the Accuser, who gladly embraced this Opportunity of accusing *Cælius*, in Revenge of his accusing *Atratinus* the Father. It has no Relation to *Duelling*, a Custom unknown among the *Greeks* and *Romans*, and a pernicious *Remain* of the Barbarity of the *Goths*, by whom it was brought in Fashion.

give me Leave to detach you from *oral* Evidence, and not to suffer the unvariable Justice of my Client's Plea to be rested upon the Affections of any Witness, which may be formed, moulded, and influenced with great Ease. Let me deal in Arguments; then shall I refute their Charge by Circumstances more striking than Light itself: Facts shall be opposed to Facts; Motives to Motives, and Conclusion to Conclusion.

THEREFORE, with Pleasure, I heard the weighty and elegant Defence made by *Marcus Crassus*, who spoke to the Neapolitan Seditions; the beating of the *Alexandrian* Envoys at *Puteoli*; and the Goods of *Pallas*. I wished he had likewise touched upon the Affair of *Dion*; but I do not see how that could be to your Purpose, since the Person who committed the Fact, is not even afraid to own it. For *Publius Ascitius*, who was impeached as aiding and abetting in the Action, was acquitted upon his Trial. But of what Nature must that Crime be, when the Man who committed it does not deny it; the Man who has denied it, is acquitted? And shall it endanger only the Person who was not necessary to the Perpetration, nay, who cannot be presumed to be

be conscious to the Intention of such an Act? But if that Prosecution did more Service than it occasioned Reflections to *Ascitius*, shall thy Slander affect the Man who has not been suspected, who has not even been belied as necessary to such an Action?

BUT it will be said, *Ascitius* was acquitted by a Collusion in the Prosecution. This Objection may be easily answered in this Place; and especially by me, who, in that Prosecution, acted for the Defendant. But *Cælius* is of Opinion, that *Ascitius* had the best Plea. But however that may be, he thinks it ought to be quite distinct from his own. Not only *Cælius*, but other Youths of the finest natural and acquired Parts, endowed with the most upright Intentions, and the most excellent Knowledge, I mean the *COPONII*, *Titus* and *Caius*, who, of all others, discovered the most sensible Affliction at the Death of *Dion*, and were charmed by his Hospitality, and the more agreeable Entertainment of his Learning and Humanity. *Dion* lived, as you have heard, with *L. Lucceius*, to whom he was known at *Alexandria*; and the Character which he, or his Brother, who is a Man of the greatest Distinction, shall give to *Marcus*

*Cælius*, you may hear from themselves, if they are brought into Court. But let me leave that, and at length proceed to the Merits of the Cause.

I OBSERVED, my Lords, that you have, with much Attention, heard my Friend, *L. Herennius*, in whom, though in a great measure you were enchanted by his Wit and Manner of Expression, yet have I sometimes been afraid, that this fly subtle Method of introducing a Charge, might gradually and insensibly, at last, insinuate itself into your Belief. For he talked a great deal about Luxury; a great deal about Lust; a great deal about the Vices of Youth; and a great deal about their Manners: And the same Gentleman, who, in all other Lights of Life is gentle, and an agreeable Master of that mild Humanity which wins the Affections of Mankind, was, on this Occasion, as testy as an old Uncle, a Censor, or a School-Master. He rated *Marcus Cælius* more than ever a Parent did a Son, and gave him a long Lecture upon Intemperance and Incontinency. What shall I say, my Lords? I could not blame you for attentively listening to a morose harsh

Method of speaking, which I own, shocked myself.

THE first Part, which gave me no great Concern, run upon *Cælius* being intimate with my Friend *Beslia*; that he supped with him; that he often visited at his House; and was his Friend when he stood for the Prætorship. These Things, as they are evidently false, give me no Concern. For those who, he says, supped with them, are either absent, or under a Necessity of giving in the same Evidence. Nor am I startled at his saying that *Cælius* was his Mate in the *Lupercal Games*<sup>c</sup>. For the Company of the true *Luperci* is of wild, clownish, and rustic Original; and the Institution of their pastoral Meetings is more ancient than that of Government and Laws. Since its *Fellows* not only mutually accuse each other, but in their Accusations mention even their very *Bye-Laws*, left to those who are not in the Secret, they should appear to act irregularly<sup>d</sup>.

L 3

BUT

<sup>c</sup> The *Lupercalia* were Games instituted in Honour of *Pan*. They that celebrated them, used to run naked up and down the Streets, and were called *Luperci*. They had, it seems, an odd savage Custom of exposing one another's Faults, and even professed, that every Member of their Society acted consistently with the Rules of their Institution, when he endeavoured to blacken a Brother *Lupercus*.

<sup>d</sup> The Words in the Original in some Editions run, *Si quis sit forte*

BUT, waving all this, I shall proceed to what gives me more Concern. His Schooling upon Dalliance was long, but gentle; it appeared to be rather Declamation than an Invective, and therefore begat the more Attention. As for my Friend *Publius Clodius*<sup>c</sup>, while he gave himself high and violent Airs, and, in all the Rage of Passion, dashed about his tragical Words in a furious Tone, I thought indeed well enough of his Eloquence, but it put me under no great Apprehension; for I have seen him wrangling in the same manner in other Causes, and all to no Purpose. But now, *Balbus*, by your good Leave, I will answer you, if I may presume, if I may venture to defend a Man who never discouraged a Banquet of any kind, who deals in Perfumes, and has been at the *Baii*<sup>f</sup>.

IT

*forte nesciat timere videatur*; in others, *Si id forte nesciat timere videantur*; in others, *Si id forte nesciat temere videantur*: And Abramius prefers the following Reading to all the others, *Ut ne quis id forte nesciat timere videantur*; which, according to him, makes the Sense of the Passage this: 'They boast of their being Members of the Fraternity when they accuse, as if they were afraid lest any one should not discover them to belong to it.'

<sup>c</sup> This is a very humorous Picture of an over-heated Speaker, whose Words generally fall ineffectual to the Ground.

<sup>f</sup> The *Baii* was the celebrated Retirement of the Roman People, of Fashion at certain Seasons. It was famous for Springs of warm

IT is true, I have both seen and heard of a great Number in this City, who having not only gently sipped, and as we say dipt their Finger-ends into, this manner of Life, but plunged their whole Youth into Pleasures, have sometimes emerged; have, as the Saying is, *husbanded* what they had, and at laist proved great and eminent Men. For every body admits that some Scope is to be given to young Men; and that the Effusion of the youthful Passions is directed by Nature herself. If by their Eruption no Life is endangered, no House demolished, then are they generally thought to be gentle and venial.

BUT to me, from the common Stain of Youth, you seemed to endeavour to fix some Charge upon *Cælius*. Therefore all that deep Silence, with which your Speech was heard, proceeded from the Reflections we were led into upon the general Immorality of the Age, from a particular Instance. But it is easy to bring a Charge against Luxury. It would employ me till Night, should I endeavour to go

L 4                          through

warm Water, where they used to bathe; in short, in every Thing it so much resembled our Bath, that it may be very properly translated Bath, were it not that it would give a Translation too modern an Air.

through all that might be said on that Head. A Declamation on Debaucheries, Adulteries, Wantonness, and Expences, were endless. Though you had not in your Eye any particular Person, yet Vice in general is a Subject that would admit of a grave and copious Arraignment. But, my Lords, your Wisdom will direct you not to wander from the particular Charge, nor when the Prosecutor shall stimulate your Severity and Gravity<sup>s</sup>, and point it against Crimes, against Vices, against Immoralities, and against the Times, will you discharge your Indignation upon a Man who is brought to your Bar, and who, not by his own Crimes, but the Vices of many, is now liable to an Imputation by him unmerited.

THEREFORE dare I not venture to return that Answer to your Severity which it deserves; for I meant to be an Advocate, and to plead for some Indulgence to the Sallies of Youth. This, I say, I dare not venture upon, nor urge the Privilege of green Years: I disclaim the Plea, which to all others is admitted of. All  
I beg

<sup>s</sup> There is in the Original somewhat so exquisitely humourous, and at the same Time so delicate, that it is next to impossible to preserve the Beauty of the Author, and not offend the Chastity of the Reader.

I beg is, if there lies against this Age a general Charge, which I own to be heavy, of running into Debt, of Petulance and youthful Lusts, that neither the Crimes of others, nor the Vices of the Times and Age, may operate to the Prejudice of my Client. At the same time, while I beg for this, I don't refuse to answer pointedly to all the Crimes that are charged upon him in particular.

THERE are two Charges, one relating to Gold, the other to Poison, urged against the same Person; It is said that Gold was borrowed of *Clodia*, and a Poison prepared to dispatch her. Every thing else urged is not criminal, but scandalous, and more properly the Subject of a scolding Bout, than a public Trial. To call *Adulterer*, *Whoremaster*, *Pimp*, is to rail, not to accuse. For such Charges there is not so much as a Foundation where ye can fix them; they are opprobrious *Terms*, rashly poured out, without any Grounds, by a passionate Accuser.

I HAVE the Source, I have the Author, I have the precise Principle and Rise <sup>b</sup> of all these

<sup>b</sup> In the Original the Words are, *Certum*, *Nomen*, & *Caput*: about the true Meaning of which, among the *Romans*, Critics and Com-

these Calumnies in my Eye. There was a Necessity for Gold<sup>1</sup>; he borrowed it of *Clodia*; he borrowed it without any Evidence, and he had it as long as he pleased. Here I can perceive a strong Presumption of a certain prodigious Intimacy. He had a Mind to kill the same Lady; he looked out for Poison; he applied to all he could; he prepared it; he fixed on the Place; he brought it. Here again I can discern the most inveterate Hatred, with a most cruel Quarrel broken out. In this whole Affair, my Lords, we have to do with *Clodia*, a Woman not only noble but notorious, of whom I shall say nothing, but so far as I am obliged for the Vindication of my Client.

BUT, *Cneius Domitius*, your distinguished Penetration informs you, that our Business lies with her only; if she denies that she lent Gold to *Cælius*; if she does not affirm that he prepared Poison for her, we are guilty of Slander,

Commentators have made such a Pother; but without minding what they have advanced on that Head, I have translated them in that Way, which I thought made Cicero speak the best Sense.

<sup>1</sup> It is very probable, that this Gold was in Plate and Jewels, which *Cælius* had received for an immediate Occasion to be returned to *Clodia*; otherwise Cicero would have spoke of the Loan not by the Word *Sumpfisset*, but *Creditisset*, or *Mutuo dedisset*.

der, by our mentioning the Mother of a Family<sup>k</sup>, in a manner that is inconsistent with the Decency which the Sanctity of Matrons requires. But since, were that Lady out of the Question, there neither would be a Crime of which my Client could be convicted, nor any Money to carry on the Prosecution, what ought we, who are his Advocates, to do, but to repel those who attack us? This indeed I would do with great Keeness, did there not subsist Animosities betwixt me and that Lady's Husband<sup>l</sup>;—— I mean her Brother;—— I still fall into that Mistake. Now I will act coolly, nor advance a Step farther than my Duty, and the Interest of my Client oblige me; for I have always thought it unbecoming me to harbour any Resentment against a Woman; especially a Lady who has the Character of extending her Good-Nature to all the World, rather than of shewing her Spite to any particular Male.

BUT

\* Among the Romans the Words *Mater Familias* and *Matrona*, were used promiscuously, to signify a Lady of chaste Reputation, whether a Wife or a Widow. We have many Instances in the Roman Laws and History, how much they were honoured both in public and private.

<sup>l</sup> This is a very severe Sneer of Cicero, such as would be suffered in no modern Court of Law without a Reprimand. But we are to consider, that our Orator took very great Liberties, and the Character of *Clodius* justified him in taking a greater Liberty here than usual.

BUT let me ask herself<sup>m</sup>, whether she chuses that I should treat her in a serious, solemn, old-fashioned, or in a gentle, complaisant, gallant, Manner? If she chuses the sour Manner and Fashion, then must I raise some of the bearded Gentlemen from the Shades, and not such a smock-faced Gentleman as she is fond of, but these bristle-Beards<sup>n</sup> which we see in old Images and Statues, one who will bang my Lady, and speak for me, if she should scold me into Silence. Let some such in her own Family start up; there is the BLIND old Gentle-

<sup>m</sup> This beautiful *Apostrophe* is, perhaps, as artful as any Thing we meet with in *Cicero's Writings*. We may easily imagine what an Effect the *Contraſt* must have had upon the Minds of the Audience, betwixt a Woman of an infamous Life, and her Ancestors of the greatest Reputation and Purity; whose Statues were in the very Court where our Orator was pleading. This Figure requires the most delicate Touches of Art, to work it properly up, as *Cicero* has done here.

<sup>n</sup> I hope this Passage will not appear too ludicrous, when the ingenious Reader shall compare it with the Original, which really conveys a ridiculous enough Idea. *Excitandus est*, says he, *aliquis mibi ex inferis, — ex BARBatis illis*, pointing, as we may suppose, to the Statue, which was furnished with a plentiful Crop of Hair; *non bac barbula*, pointing to *Clodius* who was a fine Beau. We may here observe, that in the Time of *Appius Cæcus*, which was in the Year of *Rome* 640, the *Romans* did not use to shave their Beards. But we may conjecture, from a Passage of *Livy*, that they used to shave them about the Year 370. *Vide Lib. VI.* where he says, *Satis constat magnam partem plebis vestem mutasse, multos mortales capillum & barbam promisisse.* "It is plain, say he, that a great Part of the People changed their Apparel, and that many suffered their Hair and Beards to grow." Therefore, as *Lipfius* observes, if in Times of public Calamity Beards were suffered to grow, it is evident that at other Times they were shaved.

Gentleman, the most proper that can be, for his not being capable to see her will save him a great deal of Grief. Supposing now he were to start up, such would be his Behaviour, and such his Language; “ Woman! What “ hast thou to do with *Cælius*? What with “ a Stripling? What with a Stranger? Why “ was you so intimate with him as to lend “ him Money? Or why such a Foe as to dread “ his Poison? Hast thou not seen thy Father? “ Hast thou not heard that thy Uncle, thy “ Grandfather, thy Great Grandfather, and “ his Father were Consuls<sup>o</sup>? Art thou insen-“ sible that thou wert married to *Quintus Me-*  
“ *tellus*<sup>p</sup>, a brave Nobleman, and a worthy “ Patriot, who no sooner left the Threshold “ of his own House, than he rose superior “ to almost all his Countrymen in Merit, in “ Glory, and Dignity: When thou thyself, “ of noble Descent, by him wert married in-“ to an illustrious Family, why was *Cælius*

“ so

<sup>o</sup> How moving must this have been, in an Assembly to which the Memories of all these great Men were dear? There were few more illustrious Families in *Rome* than that of which this Lady was descended.

<sup>p</sup> This was one of the finest Gentlemen in *Rome*, and a Man of great Quality: *Cicero* cannot help however, throwing an oblique Reflection here upon him, that it may the more strongly affect *Clodia*; for he insinuates, that while he was within Doors, he was little better than any other of her quiet Husbands. However, it is very probable, that the Ignominy of being a Cuckold, was not near so great then, as it is now.

## 158 CICERO'S ORATION

" so much thy Intimate ; Was he thy Cousin,  
 " thy Relation, or the Bosom-Friend of thy  
 " Husband ? ! He was none of these. What  
 " could be the Reason, but Lust, hood-wink'd  
 " Lust ? If thou art unmoved at seeing the  
 " manly Images of our Family, ought not my  
 " Descendant, ought not the Example of that  
 " *Quinta Clodia* <sup>4</sup>, to have invited thee into a  
 " Competition for the Female Glory of do-  
 " mestic Virtue ? Ought not *Clodia*, that  
 " Vestal Virgin, who embracing her trium-  
 " phant Father, prevented his being torn from  
 " his Car <sup>5</sup> by a spiteful Tribune of the Peo-  
 ple?

<sup>4</sup> The Antients carried their Notions of Friendship very far; so far sometimes as to lose Sight of the *Husband*, in preserving the Character of the Friend. Not to mention the famous Instance of *Cato*; *Plutarch*, in his conjugal Precepts, lays it down as a Maxim, that a Wife ought to have no private Friendships, but to treat all her Husband's Friends as her own.

<sup>5</sup> This was the Lady who gave a very extraordinary Proof of her Chastity, by pulling a Ship with her Girdle up the River, while it stuck fast in the Strand, and could not be moved by all the Force that was applied.

\* There is somewhat in this Story, that to a Modern seems ridiculous and improbable. We are told in the Story of this Fact, " That the General, who was Father (*Suetonius* says Brother) to this Lady, entered in a triumphant Manner, without any Decree of the People, and against the Will of the Tribunes, into Rome; but that she found Means to jump into the Chariot, and by fitting along with her Father all the Time, till he got to the Capitol, prevented his being torn out of his triumphal Car." But this is easily reconciled to Probability, by reflecting upon the prodigious Regard that was paid among the Romans to Vestal Virgins, who, as such, had a Right to all the Privileges of Matrons. Among their other Privileges, they had that of never being removed by the Magistrates out of their Seat in any public Assembly;

“ ple? Why art thou affected more with the  
“ Vices of a Brother, than with the Virtues  
“ of a Father and a Grandfather, which have  
“ devolved from me upon the Females, as well  
“ as the Males of my Family? Did I tear my  
“ Country from the Thoughts of a Peace with  
“ Pyrrhus<sup>t</sup>? And shalt thou daily enter into  
“ Intrigues of obscene Amours? Did I bring  
“ in the Water that supplies this City, that  
“ thou mightest use it to thy incestuous Pur-  
“ poses? Did I lay a Road<sup>u</sup>, that it might  
“ serve as a Parade for thee and thy Train of  
“ of Gallants?”

BUT what am I doing, my Lords! I have introduced so grave a Character, that I am afraid the same *Appius* may suddenly turn to the other Side, and with his censorial Severity, begin to school *Cælius*. But I shall speak of that presently, and in such a Manner, my Lords, that I hope to vindicate the Morals of

*Marcus*

bly; and this probably, with the vast Regard paid to her as Priestess, was the Reason why the Tribune was obliged to suffer her quietly to go along.

<sup>t</sup> This is a noted Story and became proverbial. See the first *Philippic*. The Fact was, that this old Man, though blind, was carried into the Senate House, where he dissuaded the Senate from accepting the Offers of Peace proposed by *Cineas*, the Minister of *Pyrrhus*.

<sup>u</sup> This is the famous *Via Appia*, which is still to be seen entire, except in those Parts which have been ruined by Earthquakes.

*Marcus Cælius* to the severest Inquisitors. But you, Madam, for now I speak to you not in a borrowed, but my own Character, if you dream of proving your Actions, your Words, your Forgeries, your Machinations, your Arguments, there is a Necessity of your Accounting for, and laying forth, all this excessive Intimacy, this excessive Friendship, this excessive Familiarity. While our Accusers talk so freely of Intrigues, Amours, Adulteries, the *Baiæ*, the Banquets, Collations, Songs, Concerts, and Pleasure-Boats, they at the same Time own, that they have their Instructions from you. But since you was so blindly, so wilfully, so unaccountably obstinate, as to be brought into the Forum <sup>\*</sup>, and before this Court, you must either disown and disprove all they have advanced, or confess there is no Credit to be given either to your Accusation, or to your Evidence.

BUT if you would have me accost you in a more polite Manner, I will treat you thus; I will remove that grim, that almost savage old Fellow; I will pitch upon one of these Gentlemen present; your younger Brother rather

<sup>\*</sup> Because there her Person was exposed to Insults on Account of her infamous Character.

ther than any, who is quite a Master in this kind of Politeness ; who has a mighty Liking for you, and from a strange natural *Fearfulness*, and haunted, I suppose, by some Phantoms in the dark, lay every Night with you, like a *little Master* as he is with his *elder Sister* \*. Suppose then that he thus accosts you, " Why, my Sister, in this Flurry ? Why in this Distraction of Mind ? Why shriek out, and make so much ado about a Trifle ? You have gazed upon your handsome young Neighbour ; his delicate Complexion, his graceful Shape, his Face and Eyes have smit you. You wish to see him often ; sometimes a Woman of Quality appears in the same Gardens ; all your Riches can't fix in your Arms the young Gentleman, though not yet emancipated from an old griping Father. He spurns, he spits at, he under-values your Presents. — Go somewhere else. — You have Gardens near the Tyber ; and have taken great care to fit up an Apartment near to where all our young

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M

" Gentle-

\* I am very sensible, that to a Reader of Taste, who has not the Original before his Eye, this Passage may appear too much modernized. But I will venture to say, that the Words cannot be translated otherwise ; that if *Cicero* had been to speak this Passage in *English*, he would have used the same Expression. The Original is *Pusio cum maiore Sorore*. There is indeed an Infintuation conveyed by the Word *Pusio*, which I neither chuse to express, nor is it necessary that it should be expressed.

" Gentlemen bathe; from thence you may  
 " read their *Proposals*. Why do you tease  
 " one who loathes you ?

LET me now, *Cælius*, address you in your Turn, and here will I personate the Authority and Gravity of a Father: But in what Character of a Father am I to act? In that of the passionate unrelenting Sire in *Cæcilius*<sup>r</sup>:

—Now all my Soul is in a Blaze,  
*And my Heart labours with its swelling Paf-  
 fion.*

Or, shall I assume that other Character;

O Wretch! O Reprobate!  
 But these Fathers have Souls of Flint.  
*What can I say, or what can I propose,*  
*When thy foul Deeds defeat my best Intentions?*  
 The Reproaches of such a Father would be almost intolerable.

*Why didst thou court the Neighbourhood of Whores?*  
*From the gross Baits why didst thou not retire?*  
*Why clasp a lewd Adulteress to thy Bosom?*

Here

<sup>r</sup> This *Cæcilius* was a Comic Poet, and dealt very much in Characters of the grave and morose Kind.

Here squander, dissipate, you may for me.  
If griping Want shall seize thee, thou must  
mourn.  
I have a Competency that will serve  
To prop the stooping Remnant of my Years.

To this dis-spirited, decrepid old Man, Cælius  
might answer, that he had been enticed from  
the right Path, by no Lust of the Eye. But  
how can you prove that? — No Extrava-  
gance of Expence; no Diminution of For-  
tune; no running into Debt. — But the  
Thing was talked of. — But who can help  
being talked of in a City so full of Scandal?  
Is it surprizing that a Neighbour of this Lady  
should be scandalized, when her own Brother  
could not escape the Slanders of the Malicious?  
But to a gentle indulgent Parent, who should  
talk at this Rate; *Has he broke open Doors?*  
*They shall be repaired.* *Has he torn a Gar-  
ment?* *It shall be mended.* The Boy has a  
ready Apology, for in such Circumstances, how  
easy is it for one to be vindicated? I speak  
nothing of this Lady; but if there is one of a  
Character different from hers, who has been  
a common Prostitute, who has always lived  
in an avowed Lewdness with some one or o-  
ther, who orders her Gardens, Houses, and

M. 2 Bagnios,

Bagnios, to be thrown open to a promiscuous Traffic in every Impurity ; who even maintains young Men, whose Purse makes amends for the sparing Allowances of close-fisted Fathers ; if she is wanton in Widowhood, insolent in Airs, profuse in Wealth, and if her Lusts should lead her into a *keeping Expence*, can I think a Man an Adulterer, who shall make some free Addresses to such a Lady ?

I MAY be told ; “ Is it thus you train up young Gentlemen ? Did his Father recommend him, when a Boy, and deliver him to you, that you might initiate his Youth into Lewdness and Pleasures ? Wilt thou be an Advocate for such a Course of Life and Studies ? ” My Lords, if there is a Man endued with such Fortitude of Soul, with such Dispositions to Virtue and Chastity, as to reject all Pleasures, as to finish his Carreer of Life with the Toils of the Body and the Pursuits of the Mind ; a Man who has no Taste for Repose, none for Relaxation, none for the Pleasures of his Equals, none for Diversions, none for Banquets ; who is persuaded that in Life there ought to be no other End proposed that does not unite the Great with the Graceful, I shall freely own, that he is furnished, that he is embellished with certain

tain supernatural Qualifications. Such as I take it were the *Camilli*<sup>a</sup>, the *Fabricii*, the *Curii* and all those Heroes, who, from a narrow Foundation, reared this Empire to such Glory and Greatness.

BUT Virtues, such as theirs, are not now to be found in the Lives, nay, scarce in the Writings of Mankind. Even the very Scrolls which contain this Severity of former Ages, are antiquated, not only with us who have professed such an Institution, and such a Method of Living, more by our *Actions* than our *Words*; but even with the *Greeks*, those very learned Philosophers<sup>b</sup>, who when they could no longer practice what was honest and great in Life, were still at Liberty to recommend it in their Speeches and Writings. Another System of Morality has prevailed, since new Customs were introduced into *Greece*.

## M 3

## FOR

<sup>a</sup> *Camillus*, when drawn into Exile by his Countrymen, succoured his ungrateful native Country, when *Rome* was seized by the *Gauls*, and the Capitol besieged. *Fabrius* refused Money, when offered him by *Pyrrhus*, and was so excessively poor, that by a Decree of the Senate, he was buried at the Charges of the Public. *Curius* triumphed over the *Samnites*, and distributed to every one of the People four Acres of Ground; chusing only so many for himself, because he thought these were sufficient for any one.

<sup>b</sup> He here means the Stoicks.

FOR this Reason some of their Sages<sup>b</sup> maintained, that Pleasure is the ultimate End of the Actions of the Wise; nor have even Men of Learning been averse to that shameful Tenet. Others have thought<sup>c</sup>, that Dignity ought to be united with Pleasure; that they might have an Opportunity to talk Things, which in their own Natures had a direct Repugnancy to one another, into Union. They who maintained, that the only way to Glory was through Toil, are now left almost solitary<sup>d</sup> within their Schools, for many are the Blandishments that Nature herself has implanted within us, and which the Lethargy of Virtue indulges; many slippery Paths does she point out to Youth in which they can scarce either stand or tread, without a Misfortune or a Fall; and great is the pleasing Variety she affords, with which Mankind not only in their Bloom, but even in their Maturity, are apt to be enchanted.

There-

<sup>b</sup> These were the *Epicureans*.

<sup>c</sup> He here has in his Eye one *Callipho*.

<sup>d</sup> And deservedly, says *Manutius*, for having taught that those Pleasures which charm the Soul, are to be abstained from, *Aelian Var. Hist. lib. iii. cap. 32.* "When one *Callistus*, a Strumpet, said to *Socrates*, I, O *Socrates*, am greater than you; you can deprive me of none of my Gallants, but I, if I have a Mind, can deprive you of all your Scholars. You are in the Right, replied *Socrates*, for you lead aside People into a Declivity, but I force them to ascend to Virtue; the Way to which is steep, and trod by few."

Therefore, if by Chance you find a Man whose Eye despises the Beauty of Order, who indulges no Sensation of Smell, Touch, or Taste, and whose Ears shut out all Harmony, I, and a few others perhaps, may think that the Gods have *blessed* such a Person, but many more will think that they have *cursed* him.

LET us therefore abandon this Path which is now desart, uncouth, and choaked with Weeds and Briars; let some Allowances be made to Youth; let it enjoy more Liberty; let not Pleasure be debarred in every Instance; let not Reason, uninfluenced and unbyassed by *Passion*, always take Place. To *Passion* and Pleasure let Reason sometimes give Way, provided, when that is the Case, they are regulated by Decency and Moderation. Let the young Man be tender of his own Chastity; let him not injure that of another; let him not dissipate his Fortune; let him not eat up by Mortgages; let him not invade another Man's House, nor his Reputation. Let him not aim Slander at the Chaste, Defilement at the Uncorrupted, nor Infamy at the Worthy. Let him terrify none by Violence, nor over-reach them by Treachery; let him be free from premeditated Guilt. Lastly when he

shall obey the Calls of Pleasure, when he shall allot some Part of his Time to the Diversions of his Age, and these trifling Pursuits of Youth, let him sometimes recal his Thoughts to the Concerns of his Family, the Concerns of the Forum, the Concerns of his Country, that he may seem to have discarded through Satiety, and despised from Experience, these Objects which he had not before viewed with the cool Eye of Reason,

AND indeed, my Lords, there have been many great Men and illustrious Citizens in our Days, in the Days of our Fathers and Fore-fathers, in whom, when the Ebullitions of youthful Desire have subsided, the most excellent Virtues have in more advanced Life sprung up. I need not descend to Particulars, you yourselves may recollect them, for I am unwilling, while I speak of any brave and honourable Man<sup>c</sup>, to join the *Mention* of his smallest Failing, to the *Praise* of his greatest Perfection. Did I think myself at Freedom to do this, I might produce Instances of many great and accomplished Persons, and yet touch on the youthful Licentiousness of some, on the ex-

<sup>c</sup> He, perhaps, here means *Catulus* and *Cæsar*; whose Youths were stained with Vices, but who, in advanced Years, were famous for the opposite Virtues.

extravagant Luxury, the enormous Debt, and expensive Pleasures of others. Vices, which afterwards being effaced by many Virtues, might be excused by the craving Appetite of Youth.

BUT, *Marcus Cælius*, for I can now with more Boldness mention his honest Pursuits, since, presuming on your Wisdom, I have admitted of some Slips in his Conduct, can be taxed with no Luxury, no Extravagance, no Debt, no Lewdness in Revels or *Receffes*. Age, far from diminishing, even adds to the Lusts of the Belly and the Palate<sup>f</sup>. But Intrigues, and what we call Dalliances, whose Cravings use to be a good deal mortified in

Men

<sup>f</sup> Among the Lusts of the Palate the Antients reckoned Drinking. This was an Excess in which they were still more indulgent to old Men than the Moderns are; nay, from some of their Writings, one would be apt to imagine, that they thought Drinking an inseparable Companion to old Age. Plutarch in his *Apophthegms*, brings in *Antipater*, saying, that *Deniades* the Orator, when he grew old, compared himself to a Victim which was consumed all to the Tongue and the Belly. Plato, though he is absolutely against young Men indulging themselves in Wine, yet he is for allowing old Men to go so far as even to forget their Cares, and endeavour to throw their Blood into a florid Youthfulness. See *De Leg.* ii. And one of Plutarch's *Sympoſian Questions* is, *Why do old Men love Wine?* The divine Homer has kept up this Character in *Nestor*, in a very humourſome Line:

Nέστορα δ' ἵν θάδεις ιαχὴν πίνοντα περὶ μάνης.

Which *Aufonius* translates,

*Concussit quamvis potantem Nestora clamor.*

Men of more sedate Understanding (for they soon and suddenly fade,) these never engrossed, never encumbered him. You heard him when he spoke for himself; you heard him before, when he spoke as a Prosecutor; I say this to defend his Person, and not to boast of his Genius; your Wisdom directed you to observe the Nature of his Speech, the Command, the Copiousness of his Periods and Expressions. There you observed in him not only the Efulgence of Genius, (which often, without Cultivation, has irresistible Force) but a Language, if I am not prejudiced in his Favour, directed by Reason, founded upon laudable Studies, and polished by Care and Vigilance.

AND know ye, my Lords, that it is hard to find the Passions which are laid to the Charge of *Cælius*, and those Pursuits which I have illustrated, united in the same Person. For it is impossible that a Mind engrossed by Lewdness, by Amours, by Desire, by Passion, often embarrassed by Wealth, sometimes check'd by Want, can support the Activity, nay, the Thinking that is required in forming an Eloquence, even such as mine, however slender it may be.

Do you imagine<sup>8</sup> there can be any other Reason why there are now, and ever have been, so few who have applied to the Study of Eloquence, though its Prizes are so tempting, its Practice so bewitching, its Praise, Popularity, and Glory so great? All Pleasures must be spurned away; all delightful Pursuits abandoned; Diversions, Laughing, and Entertainments; nay, my Lords, almost the very Company of our intimate Friends must be relinquished. These are the Hardships that deter Mankind from the painful Study of this Art, and not the Defects either of Genius or Education.

BUT if *Cælius* had abandoned himself to a scandalous Course of Life, would he, while a very Youth, have arraigned a Man of Consular Dignity? Would a Person, if averse to Application, and bewitched with Pleasure, have

<sup>8</sup> Cicero every where takes Occasion to extol the Dignity, and exaggerate the Difficulty of his Art. Several Instances of this the Reader has already had, in the Orations against *Cæcilius*, and for *Archias* the Poet. And indeed we can easily conceive, not only from the Beauty of his, but of other Orations of Antiquity, that the Study of Eloquence was one of the most difficult, both with Regard to the Exercise of the Body and the Mind. It was the Decay, therefore, of the Severity of Manners, that ruined this Art; for under the Emperors, a quite different Manner prevailed. But for this, see the Preface to this Translation.

have daily gone through his Exercise on this Parade<sup>1</sup>? Would he have courted Enmity? Would he have brought Impeachments? Would he have ventured to incur a Capital Danger<sup>2</sup>? Would he, while all the People of *Rome* were Spectators, have, during so many Months, struggled either for Safety or Renown?

BUT is that Neighbourhood he affected, no ways rank? Does the World whisper? Do the Waters of the *Baiae* murmur nothing<sup>3</sup>? Yes; they don't murmur only, but they roar out, that the Lewdness of this Woman is so barefaced, that she has not now recourse to Solitude, to Darkness, and the blind Haunts of criminal Intercourse, but openly avows the most scandalous Practices, before all the World, and in broad Day. But if any Man thinks, that even simple Fornication<sup>4</sup> is

<sup>4</sup> *Hæc Actæ*, says my Author.

<sup>1</sup> By this our Author does not mean the Danger of his Life. For among the *Romans*, several Punishments besides that of Death were capital, such as Banishment, Fines, Brânding; therefore *Cicero* means, that if he had failed in his Proof, he was liable to have been convicted in an Action of Calumny, the Punishment for which, by the *Roman Law*, was what they called Capital.

<sup>2</sup> This is a very ingenious Allusion of our Author; and in the Manner in which we may suppose he pronounced it, it must have had a great Effect upon the Audience.

<sup>3</sup> This Expression, I own, seems too modernized; a Fault I have still been careful to avoid; but if the Reader will consider the Original, which is *Meretriciis amoribus*, I hope he will pardon

to be denied to Youth, I own he is very severe: I dare not contradict him; but I will venture to say, that by such an Assertion he condemns not only the Licentiousness of this Age, but even the Customs and Indulgencies of our Ancestors. For when was it not practised? When found fault with? When not tolerated? Or, in short, when was there a Time in which a Thing allowable was disallowed? Here will I fix the Nature of the Cause; I shall name no Lady, but leave that to your own Conjectures.

IF a single Woman should set her Doors open to the Lusts of the World, and openly profess herself of the Order of Whores<sup>m</sup>, and drive

don it. As to the Morality comprehended in the general Doctrine of this Oration, I shall leave it to be answered by the other Passages of our Author's Writings, after putting him in Mind, that Cicero here talks as a Counsel in a Cause very interesting for himself; and therefore we may presume that he advanced a great many Things on that Occasion, which he would not upon any other; and which he would have confuted, had they been urged by a Party opposite to his Interest.

<sup>m</sup> This I have translated literally. The Original is, *Palamque se in meretricia vita collocarit*. To understand this rightly, it may be necessary to inform the Reader, that a Woman who had a Mind to enter into this Order, was obliged by Law and Custom, to profess or declare her Intention before the *Ædiles*. After they had done that, they might take Money. It is very probable that the Ceremony of this Profession was fixed to a certain Day of the Year, and that several previous Acts of Devotion were required, such as paying their Vows to *Venus*, &c.

*Aphrodisia bodie Veneris est festus dies;  
Oratum ierunt deam ut effici propitia.*

PLAUT.

drive a Trade in making Entertainments for mere Strangers : If she shall practise this in the City, in her Gardens, and amidst the numerous Company at the *Baiae*; in short, if she should behave in such a Manner, as that by her Gesture, nay, by her Dress and Equi-  
page, and not only by her Eyes sparkling, or her Tongue tipt with Lust, but by Huggs, by Kisses on the Water, in the Pleasure-Boat, and at the Banquet, she appears not practised only, but insolent in Lewdness<sup>a</sup>; if, I say, a young Gentleman shall be along with such a Woman, give me leave to ask you, *Herennius*, whether you would consider him as an Adulterer, or a Gallant; as designing to storm her Virtue, or to satiate her Venery?

*Clodia*, I now forget my Wrongs<sup>b</sup>; I now put off all Resentment for the Anguish I bore; I pass over your Acts of Cruelty to my Family while I was absent; let not what I have said be applied to you. But as the Prosecutors

pre-

<sup>a</sup> The Original is, *non solum meretrix, sed etiam procax.*

<sup>b</sup> Our Author was fully conscious what a great personal Authority he had in all Courts, and how disadvantageous it was for his Antagonist to be thought to entertain any personal Spite at him: Therefore he never fails to bring in his own Character, in his Pleadings, as often as he can, to influence the Judgment of the Court. As to the Spite which the *Clodian* Family bore him, see his *Oration for his own House*, and his *Familiar Epistles*, ii. lib. 14.

pretend that they have the Impeachment upon this Affair from you, and that they are to prove the Fact by your Evidence, I demand of yourself whether, if there lives a Woman of such a Character as I have just now described, mighty unlike indeed to you, but a profest, an avowed Prostitute, you would look upon a young Gentleman who should have an Affair with her, as an abandoned profligate Wretch? If you are not the Woman I have drawn, as I hope you are not, what can they object to *Cælius*? But if they should admit that you are she, why should we dread a Charge which you despise? Give us therefore Liberty and Scope to make our Defence; for either your Chastity will clear *Cælius* from the Imputation of doing any thing flagrant, or your Impudence will be a strong Plea in his, and other Gentlemen's Favour.

BUT as I seem now to have weathered the Shelves and Shallows of my Speech<sup>P</sup>, the rest of my Voyage appears to be smooth and calm. *Cælius* is charged with two of the most flagitious Crimes against the same Lady, with Gold,

which

<sup>P</sup> By this he means the delicate Subject which he had to handle, in extenuating the Gallantry of a young Gentleman, not over-famous for Chastity; and exposing the Character of a great Lady, infamous for Lewdness.

which he is said to have borrowed of *Clodia*; and with *Poison*, by which he was to kill her. He, according to the Prosecutors, borrowed the Money, that he might give it to the Slaves of *Lucius Lucceius*, by whom he was to murder *Dio the Alexandrian*, who then lived with *Lucceius*. Heavy is the Charge; either to way-lay Embassadors, or to tamper with Slaves to murder their Master's Guest. This was a Design full of Guilt, full of Audaciousness.

IN this Chatge give me leave to ask, whether *Cælius* did, or did not acquaint *Clodia* with his Purpose in borrowing the Money? If he did not tell her, why did she give it him? If he did, she was intentionally equally criminal with him. What! did you dare to take Gold out of your Shrine? Did you plunder that plundering *Venus*<sup>9</sup> of yours of its Ornaments? Especially as you knew to what a detestable Purpose that Gold was to be applied: to the Murder of an Envoy; to fasten

<sup>9</sup> The Statue of *Venus* appears, from many Passages of the Antients, to have been an indispensable Piece of Furniture in the Closets of Ladies of Pleasure; and it commonly was very finely set out with Jewels: For one of these Ladies to ask for a Jewel for her *Venus*, from her Gallant, was a genteel Way of asking for a Consideration to herself. *Clodia's Venus* seems to have been particularly rich.

an eternal Stain of Infamy upon *Lucius Lucceius*, a Man of the greatest Sanctity and Integrity: Sure your generous Soul ought not to have been accessary, your popular Roof subservient, nor your hospitable *Venus* assisting to so detestable a Crime.

*Balbus*, aware of all this, has told you, that *Clodia* was in the dark, and being told by *Cælius*, that he borrowed the Gold to dress out the Plays. If he was so intimate with *Clodia*, as you pretend, by giving so many Instances of his Lewdness, surely he would have told her what he designed to do with the Gold; if he was not so intimate with her, she did not supply him with it. Therefore, O extravagant Woman! if *Cælius* told you true, you was conscious to the Crime which the Gold you gave was to perpetrate; if he did not tell you, then did you not give it.

WHY should I confute this Crime by Arguments, which I may bring without Number? I may say, that the Manners of *Marcus Cælius* are far removed from the Blackness of so much Guilt; it is by no means credible that it should enter into the Head of

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\* Because the House was open to all Strangers.

a Man of so much Capacity, and so much Wisdom, to entrust an Affair so heinously criminal, to strange and unknown Slaves. There are Things which my own Custom, and that of other Pleders, give me a Right to demand, to interrogate the Accuser: Where *Cælius* met with the Slaves of *Lucceius*? How he got Access to them? If by himself? How rash he was? If by another? Name the Man. In the Course of my Pleading, I am at Liberty to go through all the lurking Suspicions, and there would be found no Motive, no Place, no Means, no Confidant, no Reason to hope either to accomplish, or to conceal the Crime, nor even the smallest Trace of so detestable an Action.

BUT for the Sake of Brevity, and lest it should be thought that I have laboured to prepare an Oration, I omit all these, as they are peculiar to an Orator, (though I might have made some Advantage of them, not through any Excellence of my Capacity, but by the Experience and Practice which I have at the Bar) for, my Lords, I have the Evidence of *Lucius Lucceius*, a Man of the greatest

\* Cicero enlarges vastly in this Oration, and indeed in all his others, upon personal Characters. If all the Characters he has

Sanctity, and Witness of the greatest Weight; a Man whom you easily allow worthy to be joined with you in the Oath of Integrity; who certainly must have heard, and had he heard, he neither would have slighted, nor put up with such a Crime committed by *Læcius Cælius*, against his Honour and Interest. Would a Man, endued with such Good-nature, such Affections, Arts, and Erudition, have slighted the Danger of the Person whom these very Studies endeared to his Soul? and would he, who would have resented such Villainy against a Stranger, have neglected to prevent it, when aimed at his Guest? Would the Man, who would have been afflicted, had it been perpetrated by those whom he did not know, have slighted it, had it been attempted by his own Friends? Would an Action, which had it been committed in a Field, or public Place, must have drawn his Reproaches, have been passed over by him as a Matter of Indifference, though committed in this City, and under his own Roof? Would a learned Man, when another very learned Man was to be taken off by Treachery, have winked at the Design, which he would not have passed by had it

N 2                   been

has drawn in this be just, there never appeared any Thing more ridiculous and unconnected, than this Charge against *Cælius*.

been aimed at a Clown? But, my Lords, why do I keep you any longer? Possess yourselves of the Veracity and Weight of this Witness, on his Oath, and then weigh with Exactness every Tittle of his Evidence. Read the *Evidence* of *Lucceius*.

*The Evidence of Lucceius is read in Court.*

WOULD ye wish for more? Do you imagine that Truth and Justice are in Person to give an oral Evidence? This is the Defence of Innocence herself; this is the Speech of Justice; this is the genuine Voice of Truth. The Charge has no Presumption to support it. The Crime has no Arguments to prove it. In the Business which is said to be perpetrated, there is not the smallest Appearance of Consultation, of Time or Place; No-body is produced as Witness; No-body named as accessory: The whole Charge proceeds from the infamous, the cruel, the guilty, the lustful House of an Enemy: but the House which is aspersed with that Imputation of heinous Guilt, is full of Integrity, Humanity, and

*Truth:*

<sup>t</sup> The Reader is desired take Notice, that among the *Romans written* Evidence, though ever so well attested, was not of equal Authority with *oral*. And indeed if we had the Speeches made upon this Occasion against *Cicero*, we would probably find this Circumstance strongly urged against him.

Truth: From this House an Evidence is read to you upon Oath. But were even the Affair we are now debating dubious; which is more probable, that a rash, impudent, spiteful Woman has forged a Crime, or that a grave, wise, prudent Person, when upon Oath, has given Evidence with the strictest Veracity?

THE Charge of poisoning now only remains to be discussed, of which I can neither see the Foundation, nor unravel the Design. For what Reason could *Cælius* have to endeavour to poison that Lady? That he might not pay back the Gold? Pray did she demand it? To avoid the Discovery of his Guilt? But who charged him? Who would even have mentioned it, had not *Cælius* impeached a certain Person? But you have likewise heard *Herennius* own<sup>u</sup>, that he should never have dropt a Word in Prejudice of *Cælius*, had he not twice impeached his Friend, after being once acquitted of the same Crime. Is it then probable that so great a Crime was committed

N 3 upon

<sup>4</sup> This alludes to the Affair of *Polla*, a Friend of *Herennius*, whom *Cælius* had accused. From this, and a great many other Passages of the History of that Time, we may see, how frequent Accusations upon Corruption were amongst the *Romans*, so that there was scarce any Man who succeeded in his Solicitations for an Office, who escaped that Charge.

upon no Motive? And do you not perceive that a Charge of the most heinous Nature is trumped up, that there may seem to have been a Motive to perpetrate another Piece of Villainy?

To whom then did he commit the Execution of it? Whom did he make use of as his Accomplice? Whom as his Confidant? Whom did he trust with the Management of a Villainy, that so nearly affected his Reputation and Safety? The Answer is, *The Slaves of a Woman.* And was this Man, whom you admit to have Parts, though you spitefully strip him of every thing else, so stupid, as to put all that was valuable to him in the Hands of strange Slaves? But what kind of Slaves too? For that is a material Circumstance \*, Why  
Slaves

\* We find by this Passage, which contains a very sensible Reflection, in what Awe the *Romans* stood even of their Slaves, who by their Mistresses were greatly indulged, for fear they should divulge their Intrigues, and other Wickednesses; and indeed it holds true in all Countries, as well as in *Rome*, that Servants, to whom their Masters intrust their secret Vices, cease to be Servants, and commence Masters and Tyrants. This was an Observation made likewise by *Juvenal*, Sat. III. in these Words;

*Quis nunc diligitur nisi conscient, &c.*

And again;

*Nil tibi se debere putat nil conferet unquam  
Participem qui te secreti fecit honesti.*

Plutarcb,

Slaves who lived in a saucy bold Familiarity with their Mistress; Slaves, whom he knew

N 4

enjoyed

*Plutarch*, in his Thoughts on the Education of Children, has these Words: " Those who are plunged in Vice, dare not take the Liberty of reprehending their Servants, much less their Children." *St. Jerom* has the same Thought, when writing to *Salvina*, concerning the Continuance in a State of Widowhood: " I know, says he, that many who live very retiredly, have not escaped Infamy on Account of their Servants; who were suspected, either for the Sake of their rich Dress, their being corpulent and too blooming, their being of an Age fit for the Purposes of Lust; or lastly, their discovering an overgrown Arrogance, from a secret Consciousness of their being beloved, as we commonly say, *underhand*, which when most artfully dissembled, frequently breaks forth in Instances of Disdain and Contempt towards their Fellow-Servants." In Houses, on the other Hand, where the Laws, Chastity, and Moderation, are observed, Servants are less indulged, and Masters less beloved; for, as the same Author writes to *Furia*, where sacred Chastity reigns, there Frugality is to be found. But where Frugality is, there the Profits of Servants are small; for whatever they don't get, they think taken from them; neither do they consider how much their Master's Income is, but how much they themselves receive. *Juvenal*, in the 9th Satire, has placed this Matter in a very noble and striking Light.

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*Sed prodere malunt*  
*Arcanum quam subrepti patare Salerni*  
*Pro populo faciens quantum Lausella bibebat*  
*Vivendum recte, tum propter plurima, tum de his.*  
*Præcipue causis, ut linguas mancipiorum*  
*Contemnas. Nam lingua mali passima servi,*  
*Deterior tamen hic, qui liber non erit illis.*

He had formerly taken Notice of something of the same Nature in the Servants of his Time, in his 3d Satire, in these Words:

*Scire valunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri.*

*Lisias* to *Areopagiticus* speaks thus on the same Subject, πῶς εἰ τοι, &c. " what then! should I not be of all Mortals the most miserable, if I was no longer to treat my Servants as Servants, but to make them my Masters, through the remaining Part of my Life, by letting them into Secrets of this kind; and thus by putting myself out of a Capacity, if they should offend me, of punishing the Offence."

enjoyed Privileges above the Rank of Slavery. For who, my Lord, does not see this ! or who is not sensible that in a House, where the Mistress of a Family is a common Prostitute, where nothing is done that may be carried abroad ; where a Traffic is carried on in Impurity, Lusts, Luxury, in short in every unheard-of Crime and Scandal, that in such a House Slaves are not Slaves, since to them every thing is entrusted, and by them managed ! Who deal in the same Pleasures ! Who are let into every dark Scene ! And who even partake in some Measure of their daily Expences and Luxuries ! Did not *Cælius* then see this ? For if he was so familiar with the Lady as you would have him, he knew likewise that these Slaves were the Companions of their Mistress. But if he did not enter into such Familiarities as you charge him with, how comes he to be so very intimate with her Slaves ?

BUT have they forged a Probability for their poisoning Affair ? Whence was it got <sup>\*</sup> !

How

<sup>\*</sup> The whole of this Passage is an Imitation of that remarkable Part of his Oration for *Cluentius*, *Quod autem tempus veneni dandi in illo die ! in illa frequentia, per quam porro datum ! unde sumptum ! que deinde interceptio poculi ! cur non de integro autem datum.* *Multa sunt quæ dici possunt, sed non committam ut videar*

How prepared ! By what Means ! To whom ; and in what Place was it delivered ! We are told that he had it at home, and that its Efficacy was tried upon a Slave <sup>1</sup>, who was prepared for the Experiment ; and by whose sudden Death he proved the Force of the Venom. Immortal Gods ! why do you either sometimes wink at the most heinous Guilt of Mankind ? Or why reserve present Villainy to future Punishment ? For I myself saw, I drunk that Draught <sup>2</sup>, the most bitter I ever tasted

*videar non dicendo voluisse dicere res enim jam se ipsa defendet.*  
 " But on that Day, where was the Time proper for administering the Poison ? or where the Possibility of doing it before so large a Company ? Besides, by whom was it given ? or from what Hand was it got ? Where, in fine, is the Probability of the Cup's being intercepted ? If it was so, why was it not administered afresh ? Many Things might be said ; but I shall not by Silence insinuate that I inclined to say them : No, the Affair is of such a Nature as to speak for itself." I cannot help observing on this Occasion, that it is not an easy Matter to discover what Parts of Cicero's Works appeared most beautiful to himself ; for these he is so vastly fond of, that he either repeats them precisely in the same Words, or else imitates them so closely, that there is scarce a Possibility of distinguishing the one from the other. Hence a Man may justly conclude his own Taste good, if he is pleased with such Passages in Cicero, as are either by him repeated in the same Words, or with little Variation.

<sup>1</sup> The Art of Poisoning is perhaps the only destructive one, not improved and refined upon by this Age. The Antients were greater Masters of it than we, *with all the Pains we take have Skill enough to be* ; we see here the making it a Study, and barbarously trying its Experiments upon the human Frame, was not uncommon. The Persians however, and the Egyptians, were still more expert at it than the Greeks ; and, if we may believe some latter Historians, the Italian Ladies of the last two Ages, particularly some of the Family of Medicis, were more ingenious in this Art than them all.

<sup>2</sup> This is an Allusion carried on with regard to the Poison, and

tasted in my Life, when *Quintus Metellus* was snatched from the Arms, from the Bosom of his Country; and when that Man, who thought himself born for this Empire<sup>a</sup>, was in the Bloom of Life, in the Vigour of Health, and the Perfection of Strength, on the third Day after he had been distinguished in the Senate, in the Rostrum, and in the Government, basely taken off from every good Man and this City; at the very Time of his Death, though in other Respects his Senses were clouded, yet the last Pang he felt was for his Country. When fixing his Eyes upon me, all in Tears, with a broken ghastly Tone, he intimated what a Storm was lowring over this City, and what Distractions were brooding in this Government; and when frequently striking that Wall which was common to *Catulus* and him, often did he name *Catulus*, often me, and often, very often, his Country; so that Death was not near so bitter to Him, as the Thoughts of his Country, and My being deprived of our best Protection.

HAD

and in a beautiful Figure. Cicero has here touched the true Pathetic, and thrown it into a fine Contrast with a ridiculous Story.

<sup>a</sup> This might have been more clearly expressed, by translating it, *for the Good of this Empire*. The Original has it, *Qui si natum kuic Imperio putavit.*

HAD not the sudden Effects of a guilty Draught carried this Hero off, in what Manner, when Consular, would he have opposed his Cousin in the Career of his Furies, since, in the Hearing of the Senate, when Consul, he declared he would kill him with his own Hand, when but beginning and aiming at his desperate Practices? Shall then a Woman who comes from that very House, dare to mention the quick Operations of Poison? Is not she afraid, lest the House itself should whisper some Discovery! Does she not tremble at the Remembrance of the conscious Walls, and of that fatal, that mournful Night! But let me return to the Charge itself: Though at the Mention of that great, that brave Man, the Tears I shed have weakened my Expression, and the Grief I feel disorders my Senses.

BUT still it is not said whence this Poison came, and how it was prepared. They tell us that it was entrusted to *Publius Licinius*, a virtuous modest young Man, and the Friend of *Cælius*; that an Appointment was made with the Slaves, that they should come to the *Senian*<sup>b</sup>

*Bath*;

<sup>b</sup> The *Senian*, or the *Xepian* Baths, were used by Strangers.

*Bath*; that *Licinius* was likewise to come thither, and deliver to them the Box with the Poison. Here I first ask, To what Purpose could it serve to carry it to the appointed Place? Why did not these Slaves come to the House of *Cælius*? If so great Intimacy, so great an Intercourse subsisted betwixt *Cælius* and *Clodia*, what Suspicion could it have raised, if the Lady's Slave had been seen at his House? But if Aversion began now to get the better, their Intimacy was at an End, and the Breach proclaimed. This, this was the Source of all this mighty Concern, of all this Guilt, and of all these Crimes. Nay but, says our Antagonist, when the Slaves discovered to the Lady the Affair, and the criminal Practices of *Cælius*, from the abundance of her Cunning, she ordered them to promise him every thing. But that she might have plain Proofs of the Poison when delivered by *Licinius*, she ordered the *Senian Bath* to be the Place appointed, that she might send some Friends thither to lye in Ambush, that when *Licinius* should come in order to deliver the Poison, they might rush out and seize him.

I THINK,

I THINK, my Lords, there is a very easy Method of confuting all these Allegations. Why should she pitch upon the public Baths, where I don't think there is any Conveniency where Gentlemen in full Dress can be hid? For if they were placed in the Entrance of the Bath, they must be seen; but if they were to thrust themselves into the inner Part, that must be very incommodious for Persons who had on Shoes and upper Garments; and they might not have been admitted, unless perhaps that powerful Lady had trucked her Farthing-Hire with the Bagnio-Keeper, and wheedled herself into his good Graces. And indeed I was mighty full of Expectation that I should know who these *good Men and true* are, who are said to be the Evidences that are to prove to a Demonstration the seizing of this Poisón; for as yet none of them are named. But I don't doubt but they are Men of great Weight; first, as they are intimate with such ~~as to stop~~ <sup>as to stop</sup> a Lady;

\* There are in History a great many Keys to this Passage. One is, that *Clodia* was bilked by a young Fellow, who put her off with Farthings instead of Pieces of Gold, and hence she was nicknamed *Quadrantaria*. But as the Original has *Quadrantaria Permutatione*, it would appear, as I have here translated it, to allude to the *Bagnio-Keeper* trucking his Hire, which was a *Quadrans*, or a Farthing for every one who used his Bath, for her's, which was the same for every one who used her Body. This makes the Sense clear and consistent, and the Satire extremely cutting.

a Lady; secondly, since they had undertaken to squeeze themselves into a Bath, a Favour, that with all the Interest she has, she never could have obtained, but from Men of the strictest Honour, and the most consummate Dignity. But what do I talk of the Dignity of such Witnesses? You have a Proof of their Valour and Fidelity. They lurked in a Bag-nio<sup>4</sup>. Admirable Witnesses indeed! Then they rushed out rashly. Very grave Fellows upon my Word! For thus they have cooked up their Story, "He held the Box in his Hand; he made an Essay to give it away, but before he could do it, these noble nameless Witnesses of a sudden started out; but that as *Licinius* was stretching his Hand out to deliver the Box, he drew it back; and the Surprize which these Gentlemen's sudden Appearance gave him, made him run away." Great is the Power of Truth, which of herself easily prevails against all the Abilities, the Cunning, the Industry of Mankind, and against all the Plots of confederated Malice.

BUT

<sup>4</sup> This was very mean among the *Romans*, and presents us now with a very humourous Description of the Absurdity and Folly of the Charge against *Cælius*.

BUT all this idle Tale of that Female Dabler in old poetical Chimeras<sup>c</sup>, how loose, how improbable, how inextricably perplext is it? For how could so many Men, for they could not be few, both that the seizing *Licinius* might be done with Ease, and that the Thing might be proved by a Cloud of Witnesses, suffer *Licinius* to slip out of their Hands? Where was the Difficulty of taking him when he drew back in delivering the Box, more than if he had delivered it? For they were placed there to lay hold on *Licinius*, that he might be taken in the Fact, either with the Poison about him, or after he had delivered it. This was all the Woman aimed at: This was all which they whom she employed had to do. Nor indeed can I imagine why you should say that they jumped out too rashly and too hastily. This was the only Thing required of them; for this Purpose were they placed there, that the Poison, the Plot, in short, the Villainy of the whole Contrivance

<sup>c</sup> The Original has it, *Verum hæc tata fabella veteris & plurimarum fabularum poëtriaæ. A Poëtria;* was a female Dabler in Poetry, who knew just so much of it as served to expose her Ignorance in Company. But Cicero here applies the Character of *Clodia*, her adopting the ridiculous Inconsistence of poetic Conceits to a Plot, by which the Liberty of a Roman Gentleman was to be affected.

trivance might appear to a Demonstration. Could they have rushed out at a better Time, than when *Licinius* came in, than while he held the Box of Poison in his Hand? For had he actually delivered it to the Slaves, the Lady's Friends would have instantly started out of the Bath and seized *Licinius*; he would then have protested on his Honour, and have denied that he had delivered that Box; and if he had, how could they have convicted him? Would they have said that they saw him? In the first place, they must have run the risque of being themselves convicted of a very heinous Crime; then they must have affirmed that they saw what, from the Place where they were hid, it was impossible they could see. It follows therefore, that they discovered themselves at the very Instant when *Licinius* came, when he was producing the Box, when he was stretching out his Hand, when he was delivering the Poison. This then was the unravelling not of a Play, but of a Farce<sup>1</sup>, in which, when there

<sup>1</sup> In the Original, *Mimi ergo est jam exitus non fabulae.* The *Mimus* was a kind of *Harlequinade*, expressive of very indecent Postures. They were generally acted extempore, and gave Rise, to the *Italian* Harlequins, whose Scenes were originally all acted extempore, as indeed all their Comedies were. In the *Mimus* there was no Manner of Connection or Plot; nothing hung together, and as soon as the Players were out of their Part, or

there is no Meaning, a Fellow slips out of their Hands, the Castanets <sup>s</sup> rattle, and the Curtain <sup>h</sup> is drawn.

LET me therefore ask why the Ladies Detachment suffered *Licinius*, while was was wavering, uncertain, retreating, endeavouring to make off, to escape out of their Hands, why did they not seize him? Why did they not prove to the strongest Conviction, by his own Confession, to the Eyes of many, and upon the very Face of the Thing itself, a Crime so heinous in its Nature? Were they afraid, so many against one; the Strong against the Feeble; the Brisk against the dispirited, that they could not get the better? There is no Connection in the Thing, not a single Circumstance supports the Allegation, nor could the Crime be ever brought to an Issue. This whole Cause therefore is transferred from Arguments, from Presumptions, from those

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their Humour run aground, then the Harlequin, or the principal Actor, who was generally a very active nimble Fellow, took to his Heels, and the rest going off in Pursuit of him, left the Stage clear. This therefore was a very happy Comparison, which *Cicero* here falls upon.

<sup>s</sup> In the Original it is, *Scabilla concrepant*. These *Scabilla* were a kind of wooden Castenets, which was the Signal for the Scenes being closed.

<sup>h</sup> The Romans had a Curtain too in their Plays, which run across the Stage.

Circumstances by which the Truth is usually cleared up to the Evidence of Witnesses, such Witnesses<sup>i</sup>, my Lords, as I wait for without the least Apprehension, nay, with some Hope of Delight.

My Imagination longs to see, first the neat young Gentlemen, the Gallants of a rich, noble Lady, and then those Heroes posted by their She-Commander in Ambush, and keeping Garrison in a Bagnio. Let me ask then how, or in what Manner, they were concealed? Sure it must be a Cavity, or a Trojan Horse<sup>k</sup>, which admitted and concealed such a Number of invincible Heroes, who were listed to fight a Lady's Quarrel. I will oblige them to declare one Thing; Why so many and so brave Fellows did not either as he was standing, seize, or as he was flying, pursue one Person unattended, and, as ye perceive, unable to resist. This, take my Word, they can never be

<sup>i</sup> Cicero's Argument hereafter proving, as before, the Absurdity of the whole, is extremely conclusive. If, says he, the Whole of this Affair is void of all Probability; full of gross Contradictions and Inconsistencies, it is in vain to support it by oral Proof: for no Witness can make such a Cause the better by swearing to a Fact that is absolutely not only improbable but contradictory; such a Witness may convince one that he himself is perjured, but not that the Fact is true.

<sup>k</sup> This is another beautiful and happy Allusion of our Author's by glancing on the Character of *Clodia*, as if resembling that of *Helen*, and comparing the Whole to the Story of the *Trojan Horse*.

be able to account for, if they shall appear in this Court. I will give them leave to be as facetious and as witty as they please<sup>1</sup>, nay, to be even eloquent over their Cups: But the Practice at the Bar and at the Boards is different; the Arguments urged before a Bench are not the same with those on a Couch. Judges make a different Appearance from Rioters; and in short, the Light of the Sun is of another Nature than that of Lamps. Therefore, if they shall appear, we shall soon rub off all their Effeminacy, and all their Impertinence. But if they take my Advice, they will play another Game, they will make other Court, they will display their Talents in another Business. Let their Finery make a Figure in that Lady's Train. Let them out-spend every body else. Let them loiter, let them lie, let them dance Attendance; but let them not attack the Life and Fortune of an innocent Man.

BUT it is said that these Slaves are made free by the Advice of Relations, Men of the

O 2      greatest

<sup>1</sup> This is a just and beautiful Picture of Nature, in all Ages and Countries, where the Thoughtless and Unheeding, in Affairs of great Consequence, are very useless; but very diverting over a Bottle, or at an Entertainment. Cicero does not blame them for this Character; but if they want Sense and Wit, he addresses them not to want Humanity and Good-nature likewise.

greatest Eminence and Quality. At length it seems we have an Instance, in which this Lady is said to have done somewhat by the Advice and Approbation of her Relations, who are Men of Spirit and Resolution. But I should be glad to know, what is proved by this Manumission, whereby a Crime is either forged against *Cælius*, or an Opportunity of putting them to the Question taken away, or a reasonable Reward paid to Slaves, who are Masters of a great many Secrets. But the Relations were pleased with this Step: How should they be otherwise, since you yourself own that you communicated it to them not as a Story brought by others to you, but a Discovery of your own? Are we to be surprized if a Story detestably obscene arose out of this fictitious Box? But nothing can be imagined too bad for such a Woman to do. The Thing is talked of, and in every body's Mouth. You now, my Lords, conceive what I incline, or rather what I don't incline to say. If such a thing was done, it is certain it was not done by *Cælius*. For what End of his could it serve? It has therefore been done perhaps, by some young Fellow, who has more of the Rake than the Fool in him. But if it is all an Imposition, though it is indeed an immodest, yet  
it

it is a diverting Fiction, yet it never could have met with any Countenance from the Opinion or Talk of the World, were it not that there is no Species of infamous Scandal, which does not appear to be suitable to her Character.

My Lords, I have now gone through and finished my Defence. You now understand the Importance of this Trial, and the Affair under your Consideration. You now proceed upon the Law relating to Violence; a Law that regards our Empire, our Majesty, our Country's Welfare, and the common Safety; a Law <sup>m</sup> carried through by *Quintus Catulus*<sup>n</sup>, during an armed Dissention among our Citizens, when the Liberty of this Republic seemed on the Point of expiring, and a Law, which after the Combustion raised in my Consulate was quieted, extinguished the smoaking Remains of treasonable Conspiracy. Upon this Law the Youth of *Cælius* is demanded to fall a Sacrifice, not to the Justice of his Country, but to the Lusts and Lewdness of a Woman,

O 3

AND

<sup>m</sup> This was the *Lex Plautia de vi*; which comprehended all Riots, and all Attacks upon the public Peace.

<sup>n</sup> It was *Catulus* who was Consul when this Law was passed; but it having passed after great Opposition, it was called after the Name of *Quintus Plautius*, the Tribune of the People, who brought it in.

AND even from this Place the Condemnation of *Marcus Camurtus* and *Cesernus* <sup>o</sup>, are brought as Precedents. What monstrous Folly, or rather Impudence, is this? Dare you venture, in parting from the Company of that Woman, to mention the Names of these Men? Dare you revive the Remembrance of such an infamous Crime, a Remembrance that Time has not extinguished, but only impaired? For upon what Charge, and for what Guilt were they condemned? Why, for being the Instruments of this Woman's Resentment, by making an infamous Assault upon the Body of *Vettius*. Therefore that the Name of *Vettius* might be heard in this Cause, that an old idle Story <sup>p</sup> might be furbished up a-new, the Case

of

<sup>o</sup> It is plain that these two Men had been condemned by the Statute against Riots, for being Accessary to the Murder of the Alexandrian Envoys.

There is likewise great Reason to believe, that they were two infamous Instruments employed by *Clodia*, for violating the Chastity of one *Vettius*, who obstinately refusing to gratify her criminal Desires, incurred her Displeasure and fierce Resentment.

<sup>p</sup> In the Original it is, *Afrania Fabula*. Commentators have a great many Conjectures upon this Passage: The Principal are, That it alludes to one *Affranus* a Poet, who dealt much in Obscenities, but had a good deal of Wit. Others, that it alludes to *Caia Afrania*, a Woman famous for her Impudence, and a Dabler in Poetry. We are told by *Valerius Maximus*, that she was Wife to *Lucinius Bructio*; that she never was out of Law Scraps; but that she always pleaded her own Cause before the Praetor, which she did with so loud a Loquaciousness, that her Name

of *Camurtus* and *Cesernus* is revived, who though they were in reality not guilty upon the Law against Violence, yet were so involved in that Crime, that it appeared it was impossible to extricate or disentangle them from the Snares of the Law.

BUT why is *Marcus Cælius* brought here upon his Trial? He to whose Charge no Crime is laid, that can properly come within the Description of this Law; nor any Crime of any other Kind, which, though without the Meaning of the Law, is within the Reach of your Justice. In his Dawn of Life he applied to that Learning and these Arts, by which we are trained to the Practice of the Forum, to the Service of our Country, to the Attainment of Honour<sup>4</sup>, Glory, and Dignity. He enjoyed

O 4 the

Name became proverbial, especially in the *Forum*. She must have been a very notable Woman, for she lived to a good old Age, and, as we understand, retained her loquacious Talent to the last.

<sup>1</sup> The original Passage here, may be well worth the Reader's Consideration, as it will serve to fix in his Mind the determined Sense of certain Words, which every where occur in our Author; and which, without due Attention, appear to be synonymous. The Expression in the Original is, *Ad honorem, gloriam, dignitatem.* Homer, in this Passage, and all similar Passages in our Author, signifies an external Mark of Respect paid to an Object, by bowing the Knee, the Hand, &c. *Laus* implies a secret Respect, which is not expressed in Words, as *Laudatio* does that which is expressed by Words. *Gloria* is a Renown for great and signal Actions, which Renown is attended with Respect for the Performer. *Dignitas* is applied to a Person who unites all these in himself.

the Friendship of those who were more advanced in Years than himself, whose Application and Modesty he designed as the chief Patterns of his Conduct; and in his Intimacy with his Equals, he seemed to pursue Praise, in the Paths which had been trod by the best and the greatest of Men.

WHEN Years had added a little more Strength to his Person, he went to *Africa*, where he served under the immediate Inspection of the Proconsul *Quintus Pompeius*<sup>1</sup>, a Person of the severest Integrity, and the strictest Observer of every Duty in Life. In this Province, where his Father had some Effects and Estates, he acquired that *provincial* Experience which our Ancestors<sup>2</sup> thought proper for all young Gentlemen of his Age. He left it highly approved

<sup>1</sup> In the Original it is, *Quinto Pompeio Proconsuli contubernalis*. It is uncertain, whether our Author means here, that his Client lived in the same Tent, or was in the Retinue of *Quintus Pompeius*; or if he does not mean only that he served in the same Camp; for the Word *contubernialis* will imply all. It is most probable, that he means no more than that he was a Kind of Pupil to the Proconsul, who took care while they were encamped to have him always under his Eye.

<sup>2</sup> No Part of the *Roman* Polity was more commendable than the Care they took in the Education of their Children. As every *Roman* was intitled to the highest Posts in the Government, so the Parents, who were able to afford it, as in the Case here of *Cælius*, qualified their Sons by early initiating them into that Course of Life, in which their Ambition might one Day be gratified.

of by Pompey, as you will learn from himself. He was ambitious from old Precedents, after the Example of those young Men, who have afterwards appeared our greatest Heroes, and our most eminent Citizens, that he might signalize his Parts before the People of *Rome*, by the Impeachment of some illustrious Offender<sup>t</sup>.

I COULD have wished that his Passion for Glory had led him into some other Course; but these Complaints are now over; he impeached my unfortunate Colleague, *C. Antonius*<sup>u</sup>, to whom an eminent Service to his Country was unavailing; but the Notion of intended Treason proved prejudicial. He afterwards yielded to none of his Equals, either as to the Multiplicity of his Affairs in the Forum, of Business and Causes which he managed for his Friends, or in the Affections and Esteem

of

<sup>t</sup> This one should think now, an ungrateful ill-natured Way of rising to Power; yet there was nothing recommended a *Roman* Patriot more to his Fellow Citizens, than a frequent Exercise of the Right of impeaching illustrious Offenders. The Nature of their Laws very much favoured this Practice, and it was very difficult for the greatest Men amongst them to skreen themselves from a Prosecution, however easy it might be, by corrupting the Judges, or the People, for them to be acquitted.

<sup>u</sup> This was the same *Antony* who was *Cicero's* Colleague at the Time of *Catiline's* Conspiracy, whom *Cælius* accused of corrupt Practices upon *Antony's* returning from the Province of *Macedonia*, where he had been Proconsul.

of his Relations. Advantages, which, as they can be attained only by the Vigilant, the Sober, and the Industrious, so he gained them all by Labour and Diligence.

IN this, what we may call the *Turn* \* of Life, for I will conceal nothing, as I have the greatest Dependance upon your Good-nature and Wisdom, the Career of his youthful Glory met with a small Rub, from his new Acquaintance with a Lady, unhappily his Neighbour, and himself unpractised in Pleasures, which when a little too long confined, checked, or curbed in the Beginning of Life, sometimes all of a sudden pour themselves out, and break forth with all their Force. From this Life, or let me rather say from this Scandal, (for there was a great deal more Talk about it than it deserved) or from whatever it might be, he emerged, he wholly raised himself above it; and so far is he now from deserving the Infamy of her Familiarity,

that

\* Orig. *In hoc flexu quasi etatis.* This is a beautiful Allusion to the turning the Goal in the Races of Chariots during the Exhibition of public Shows. As the Turning is that Part of the Career which requires the most Address to manage, so in the Career of Life, there are certain Turns, especially betwixt Youth and Manhood, in which it requires great Address to avoid meeting with a Rub.

that he buffets the Stream of her Spite and Malice.

AND that he might quite wipe away every Imputation of Effeminacy and Sloth, he did a Thing much against my Inclination and my Endeavours to prevent it, yet he did it; he impeached a Friend of mine of Corruption. After he was acquitted he renewed the Charge; he minded none of us: He is more hot than I could wish him to be. But I don't speak with regard to his Wisdom, which is seldom possessed by one of his Years; I speak of the Impetuosity of his Spirit, his Eagerness to get the better, and the Passion of his Soul for Glory; all which, with Men of our Years, ought to be more confined; but in Youth, as in Vegetation, they prognosticate what a Ripe-ness of Virtue, and what a plentiful Harvest is to spring from their Industry. And indeed young Men of great Genius have need rather of a Curb from, than a Spur to Glory at that Age, if it be fed by Applause, from their eminent Parts a great deal more is to be lopped than ingrafted. Therefore if *Cælius* appears too fiery, too fierce, too head-strong, either in creating or prosecuting his Animosities; if the most Inconsiderable here are in the least disgusted

disgusted by the Splendor of his Habit<sup>x</sup>, the Numbers of his Friends, the Richness of his Equipage, and the Delicacy of his Person, let me tell them, that all these will soon subside, Age, and a certain Period of Life, will soon correct them.

PRESERVE therefore, my Lords, to the Service of his Country, a Citizen whose Accomplishments are virtuous, whose Principles are virtuous, and whose Friendships are virtuous. This will I promise to you; and for this do I answer to my Country, provided I myself have given Satisfaction to the State, that his Conduct shall be never different from Time. This I promise both on account of the Dependance I have on his Friendship, and because he has laid himself under the severest Obligations to fulfil it.

FOR it is impossible that he who has impeached a Man of Consular Dignity upon a Violation

<sup>x</sup> The Romans generally, when they appeared under Trial, wore very mean Habits. It is uncertain whether Cicero means to obviate a Prejudice which might lie against Cælius, who perhaps was very gaily dressed upon his Trial, or if it was to excuse him for the general Delicacy and Luxury for which he was distinguished.

The Expression in the Original is *purpuræ genus*; for the Romans minded more the Colour and Brightness of their Cloaths, than the Fineness of the Materials which composed them.

Violation of the Laws of his Country, should be a turbulent Subject of the State. It is impossible that he, who would not suffer the same Person to go free after he was acquitted, should ever himself with Impunity employ the Arts of Corruption. The Common-wealth, my Lords, has of *Marcus Cælius* two Impeachments, as Hostages that he will never endanger her, and as Pledges that he will always serve her. Therefore, I beg and conjure you, my Lords, that in the City in which within these few Days *Sextus Clodius*<sup>7</sup> was acquitted, whom for two Years ye have seen either the Tool or the Leader of Sedition, who with his own Hand burnt down a consecrated Temple, the Register of *Rome*, and the Archives of her Government, a Man destitute, dis honourable, desperate, inconstant, and inconsiderable ; whose Mouth, whose Tongue, whose Hand has been polluted through all his Life ; who destroyed the Monument of *Catulus*, demolished my House, burnt that of my Brother ; who in the Palatium, and in the View of all *Rome*, raised the Slaves to massacre our Citizens, and burn the City. Do not in the same City suffer him to be acquitted through

<sup>7</sup> This is the same we read so much of in the Oration for *Milo*.

through the Interest, and *Marcus Cælius* to be sacrificed to the Lusts of a Woman, lest it should appear that the same Woman, and her *Husband-Brother*<sup>2</sup>, have had the Interest to deliver a scandalous Ruffian, and to ruin a most excellent young Man.

AND while you view his Youth, do you place before your Eyes the stooping Age of this wretched old Man, propt by this his only Son, hoping nothing but for him, fearing nothing but on his Account. Support him, if ever ye knew the Duties of a Son, if ever ye felt the Earnings of a Parent now imploring your Mercy, submitting to your Power, and here prostrate, not to sooth your Pride, but to touch your Compassion. Let the Sorrows which both feel, awaken within you every Sentiment of filial Piety, and every Pang of paternal Love. Let not, my Lords, your Severity, sooner than his own Destiny, destroy the one, who by the Course of Nature is now dropping into Dissolution; nor let it, like a nipping Wind, or sudden Blast, blight the other just blooming.

PRE-

\* This is a bitter Sneer upon *Claudius*, whom our Author elsewhere calls a *Jupiter*, for his having the same Woman both a Sister and a Wife.

The rest of this Peroration is so extremely beautiful, that it is no Wonder the Event was favourable to *Cælius*, who was acquitted.

PRESERVE the Son to the Parent ; the Parent to the Son ; thus shall ye not appear to have despised an old Age now almost hopeless and helpless, and to have refused to cherish, nay, to have nipped and blasted a Youth of the most promising Hopes, whom if you preserve to yourselves, to his Friends, to his Country, you preserve a Man devoted, dedicated, attached to you and your Children ; and you, my Lords, you shall chiefly reap the mature and lasting Fruits of all his Toils, and all his Labours.



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THE

YON CAMPAGNE

As I said , when I told of my last interview  
with the King at Hampton Court on the  
Delegated Session when we had no soldiers  
friends or soldiers even at his disposal  
but to the King's half-brother Edward even  
when he was very ill and in great distress  
and after much trouble and difficulty  
the Council of State and the Council  
of War ; and when the King  
had been told that the King of  
France had sent him a thousand men  
and the King said He is not fit to



THE



## THE

# A R G U M E N T.

OUR Author has in the following Oration so copiously treated the Subject upon which it was pronounced; that there is very little either Occasion or Room for an Argument. It may be sufficient to inform the Reader, that he will find Cicero in this Oration talking in a very different Strain from what he does in some of the preceding. Cæsar was now dead, and Cicero commenced a firm intrepid Patriot. As such he opposed Anthony, whom he thought the most dangerous and likely Man to pursue and finish Cæsar's Designs. Accordingly the Intention of this Oration, which was pronounced in the Senate, was to put the Senate upon its Guard against Anthony, who was jealous that our Author's Interest might very much influence the Senate against him.

*This Oration was pronounced in the Year of Rome 709, and of our Author's Age 63.*



M. T.

C I C E R O's  
F I R S T  
O R A T I O N  
A G A I N S T  
M. A N T O N I U S.

**B**EFORE I touch<sup>2</sup>, Fathers Conscript, upon these public Concerns, which I now intend to submit to your Consideration, I shall in a few Words lay before you my Conduct both in my Departure and my Return.

WHEN

<sup>2</sup> Our Author here, does not as he commonly does, introduce his Oration with an Exordium; this Oration being of the deliberative Kind: And *Cicero* knew that the Hearers came prepared for the Occasion, and were apprized of the Importance of the Case.

WHEN I had some Grounds to hope that the Government was at last reverted to your Order and Authority, I determined to remain on a kind of a Consular and Senatorial Watch<sup>b</sup>; nor did I once go off my Post, nor did I once call off my Eyes from the Concerns of my Country, ever since the Day on which we met in the Temple of *Tellus*, where I did all I could to lay the Foundation of Peace, and for that Purpose I revived an ancient Usage of the *Athenians*. I likewise adopted the *Greek* Term, formerly used by that People in composing the Commotions of their City; and I delivered my Sentiments for burying all Remembrance of Civil Discord in perpetual Oblivion.

SPECIOUS on that Occasion was the Language of *Marcus Antonius*<sup>c</sup>, strong was his  
P 2 public

<sup>b</sup> This has an Allusion to a Soldier's standing Centry, and observing a particular Post or Charge. Such a Manner has a prodigious Influence upon the Hearers, and no body who reads it now, but must be touched with the pathetic Sentiment that it contains.

<sup>c</sup> After *Cæsar's* Death, *Anthony* managed with great Address, and even out-witted our Author, and the other Friends of the republican System of Government. He pretended a mighty Zeal for the Liberties of *Rome*, and appeared so warm, that he not only out-did the greatest Patriots in Zeal, but sent his only Son as a Pledge to the Conspirators, of their being in Safety to come to the Senate.

public Spirit; and a Reconciliation with our  
~~and a spirit of change and bad I was most~~

Our Shakespeare has wonderfully hit on the Character of *Anthony*, in his celebrated Play of *Julius Cæsar*; which, as it may be a Key to the Reader in the following Orations, I shall here transcribe.

*After Cæsar is killed, Anthony is introduced.*

*Ant.* O mighty *Cæsar*, dost thou lie so low?  
 Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphs, Spoils,  
 Shrunk to this little Measure? — Fare thee well.  
 I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend,  
 Who else must be let Blood? Who else is rank?  
 If I myself, there is no Hour so fit,  
 As *Cæsar's* Death's Hour; nor no Instruments  
 Of half that Worth as those your Swords made rich  
 With the most noble Blood of all this World.  
 I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,  
 Now, whilst your purpled Hands do reek and smoke,  
 Fulfil your Pleasure. Live a thousand Years,  
 I shall not find myself so apt to die:  
 No Place will please me so, no Mean of Death,  
 As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,  
 The choice and master Spirits of this Age.

*Bru.* O *Anthony*! beg not your Death of us:  
 Tho' now we must appear bloody and cruel;  
 As, by our Hands, and this our present Act,  
 You see we do; yet see you but our Hands,  
 And this the bleeding Busines they have done:  
 Our Hearts you see not, they are pitiful;  
 (And Pity to the general Wrong of *Rome*  
 As Fire drives out Fire, so Pity Pity)  
 Hath done this Deed on *Cæsar*: For your Part,  
 To you our Swords have leaden Points, *Mark Anthony*;  
 Our Arms exempt from Malice, and our Heart  
 Of Brother's Temper, do receive you in  
 With all kind Love, good Thoughts, and Reverence.  
*Caf.* Your Voice shall be as strong as any Man's  
 In the disposing of new Dignities.

*Bru.* Only be patient till we have appeas'd  
 The Multitude, beside themselves with Fear;  
 And then we will deliver you the Cause,  
 Why I; that did love *Cæsar* when I struck him,  
 Proceeded thus.

*Ant.* —— I doubt not of your Wisdom.  
 Let each Man render me his bloody Hand;

most worthy Citizens, was confirmed by him  
and his Children. Every thing that then fol-

P 3

lowed

First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you ;  
Next, *Caius Cassius*, do I take your Hand ;  
Now, *Decius Brutus*, yours ; now yours, *Metellus* ;  
Yours, *Cinna* ; and, my valiant *Cæsa* , yours ;  
Tho' last, not least in Love, yours, good *Trebонius*.

Gentlemen all—alas, what shall I say ?

My Credit now stands on such slippery Ground,  
That one of two bad Ways you must conceit me ;  
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.

That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, oh, 'tis true ;  
If then thy Spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy Death,  
To see thy *Anthony* making his Peace,  
Shaking the bloody Fingers of thy Foes,  
Most Noble ! in the Presence of thy Corpse ?  
Had I as many Eyes, as thou hast Wounds,  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy Blood,  
It would become me better, than to close  
In Terms of Friendship, with thine Enemies.

Pardon me, *Julius*,—here wast thou bay'd, brave Hart ;  
Here didst thou fall, and here thy Hunters stand  
Sign'd in thy Spoil, and crimson'd in thy Death.  
O World ! thou wast the Forest to this Hart ;  
And this, indeed, O World, the Heart of thee.  
How like a Deer, stricken by many Princes,  
Dost thou here lie ?

*Cæs. Mark Anthony.* —————

*Ant.* Pardon me, *Caius Cassius* ;  
The Enemies of *Cæsar* will say this ;  
Then in a Friend, it is cold Modesty.

*Cæs.* I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* so ;  
But what Compact mean you to have with us ?  
Will you be prick'd in Number of our Friends,  
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your Hands ; but was indeed  
Sway'd from the Point, by looking down on *Cæsar*.  
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,  
Upon this Hope, that you shall give me Reasons,  
Why, and wherein *Cæsar* was dangerous.

*Brut.* Or else this was a savage Spectacle.  
Our Reasons are so full of good Regard,  
That we e you *Anthony*, the Son of *Cæsar*,

You

lowed was agreeable to this Beginning. He  
sum-

You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That's all I feek ;  
And am moreover Suitor, that I may  
Produce his Body to the Market-place,  
And in the Pulpit, as becomes a Friend,  
Speak in the Order of his Funeral.

*Brut.* You shall, *Mark Anthony.*

*Cas.* *Brutus,* a Word with you —————  
You know not what you do ; do not consent  
That *Anthony* speak in his Funeral.  
Know you, how much the People may be mov'd  
By that which he will utter ?

*Brut.* By your Pardon,  
I will myself into the Pulpit first,  
And shew the Reason of our *Cæsar's* Death.  
What *Anthony* shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by Leave, and by Permission ;  
And that we are contented, *Cæsar* shall  
Have all due Rites, and lawful Ceremonies ;  
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

*Cas.* I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

*Bru.* *Mark Anthony,* take you *Cæsar's* Body :  
You shall not in your Funeral Speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of *Cæsar* ;  
And say you do't by our Permission :  
Else should you not have any Hand at all  
About his Funeral. And you shall speak  
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my Speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so :  
I do desire no more.

*Brut.* Prepare the Body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conspirators.*]

*Manet Anthony.*

*Ant.* O pardon me, thou bleeding Piece of Earth !  
That I am meek and gentle with these Butchers.  
Thou art the Ruins of the noblest Man,  
That ever lived in the Tide of Times.  
Woe to the Hand that shed this costly Blood !  
Over thy Wounds now do I prophesy,  
(Which, like dumb Mouths, do ope their Ruby Lips,  
To beg the Voice and Utterance of my Tongue)

A Curse

summoned the principal <sup>d</sup> Members of the State to assist at the Consultations which he held in his House upon the public Emergencies. To this Assembly he made excellent Proposals; nor at that Time was there any thing discovered in *Cæsar's Journals* <sup>e</sup>, but what every body knew of, and he answered every Question put to him with the greatest Gravity and Consistence.

P 4

ARE

A Curse shall light upon the Limbs of Men;  
 Domestic Fury, and fierce civil Strife,  
 Shall cumber all the Parts of *Italy*;  
 Blood and Destruction shall be so in use,  
 And dreadful Objects so familiar,  
 That Mothers shall but smile when they behold  
 Their Infants quartered by the Hands of War:  
 All Pity choak'd with Custom of fell Deeds;  
 And *Cæsar's* Spirit, ranging for Revenge,  
 With *Ate* by his Side, come hot from Hell,  
 Shall in these Confines, with a Monarch's Voice,  
 Cry Havock, and let slip the Dogs of War;  
 That this foul Deed shall smell above the Earth  
 With carrion Men, groaning for Burial.

<sup>d</sup> In the Latin it is *Principes Civitatis*. Cicero very often uses the Word *Princeps*; but always when applied in a political Sense to signify a leading Man. However, as it was a technical Kind of Word, it may not be amiss to give here his own Definition of it in his Oration for *Sextius*.

*Horum (optimatum) qui voluntati commodis, opinioni, in gubernanda republica serviant, defensores optimatum ipsique optimatus gravissimi & clarissimi cives nominantur & Principes Civitatis.*

<sup>e</sup> Our Author here seems to play upon the Word *Commentaries* alluding to the History which *Cæsar* wrote under that Denomination. Perhaps, if the English Language had not already adopted the Word *Commentaries* to signify the History of *Cæsar*, this might have been as well translated *Memoirs*.

ARE any Exiles restored? One<sup>f</sup>, answered he, and but one. Are any Immunities granted? None, said he. He even wanted that we should agree to the Motion made by the illustrious *Servius Sulpitius*, that no Bill, containing either a Decree or a Grant of *Caius Cæsar*, after the Ides of March, should be posted up. I pass over many other illustrious Actions; For I now hurry on to mention an unparalleled Action of *Marcus Antonius*. He utterly abolished out of the Constitution the *Dictatorship*, which had for some Time possessed itself of Regal Power. Upon this Point we did not so much as declare our Sentiments. He produced an Act of the Senate ready drawn up in the Manner in which he wanted it

<sup>f</sup> This Person was *Sextus Clodius*, whom we heard so much of in the Oration for *Milo*: It seems he was living in Banishment in the Time of *Cæsar's Dictatorship*, having been found guilty upon the Law against Riots at the Time of that famous Trial. (See *Aesonius's Argument*, and the Oration for *Milo*.) We have a Key to the History of his being recalled in the 14th Book of the Epistles to *Atticus*, where we meet with a Letter from *Anthony* while Consul, to *Cicero*, by which it appears that *Cicero* had applied to *Anthony* for his good Offices with *Cæsar*, for *Clodius* being recalled from Banishment. The Passage is as follows:

*Ut Cæsare petes ut Sextum Clodium restituueret; impetravi; erat mibi in animo etiam tuum, sic uti beneficio, si tu concessisses quo magis labore, ut tua voluntate id per me facere nunç liceat.*

" You beg of *Cæsar*, says he, that he would recall *Sextus Clodius*; I have obtained it; I had such a Thing in my Thoughts even when you applied, provided, you had given Consent; I labour now the more earnestly for it; as I now can do it with your Leave."

it should pass ; which being read, we zealously and implicitly complied with his Motion, and by another Act we returned him Thanks in the most magnificent Terms. A certain Beam of Light now seemed to spring by the Abolition not of Royalty only, to which we had actually been subjected, but by delivering us from the Dread of its ever being restored. Great was the Pledge which he gave to his Country, of his being willing that she should retain her Liberty, since he utterly eradicated out of the State the very Name of Dictator, though it had been often legal ; so great was his Abhorrence of the late perpetual Dictatorship.

THE Senate, a few Days after, seemed to be free from every Apprehension of Bloodshed. The Fugitive Impostor, who had usurped the Name of *Caius Marius*, was dragged by the Hook to Execution<sup>¶</sup>. These Transactions were

<sup>¶</sup> There is a very contemptuous Expression here in the Original: *Uncus impactus est, a Hook was drove into him*; alluding to the Ignominy of dragging a very obscure Offender, who was a Prisoner of State, by a Hook to the *Scalæ Gemonianæ*, and hurling him into the *Tyber*. This was sometimes performed in Effigy. We read of a very wicked Minister being served in that Manner. *Juvenal*, speaking, Sat. x. of *Sejanus*.

*Pone domi lauros, duc in capitolia magnum  
Cretatumque bovem; Sejanus ducitur unco,  
Spelæandus.*

This

were carried on in common with his Colleague; the rest were done by *Dolabella* only; but had *Antonius* been present, I am persuaded they would have been in common to both. For when an universal Contagion<sup>h</sup> had insinuated itself into the City, and was daily extending its infectious Influence, and the very Men who had performed a *Funeral* without an *Interment*<sup>i</sup>, were erecting a Monument in the *Forum*; and desperate Citizens, with Slaves of the same Dispositions, threatened every Day louder and louder the Destructions of the Buildings

This somewhat resembles our Execution in Effigy. *Horace* mentions, Lib. i. Ode 31. the *Uncus Severus*. *Juvenal* again, Sat. 13. the *Uncus nigri Carceris*. *Ovid* in *Ibim*.

*Carnifisciisque manus populo plaudente traberis  
Inflexisque tuis ossibus uncus erit.*

<sup>h</sup> The History alluded to here, is as follows: After *Cæsar's* Death, the Populace hearing of the Donations he had bequeathed, and artfully spirited up by certain Agents perhaps of *Anthony*, idolized his Memory. For this Purpose they reared a Pillar twenty Feet high in the *Forum*, and inscribed to PARENTI PATRIÆ: On this Pillar they sacrificed for a long Time; made Vows before it; and decided certain Law-Suits by one of the Parties swearing by the Name of *Cæsar*. But as these were but the very Dregs of the People, *Dolabella*, who was at that Time Colleague with *Anthony* in the Consulate, razed the Pillar to the Ground; those Slaves who had been instrumental in rearing and worshipping it, he crucified, and the Citizens he threw from the *Tarpeian Rock*.

<sup>i</sup> The People tumultuously, as the Faction of *Clodius* had done before, (see the Oration for *Milo*) burned the Body of *Cæsar* with the Forms and Seats, &c. which they plucked from the Courts of Justice that surrounded the *Forum*. Thus, though the Body of *Cæsar* had a Burial, yet it had not those Rites performed which constituted a *Funeral*.

Buildings and Temples of this City; yet so strict was the Eyes that *Dolabella* kept, both on the profligate Insolence of the Slaves, and the unnatural Pollution of the Citizens; and such the Resolution he discovered on demolishing the execrable Pillar they had erected, that to me it is surprising a subsequent Conduct should be so little of a Piece with the Transaction of that single Day.

FOR behold, by the first of *June*, the Day on which he summoned us to meet, every thing was altered. Nothing done by the Senate; many Things and those of great Consequence, by himself, in the Absence, and against the Inclinations of the People. The Consuls elect declared, that they durst not venture to come into the Senate; the Deliverers of their Country were banished from the City, whose Neck they had freed from a servile Yoke; yet were they praised by the Consuls themselves in all their Assemblies, and in their private Conversation. The *Veterans*<sup>k</sup>, as they are

\* There is a very great Discrepancy among the Commentators upon this Passage. Some think that *Cicero* calls them Veterans by way of Derision, with a Sneer. But *Grævius* interprets the Words *Qui Appellebantur*, to signify who were called in. This is more agreeable both to Historical Truth, and to what *Cicero* hints afterwards when he speaks of *Anthony's Council at Law*, which could be probably no other than these Veterans, whom he called in to avenge *Cæsar's* Death, under whom they had served, and under whom they had obtained Allotments of Lands.

are called, whom this Body had so well provided for, were spirited up, not to guard their present Possessions, but to hope for future Plunder. As I chose rather to be an Ear, than an Eye-Witness of such Events, and had obtained the Privilege of an unlimited Deputation<sup>1</sup>, I departed with a Resolution to assist in the Senate on the Calends of *January*, which in all probability was to be the first Day of our next Session.

HAVING thus, Fathers Conscrip<sup>t</sup>, laid before you the Reasons of my Departure, give me leave, in a very few Words, to acquaint you with the Motive of my Return; which has in it somewhat more surprizing. After, not without Reasons of my own, I had avoided going to *Brundusium*<sup>m</sup>, and quite struck off from the high Road to *Greece*; on the 11<sup>th</sup> of *August* I landed at *Syracuse*, because I had heard the Passage from thence into *Greece* mentioned

<sup>1</sup> This Deputation Cicero obtained from the Consul *Dolabella*, and it gave him a Right to certain Marks of Respect and Privilege, which he otherwise must have been deprived of.

<sup>m</sup> *Brundusium* was the Sea-port where the most commodious Passage was over to *Greece* and *Epirus*. Our Author has here a very broad Insinuation, as if *Anthony*, or some of *Cæsar's* Abettors, hearing of his Intention to travel into *Greece*, had way-laid him to cut him off at *Brundusium*, where it was probable he would take shipping.

mentioned as the best. Yet that City<sup>n</sup>, though I have a very great Friendship for her, with all her Intreaties, could not prevail with me to stay above a Night. I was afraid that so sudden a Visit to my Friends, if I should tarry with them any time, might give some Umbrage. But when I was driven by Stress of Weather from *Sicily* to *Lucopetra*, a Promontary in the Territory of *Rhegium*, I set sail from that Place, with a Design to go over; but I had made but very little Way, when a Southerly Wind drove me back to the same Port.

As it was late at Night, I lodged at the House of *Publius Valerius*, my Companion and Friend, and passed all next Day likewise with him, waiting for a Wind. A great many of the Corporation of *Rhegium*, and some of them come lately from *Rome*, came to see me. From these I first got a Copy of *Antonius's* Speech, which gave me so much Pleasure in reading, that I began to have some Thoughts of return-

ing.

<sup>n</sup> We have seen in the Oration against *Cæcilius*, in the first Volume, how popular *Cicero* was among the *Sicilians*, and how easily he might have made a Party there. Perhaps it is not very much in Favour of his Courage and Patriotism, that at a Juncture so critical to the Liberties of his Country, he did not take Care to make a better Use of his Interest there, than we find by this Passage he did.

ing. Soon after the Edict<sup>\*</sup> of *Brutus* and *Cassius* was brought me, which, perhaps because I love them more on a public than a private Account, I thought was highly equitable. They likewise told me (for it often happens that they who want to bring any good News, make some Additions of their own to render it still more agreeable) that Matters were to be made up, that there was to be a full Session of the Senate by the 1st of *August*. That *Antonius* having discharged his wicked Advisers, and dropt his Pretensions to the Provinces of *Gaul*<sup>p</sup>, would again submit to the Authority of the Senate.

So

\* This Manifesto was probably published by them, as a counter one to that published by *Anthony*. In Book xvi. of our Author's Epistles to *Atticus*, Ep. 7. he says, *Antonii editum legi a Bruto, & horum contra; scriptum proclare; sed quid ista edicta valeant, aut quo spectant plane non video.*

"I have got from *Brutus*, and read, the Manifesto by *Anthony*, and theirs published against him; it is indeed prettily drawn up; but what the Significancy, or what the Purposes of these Edicts are, to tell you the Truth, I can't see."

We have in *Velleius* an Account, that *Brutus* and *Cassius* published a Manifesto, offering, that if it could be of any Service for securing the Peace of their Country, and preventing the Civil Wars from being renewed, they would willingly live in perpetual Banishment.

<sup>p</sup> One of the great Grounds of the Civil War that broke out upon *Cesar's* Death, was by *Anthony's* endeavouring to transfer to himself the Government of the two *Gauls*; the one of which had been decreed to *Numantius Plancus*, the other to *Decimus Plancus*. These Pretensions on the Part of *Anthony* being dropped, there was great Reason for our Author's entertaining Hopes of an Accommodation being brought about.

So sanguine were my Hopes upon this, that neither Sails nor Winds <sup>9</sup> were sufficient to answer my Impatience ; not that I thought I could be here in Time, but I wished not to be among the last to congratulate my Country. In a short Time I arrived at *Velia*, where I saw *Brutus* <sup>1</sup>; with what Anguish I saw him I will not say. Ill, I thought, did it become me to dare to return to that City from which *Brutus* was retiring, or to seek my Safety where *Brutus* could not find his. But in a far different Manner was he affected from me ; for supported by the Consciousness of the great, the gallant Action he had performed, much did he complain about our Misfortunes ; nothing about his own.

## FROM

<sup>9</sup> Our Author never misses any Opportunity to put his Patriotism in the strongest Light ; but I could have wished that a Man of his Importance had thought fit to have staid by the Helm of the Government at this tempestuous Time, rather than have committed himself to the Winds and Waves, to seek a safe Retreat in a foreign Country, and to the same Winds and Waves as soon as he could have a safe Abode in his own Country. In this he acted a good deal like a Scholar and a speculative *Virtuoso* ; but I doubt much if he acted as a Patriot of Consular Dignity.

<sup>1</sup> This Interview is exceeding moving, and our Author's Reflection cannot fail of touching every Breast, which is capable of entertaining the least Sentiment of a brave unfortunate Man. How amiable does this Character of *Brutus* appear ; how much more amiable would it have appeared, had he killed any Tyrant, but one who had the Virtues, the Qualities, the Dignities, and the Soul of *Cæsar* !

FROM him I first knew the Nature of the Speech, delivered on the 1st of *August* to the Senate by *Piso*, who, he told me, was but ill seconded by those who ought to have acted otherwise. Yet as the same *Brutus* owned, and could any thing be of greater Weight? And as every body, I afterwards saw, declared to me, it appeared that he had acquired great Glory. I therefore made Dispatch, that I might second him, who was unseconded by those who were in the Assembly? not that I could be of any Advantage to him, (for that I did not expect to be, nor indeed could I contribute to it) but that if I should happen to share in the Lot to which Humanity is subjected, (for a great many Things out of the ordinary Course of Fate and Providence  
seemed

\* This is a fine Praise of our Author's own public Spirit, and at the same Time an oblique Reflection upon *Anthony* and his Faction, as if they thought him too dangerous a Man to live.

The Original here is curious, and deserves the Reader's Attention; the Words are as follow: *Sed ut si quid mibi humanitus accidisset, multa autem impendere præter naturam præterque fatum bujus tamen diei vocem hanc reipublicæ relinquere meæ perpetuæ erga se voluntatis.*

*Aulus Gellius* has given us an instructive Commentary upon these Words, which I cannot help transcribing.

*An utrumque idem valere voluerit fatum & naturam, & duas res*  
*αὐτὸν ἵνας ἀποκεμένην πεπρωμένην καὶ φυσιν; an τέρδον διβισεριτ σεπε-*  
*raritque, ut alios casus natura ferre videatur, alios fatum, confide-*  
*randum equidem puto. Atque id maxime requirendum, qua ratione*  
*dixerit accidere multa humanitus posse præter fatum; quando sic ra-*  
*tio,*

seemed to threaten) that I might at least bequeath to my Country my Speech on this Occasion, as an eternal Evidence of the Affection I owe her: As, *Fathers Conscript*, I hope you approve of my Conduct in both Steps, before I enter upon the Affairs of the Public, give me leave to enter a short Complaint upon Yesterday's injurious Behaviour of *Marcus Antonius*, to whom I am well disposed, as I always professed myself to be, on account of some Obligations I lie under to him.

BUT what then could be the Cause, why Yesterday I was so rudely pressed to assist in the Senate? Was I the only one who was absent? Are ye not often a much thinner House? Was your Business of such Consequence, that

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there

*tio, & ordo, & inseparabilis quædam fati necessitas constituitur, ut omnia intra fatum claudenda sint; nisi illud sane Homeri sententus est:*

*Mν καὶ ὑπὲς Μοῖραν δόμον "Αἰδοῦσα φίνειν.*

*Ne præter fatum accidas Plutonis ad ædes.*

*Nihil autem dubium est quin violentam & inopinam mortem significaverit; quæ quidem potest recte videri accidere præter naturam. Sed cur id quoque genus mortis extra fatum posuerit, neque operis hujus est explorare, neque temporis.*

<sup>1</sup> Our Author touches very gently here, upon the monstrous Insult offered him by *Anthony*: but in the following Oration the Reader will find a Kind of Apology for this gentle Treatment.

there was a Necessity of carrying thither even the Sick? *Hannibal* sure was at the Gates<sup>\*</sup>; or ye were on a Debate about a Treaty with *Pyrrhus*; a Debate to which, we are told, the great *Appius*, old and blind as he was, was carried: You had Supplications under your Consideration; and in Debates of this Kind there are generally abundance of Senators present, not from any View of saving their Forfeitures<sup>\*\*</sup>, but of gratifying the Parties

whose

\* The Conternation *Rome* was in at the Approach of *Hannibal*, and the Deliberation upon a Peace with *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus*, were Events so famous in the *Roman History*, that they became proverbial to imply any great Event.

\*\* As an Explication of this Passage will give the Reader some Light with Regard to the Constitution of the *Roman Senate*, we judge this Account will be very acceptable to him.

The Consul sometimes obliged the Senators to lodge certain Pledges in their Hands, which they were to lose whenever they refused Obedience to the Commands of the Consul. A little after *Cæsar* expostulates the Matter thus: *Quis autem unquam tanto damnō Senatorem coegit. Aut quid est ultra pignus, aut multūm?* Who, says he, ever compelled a Senator to Compliance by a Loss so considerable? In what other Shape can be be punished in this Case, than by a Fine, or the Loss of his Pledge? They not only forced the Senators by these Pledges to attend the Senate, but likewise to humour them in other Respects. *Plutarch* gives us the following Account of this Fact: " Next Day, says he, *Anthony* holding a " Senate, and desiring *Cicero* to attend, *Cicero* did not attend, but " took his Bed, feigning to be indisposed on the Road. It was " conjectured that *Cicero* suspected some Snare, from some Intel- " ligence he got by the Way. *Anthony* took this as a great Af- " front, and sent Soldiers, with Orders either to bring him, or " set the House in which he was on Fire; but when Numbers in- " terceded for him, and pleaded in his Behalf, *Anthony* was sa- " tisfied, by making *Cicero* lose his Pledge." Thus far *Plu-*  
*tarch*. But this Account is quite inconsistent with *Cicero's* own, who, though he endeavours to heighten and exaggerate the injurious Treatment of *Anthony*, neither mentions the fending of Sol-  
diers,

whose Honours are under Debate: the same thing likewise happens when a Triumph is the Question. So unconcerned are the Consuls in a Point like this, that a Senator is almost at Liberty to be absent. As I was no Stranger to this Custom, and a good deal fatigued with my Journey, and uneasy in my own Thoughts, as a Friend, I sent a Person to him to make my excuse. But in your Hearing he declared that he would come in Person to my House, with Workmen. This indeed, was too passionate, and by far too indecent a Declaration: For what Crime could incur such a Punishment, as could warrant him to declare in this Assembly, that he would employ the Workmen of the Public to demolish a House erected at the public Expence by a Decree of the Senate? Whoever before laid a Senator under so expensive a Compulsion? Or is there any Penalty known beyond that of a Forfeit or a Fine? But had he known what I should have said, had I been present, he surely would have abated somewhat of that compulsive Severity.

Q 2

Do

diers, nor the Orders to set the House on Fire, nor his taking the Pledges. Cicero only complains, that Anthony had threatened to employ Workmen to break down his House; neither does he affirm that his Pledges were taken, but only complains of Anthony's threatening a Thing so harsh, since other Senators had refused Obedience to the Consul, and only were fined, or lost their Pledges on that Account.

Do you imagine, Fathers Conscript, though you were forced into Compliance, that I should have given my Vote for decreeing that parental Obsequies should be mixt with public Thanksgivings: That inexpiable religious Rites should be introduced into the Government: That Supplications should be directed to a dead—I will not say who. Had he been a *Lucius Brutus*, who with his own Hand freed his Country from regal Slavery, and through a Succession of almost five hundred Years transmitted a Representative capable of being fired with the same noble Sentiments, and performing a like glorious Exploit, never should I be brought to consent that the Dead should be joined in the Veneration due to the Immortal Gods, and that the Man who nowhere has a Monument for the Parental Obsequies \*, should be honoured with the Rites of public Supplication. This Opinion, Fathers Conscript, I should have delivered'd, that I might be able easily to vindicate myself to the

Roman

<sup>D</sup>o  
 \* From *Tertullian*, *Pliny*, *Festus*, and our Author, we could produce a great many Passages relating to these Parental Obsequies, which Cicero calls *Parentalia*; but that would be a Piece of useless Labour, since we know that they were only Feasts held, and Sacrifices offered in Memory of the Dead. They were called *Parentalia*, because performed on Account of Parents and Relations.

Roman People, in case of any heavy Blow, through War, through Pestilence, or Famine; Part of these we already feel, and more I am afraid now threaten us. But the Immortal Gods, I hope, will pardon the People of *Rome*, who do not approve of it, and the Senate who were compelled to decree it.

WHAT! Are we debarred from speaking to the other Grievances of the Republic? No. I will, I will ever assert my Dignity and despise Death. Let me but have Access to this Assembly, and then be mine all the Dangers attending my Freedom of Speech. Much do I wish, Fathers Conscrip<sup>t</sup>, that I could have been present on the first of *August*; not that my Presence could have aught availed, but that the Consular, who was worthy that Honour and of this Republic, might not have stood unseconded as he then did. Therefore, great is my Sorrow, that the Men who have enjoyed the highest Honours of their Country, did not support *Lucius Piso*, who moved for so excellent a Resolution. Did the People of *Rome* distinguish us with Consular Dignity, that when placed on the highest and most conspicuous Step of Honour, we should set at naught her Constitution? No Consular ex-

pressed, nay, durst not look, an Approbation  
of what *Lucius Piso* proposed.

A CURSE on the Slaves that are so through  
Choice; it is too much that we have been so  
through Necessity. I don't insist on all those  
who are on the Consular Benches delivering  
their Opinion. The Case of those, whose Si-  
lence I pardon, is different from theirs whose  
Opinion I demand. I am indeed sorry for  
those whom the *Roman* People suspect to fall  
below their own Dignity, not through Fear  
only, though that would be shameful, but se-  
verally for several Causes,

THEREFORE, in the first place, I return  
my most sincere Thanks to *Lucius Piso*, who  
did not reflect on what he *could*, but on what  
he *ought* to do for the Service of his Country;  
In the next place, Fathers Conscript, I beg  
of you, that if you dare not venture to second  
my Speech and my Example, you may at  
least, as ye have hitherto done, afford me a  
favourable Hearing. First then I give it as  
my Opinion, that the Acts of *Cæsar* should  
be kept, not that I approve of them; for  
who indeed can? But because I think we  
ought to have the highest Regard to Peace and

Tran-

Tranquility, I wish that *Anthony* was here, but without his Backing. He, I think, has a Privilege to be indisposed, though Yesterday I could not be so far indulged by him. He would instruct me, or rather, *Fathers Conscript*, You, in what Manner he defends the Acts of *Cæsar*. Shall the Acts of *Cæsar* contained in his loose Journals, in his Notes and Pocket-books produced by *Anthony*, nay, not produced, but only said to be extant, be valid? And shall those he engraved on Brass, by which he admitted the Commands of the People and perpetual Laws, be held as naught?

My Opinion indeed is, that the Laws of *Cæsar* are most properly his Acts. If every Promise he made is to be ratified, must every thing that he promised to any one be ratified, though he could not perform it, as in Fact he made many Promises to many Men, which he did not perform? Might it not sometimes have happened that he has made a great Number of the same Promises to a Number of People? Yet since his Death a much greater Number of his Promises have been found out, than ever he granted Gratuities or Bounties in his Life. But these are what I am neither

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for changing nor altering ; nay, with the greatest Zeal do I stand by his noble Acts. I wish the Money were still in the Temple of *Ops*<sup>y</sup>. It was indeed stained with Blood<sup>z</sup>; yet since it is not returned to the rightful Proprietors, it might be serviceable to us at this Juncture. Yet let even that be dissipated, if the Acts of *Cæsar* will have it so. Is there any one thing that may so properly be called the Acts of a Man, who in peaceful Robes possessed Power and Command in the Government, as a *Law* which he passed? If one asks for the Acts of *Gracchus*, the *Sempronian* Laws are instantly produced. If of *Sylla*, the *Cornelian*. Nay, more: In what Acts did *Pompey*'s third Consulate consist? Why, in his Laws. Had you asked of *Cæsar* himself what he had acted within the City in a civil Capacity, he would have answered, That he had passed many excellent Laws. But as to his Notes, he would either have altered them, or not have given them; or if he had given them, he would not have accounted them his Acts. But even that I give up; some Points I likewise wink

<sup>y</sup> In the Temple of *Ops* was the Treasury. *Ops* was the Mother of the Gods. She is sometimes called *Cybele*, sometimes *Bona*, and sometimes *Matula*.

<sup>z</sup> *Pompey* being dead, and all his Party ruined, their Effects were confiscated, and deposited in the Temple of *Ops*, to be used by the Roman People if Necessity should require.

at; but in the most important ones, which I conceive to be *the Laws*, I apprehend that we ought never to suffer an Abolition of *Cæsar's Acts*.

WAS ever a Law of greater Importance<sup>a</sup>, or greater Utility, or more wished-for when the Constitution was in its Purity, than that, by which it was enacted, that the *Prætorian Provinces* should not be held but for a Year, and the *Consular* for two. If this Law shall be abolished, can you imagine that *Cæsar's Acts* are inviolated. How! Are not they disannulling all *Cæsar's judicial Laws*, by that Law which is now depending in relation to a third Decury of Judges<sup>b</sup>? And can it be said

that

<sup>a</sup> The Law which our Author here takes Notice of, is, perhaps, one of the soundest Maxims that can enter into any free Government; which is, *that Power shall never remain too long in the Hands of one Man*. This *Cæsar* himself was so sensible of, that it appears he preserved it as a Maxim of his Government; and indeed it was the Disregard of this Maxim in succeeding Times, that produced all the Convulsions of State under the Emperors; for when the Magistrates and Generals, sent to foreign Provinces, had their Commissions prolonged beyond a certain Number of Years, they found Means to make such a Party in their Province, that they commonly dispossessed the reigning Emperor.

<sup>b</sup> *Cæsar* had enacted, that in all judiciary Proceedings, the Judges should be elected out of two Orders only, viz. the Senatorian and Equestrian; but *Anthony* wanted to introduce a third Decury or Order, which was to consist of military Men, which *Cicero* justly objects to. The Qualification that was to intitle them to sit in a judicial Proceeding was their being Centurions, or having

that you preserve his Acts, while you abolish his Laws? Unless you look upon every thing, which by way of Memorandum he set down in a Pocket-book as his Act, and to be inviolably preserved, however unjust and useless it may be, and that which he enacted in the most regular and full Assemblies of the People, to be no Act of *Cæsar's*? But of whom is this third Order of Judges composed? Of *Centurions*, says he. But how! By the *Julian*, before that, by the *Pompeian*, by the *Aurelian* Laws, was this Order precluded from acting in a judicial Capacity? But, says he, they must be qualified by having a certain Estate before they could act. Yes; but this affected not only *Centurions*, but even *Roman Knights*. And for that very Reason it was, that the bravest and the worthiest Men who are at the Heads of Corps, do now sit, and have long sat

ing the Command of a certain Number of Soldiers. *Anthony* reasoned in this Manner: *Cæsar*, said he, allowed *Roman Knights* to be Judges, therefore *Centurions* being *Roman Knights* are to be Judges. This *Cicero* is not against, provided they had the Qualifications required by the Law of *Pompey*, which was, that they should possess a certain Share of Property; if a *Roman Knight* had not that Qualification, he could not act as a Judge. This is a Proof of how much Importance the *Romans* thought an Independency of Fortune was in the Courts of Justice, towards the Preservation of their Liberties and Properties. *Anthony* wanted to have this Qualification removed, because then, as he had the Army at his Disposal, and was at the Head of it, he could have carried any Jobb he had a Mind, by filling the Bench with needy Officers, who depended on himself.

sat upon the Bench. *I don't mean these*, says he, *but let every Man who has been at the Head of a Corps, have a Power to judge.* But if ye did make a Motion, that whoever had served on Horseback, which is the more reputable Service, might sit on the Bench, ye could gain no one to your Opinion; for in a Judge, Regard ought to be had to his Fortune and Dignity. These, says he, I don't mind; I even add to their Number subaltern Officers from the Legion, composed wholly of Gallic Veterans, otherwise my Party thinks there can be no Safety for them. Disgraceful Honour to those whom you unknowingly raise to the Bench of Justice; for the Title of his Law is, that those Gentlemen should be made Judges in the third Decury, though at the same time they are not at Liberty to judge freely. Immortal Gods! What a Mistake was this in those who hatched that Law, for in Proportion as each shall appear a dirty Tool, so the more earnestly will he endeavour to wash out his Stains by judging with Severity, that he may seem to be worthy of being a Member in the creditable, rather than to be thrown rightfully into the disgraceful Decuries.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER Law is promulg'd<sup>c</sup>, by which they who are convicted either of riotous or treasonable Practices may, if they please, bring an Appeal to the People. But whether is this a Law; or is it not rather an Abrogation of all Laws? For is there a Man now whose Interest the passing of this Law can serve? Nobody is prosecuted upon these Laws; and we have reason to believe, that none ever will, for surely Men will never be brought to a Trial for what they have done in Arms. But we are told this is a popular Affair. I wish he would suffer something to be popular; for all the Citizens of *Rome* have but one Voice and one Mind with regard to the Safety of their Country. Whence then does all this Eagerneſs proceed for passing a Law, which in every Degree is scandalous, and in none popular? For what can be more scandalous, than that when a Man shall encroach by Force on the Majesty of the *Roman* People, and be lawfully condemned for his Offence, he should have a Power to have recourse to that Violence, for

<sup>c</sup> This is very just and artful Reasoning in our Orator. It is, says he, by Means of the People, that most Riots are committed; if, therefore, the Leader of a Riot has Power to appeal to the People, he is sure to be acquitted, because they are Parties on his Side; therefore, concludes he, this is a mere Solecism in Law and Polity.

which he had before been lawfully condemned?

BUT why do I talk more of the Law, as if this was the Question, Whether *any body would appeal*. The Design and Import of the whole is, that no Man ever shall be prosecuted upon these Laws. What a stupid Accuser must he be, who would expose himself to a mercenary Mob, after a Criminal is convicted? Or what Judge would venture to give Judgment for the prosecuted Person, that he himself the next Minute might be dragged before Mechanics whom the Impeached kept in Pay? No Appeal, therefore, is established by that Law. But two Laws and Proceedings of the most salutary Nature are abolished. For what else is it than an Exhortation to young Fellows to become turbulent, seditious, and pernicious Citizens? For to what destructive Extremities may not Tribunitial Madness be pushed, if the two Forms of proceeding upon the Charges of Force and Treason shall be abolished.

WHAT! Shall we invalidate the Laws of Cæsar, which order that one convicted of riotous or treasonable Practices, should be cut off from the Benefit of Water and Fire? If such

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an Appeal should be allowed, are not the Acts of *Cæsar* disannulled? Yet, Fathers Conscrip, I, who never approved of his Acts, am of Opinion, that for the Sake of Unanimity we ought to preserve them, so that I thought it unseasonable to invalidate the Author, not only of those Laws which *Cæsar* enacted in his Life-time, but even of those which you see to be produced, and stuck up after his Death.

By the *Dead*<sup>a</sup> are the Banished recalled. By the *Dead* are the Privileges of *Rome* bestowed, not on private Persons only, but upon Nations and whole Provinces. By the *Dead* Numbers of Corporations have their Tribute remitted. We therefore confirm whatever upon a single, but an unquestionable Evidence, has been produced from his House; and shall we think of ratifying the Acts of *Cæsar*, yet abolish his Laws, those Laws which he himself, in our Sight, repeated<sup>c</sup>, pronounced, enacted;

<sup>a</sup> Cicero here, by the Repetition of the Word *Mortuo*, humorously exposes the Absurdity of *Anthony's* Conduct, by shewing that all these Innovations were not owing to *Anthony*, but *Cæsar* who was dead.

<sup>c</sup> The Words we read here were the Preamble, as appears, to all the Bills which the *Roman People* passed. The Case is much the same, as if the *English Government* should, without Consent of the Parliament, pass a Bill, enacted by and with the Consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, &c.

acted; Laws which he valued himself upon passing; Laws in which he thought the System of our Government was comprehended; Laws which concern our Provinces and our Trials? Are we, I say, to repeal such Laws, yet ratify his Acts? Yet may we at least complain of those Laws which are only proposed; as to those which we pass, we are deprived even of the Liberty to complain. For these, without any previous Promulgation, were passed before they were drawn up. They ask, why I, or, *Fathers Conscript*, any of your Body should be afraid of bad Laws, while we have virtuous Tribunes of the People? We have, say they, those who will interpose, those who by Oath are ready to protect the Constitution, therefore ought we to be quite void of Fear. But what do you talk to me, says he, of Interpositions, or religious Rites? Why! those upon which the very Safety of our Constitution depends, those we have neglected, as thinking them too stale and too stupid. The Forum shall be surrounded, all its Passages shut up; Soldiers shall be posted in Numbers of Places as Guards. What then! Whatever is carried on in that Manner shall be Law, and you shall see it engraved on Brass. Supposing the following legal Form of Words to be inserted,

serted, “ The Consuls in form require the “ Concurrence of the People;” for such was the Right of requiring such Concurrence, and “ The People in form consented.” What People? the People who are excluded. By what Form? By that which is totally abolished by Force of Arms. This I speak, because it may possibly happen; because it is the Duty of Augurs to foretell what may be shunned: If the Fact shall not happen, my Speech shall be of itself confuted. I speak of the Laws that are proposed, which it is now in your Breast to dispose of. I point out Faults; amend them. I speak of Force and Arms; remove them.

*Dolabella* <sup>f</sup>, you ought not to be angry with me, while I speak in my Country's Cause; though I can scarce believe you will, for I know your Good-nature. They tell me that your Colleague in this, which he thinks his good Fortune, though, to say no worse, to me would he appear more fortunate, was he to imitate the Consulate of his Ancestors and his Uncle; but they tell me that he is grown passionate. Well do I know how undesirable

<sup>f</sup> This whole Address to *Dolabella* is extremely artful and moving. He was *Anthony's* Colleague, and *Cicero* seems to have a particular Regard for him.

it is that a Man should at once be in Arms and in a Passion, especially as the Sword now can act without Controul. But I will advance, as I think, Law and Equity too, to which, I suppose, *Anthony* will not reject. If I should hereafter contemptuously inveigh against his Life or Morals, so as to render him my bitter Enemy, I am prepared. But never shall I quit the Manner which I have ever observed in public Affairs, which was to deliver my Sentiments with Freedom. I beg, in the first place, that he may not be angry; then if I can't obtain that, let him shew such Resentment only as becomes one *Roman Citizen* to another. Let him use Arms if they are absolutely necessary, as he says, for defending his Person. But never let these Arms injure those who speak what they think relates to the Interest of their Country. What can be more just than this Request?

BUT if, as I am told by some of his Friends, he falls in a Passion at every Speech, even though it is no ways abusive, if it opposes his Pleasure, let us bear with a Friend's Humour. But I am told by the same Persons, you, you who are a Foe to *Cæsar*, are not to take the same Liberties as *Piso*, his Father-in-Law. At

the same time they dropt a Caution, which I shall take ; nor, Fathers Conscrip<sup>t</sup>, is Sick-ness a more sufficient Excuse than Death, for not attending this House.

BUT by the immortal Gods, while I behold you, *Dolabella*, whom I love with my Soul, I cannot refrain my Tongue from mentioning the Failures of you both ; for I believe you to be honourable Men whose Views are elevated, whose Ambition, as some too credulously suspect, is not for Money, which the Greatest and the most Eminent always despise, nor for a formidable Interest, nor a Power intolerable to *Romans*, but Popularity and Glory ; but true Glory consists in Approbation, for virtuous Actions, and signal Services, performed for your Country, in which the Voice of the Public, as well as of every worthy Man, concurs.

*Dolabella*, I would point out the Fruits of virtuous Actions, did I not perceive that you are distinguished by having tasted them. Can you recollect, upon a Review of your whole Life, that any Day gave you a greater Pleasure than that, on which the Forum being expiated ; the Assembly of the Wicked dispersed ; the Leaders

Leaders of Iniquity punished ; the City delivered from her Apprehensions of Flames and Massacres ; you retired to your own House ? What Rank, what Degree, what Station did not then mingle their Zeal in the full Measure of thy Applause and Congratulation ; I too received the Thanks of the Worthy, I received their Compliments on your Success, because they thought that by my Counsels those Actions were performed. Call to Mind, *Dolabella*, I conjure you, that Applause of the Theatre, when all Men forgetting and forgiving all you had done to disoblige them, declared that your late Services had cancelled all her Resentment of your past Conduct ? Can you tamely and patiently stoop from such a Height of Glory ?

As for you, *Marcus Antonius*, I speak to you though absent ; do you not prefer that single Day, when the Senate met in the Temple of *Tellus*, to all those Months, during which, those who think different from me, imagine you happy ? How you then talked about Unanimity ! From what Apprehensions did you deliver the Veterans ? From what Anxiety the City ? Laying aside Resentment, forgetful of the Auspices, yourself declaring them as Augur, you on that Day first admitted your Col-

league to be your Colleague. Your little Son, by yourself delivered into the Capitol, was the Pledge of Peace.

Was ever Day more agreeable to the Senate; more agreeable to the People of *Rome*? Or was ever any Assembly more full and frequent than that? Then did we behold ourselves delivered by the bravest of Men, because, as they intended, Peace had followed Liberty. The next, the following, the third, and some subsequent Days, never did you fail to present some endearing Token of Love to your Country: But your Chief was the Abolition of the Dictatorship. This was branded by you, by you, Sir, as a Mark of eternal Infamy to the *Dead Cæsar*, in the same Manner, as for the Treason of a single Person of the Name of *Marcus Manlius*, by a Resolution of the *Manlian* Race, no *Patrician* was afterwards permitted to assume that Name. Thus so strongly did you detest one Dictator, as utterly to abolish the very Office. And after all this Patriot-Conduct, did you repent yourself for having acquired such Fortune, such Dignity, such Renown, and such Glory? Whence then this sudden Change! Sure I cannot suspect that you are under pecuniary Influence;

fluence; let every Man speak as he pleases, though there is no Necessity to believe him; but never did I know you guilty of ought that was mean or dirty. True! Domestics sometimes use to corrupt their Masters; but your Integrity I know, and I wish you could be as free of Suspicion as you are of Guilt.

MORE am I afraid of this, that mistaking the true Path to Glory, you think it glorious that you alone are more powerful than all besides, and chuse rather to be feared, than beloved by your Country. If thus you think, absolutely do you mistake the Road to Glory. It is glorious to endear yourself as a Citizen; to perform noble Services to your Country; to be the Object of her Praise, her Veneration, and her Love: But odious, detestable, weak, and momentary, it is to be the Object of her Fear and Hatred. Even in the Play we find that the Maxim, *Let them hate while they fear*, was destructive to the very Man who said so. I wish, *Anthony*, you had called to Mind your Grandfather, whom you have heard me so frequently mention. Dost thou think that he would have purchased Immortality itself at the Expence of being the dreaded Master of licentious Power? This was his Life,

this his Prosperity, in *Liberty* to be *equal*, in *Dignity* to be *superior* to others. Therefore, to pass over the prosperous Part of your Grand-father's Life, rather would I chuse to be him in all the Agony of his latter End, than to be *Cinna* the Tyrant, who cruelly put him to Death in all the Insolence of his Power. But why think I to make an Impression on you by Words? If the Fate of *Cæsar* cannot persuade you to wish rather to be loved than feared, nothing can my, or any Man's Word avail or affect. They who imagine that *Cæsar* was happy, are themselves miserable. No Man is happy who holds his Life on such Terms, as that whoever kills him shall meet not with Impunity only, but immortal Honour,

RELENT therefore, I entreat thee; cast thine Eyes upon thy Ancestors, and so rule the State, as that thy Countrymen may bless the Day which gave thee Birth. Without this no Man can possess either Happiness or Renown. Many are the Instances which you both have had of the Public Judgment; and it gives me great Concern that they have been so ineffectual; what else could those Shouts mean, which at the Shews of Gladiators, broke

broke from innumerable Multitudes? What the Crowding of the People? What the unbounded Applause poured out on the Statue of *Pompey*<sup>g</sup>, and upon the two Tribunes who oppose you? Do these but faintly express the incredibly unanimous Wishes of the whole *Roman* People? How! Did the Applause, let me rather call it the Evidence and the Judgment of the *Romans*, at the Play of *Apollo*<sup>h</sup>, appear trifling to you? Happy they, who when armed Force prevented their being personally present, yet were present, and clung to the Heart and the Soul of every *Roman*! Unless you are to imagine that the Applause and the Palm was bestowed sixty Years after his Death upon *Accius*, and not upon *Brutus*; who though absent indeed in Person from his own Shews, yet in that magnificent Entertainment, received the warmest Wishes of the *Roman* People for his Prosperity; thus did they sooth their Grief for his Absence by Shouts of uninterrupted Applause.

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I INDEED

<sup>g</sup> It appears from all the Circumstances of the History of this Period, never was there a more fickle, inconstant, prostitute mercenary Set of Men, than the People of *Rome* in those Days. One Day we find them burning the Houses of the Slayers of *Cæsar*; another Day paying religious Adoration to his Memory; and in this Passage we find them all united in applauding the Action and celebrating *Brutus* as their Deliverer from Tyranny.

<sup>h</sup> These Plays were exhibited at the Expence of *Brutus*, who was *Prætor*, who did not think fit at that Time to be present in Person at *Rome*.

I INDEED am one of those who have ever despised the Shouts bestowed on Citizens by the Populace, but when they are bestowed by the highest, the middling, and the lowest Ranks; in short, by the whole Body of the People, especially when they who used meanly to court popular Favour, were obliged to hide their Heads; this I cannot call *Applause*, but a just *Approbation*. But if these Circumstances, which are indeed of the highest Importance, appear to you but trifling, will ye despise the Proof which you had how dear the Life of *A. Hirtius*<sup>1</sup> was to the People of *Rome*? It was sufficient to him that he obtained the Approbation of the *Roman* People which he still retains; that to his Friends he is more than any Man alive agreeable; that to his Family he is dear, even to an Excess of Passion; but where, in our Memory, was ever the Concern of the Worthy, and the Apprehensions of the World, so much interested as in him? Surely never. How then, Immortal Gods! are ye at a loss to interpret these Intimations, or to form a Judgment in what Manner they, to whom the Life of the deserving Patriot is so dear, regard your Lives.

I HAVE

<sup>1</sup> *Hirtius* was then Consul Elect, and happening to fall sick of a Fever, the *Romans* were in great Consternation.

I HAVE now, Fathers Conscript, obtained the End I proposed by my Return, because I have now spoke what in all Events must be a Proof of my Constancy, and have been heard by you with Favour and Attention. This is an Indulgence, which, if I can without bringing myself and you into Danger, I will often use; otherwise I will, in the best Manner I can, lie by; not so much to serve myself as my Country. Enough almost have I lived either for Nature or Glory. If any Additions are made to either, not I, but you and the State shall reap the Advantage.



T H E





## THE ARGUMENT.

AFTER Cicero had delivered the last Oration against Anthony, the latter went to his Villa, where he studied during seven Days for a proper Answer to Cicero. On the 13th of the Kalends of October he summoned together a Senate in our Author's Absence, who thought it unsafe to be present, by Reason of a strong Party of Anthony's Ruffians guarding all the Avenues, and lining the Senate-House under Arms; there he made a bitter, but a very stupid Invective against Cicero, if we may believe the latter.

This following Oration is wrote in answer to that Invective; but notwithstanding all the Painting and the Incidents it contains, as if Anthony had been present when it was delivered, it is certain that the Oration itself never was delivered. It is perhaps the severest and the keenest Invective ever wrote, and conceived in such Terms, with so thorough a Contempt, with so strong a Detestation of Anthony, that it is no wonder if the latter could ever forgive it.

Our Author in the first place vindicates himself from several Objections made to his personal and

## ARGUMENT.

and moral Character by Anthony: And as he proceeds in his *Vindication*, takes care to lay the Folly and the Villainy of his Antagonist's Conduct very open. He treats him with less Ceremony than ever he did Clodius or Catiline, whom he admits to have had Parts; but Anthony, according to him, joined the most blundering Understanding, and the most clumsy Wit to the worst Heart that ever Man possest. He lays open all his criminal Excesses of Debauchery, whether in Gaming, in Drinking, in Whoring, or Gluttony, with every other Species of Vice that can enter into the Composition of human Nature. He shews him to be a greater Tyrant in his public Character, than any that ever went before him; he holds him forth as guilty of Bribery, Corruption, Forgery, Murder, and Rapaciousness to support his ill-got Power, and to pay off his Debts; and thus he traces him from his early Youth to that very Day.

But the Reader is not to expect here that a Translator can have the Room for the same Flow of Language and Turn of Periods, as in the other Orations, where the Subject is general; for all this Oration is personal, close, and invective. The Art of the Orator is disguised by the Vehemency with which he is supposed to speak, and the Stile by no Means of that florid exuberant Kind, which

## A R G U M E N T.

*which distinguishes the Orations of Cicero. There are likewise many proverbial Expressions and Allusions introduced through the whole, which though extremely beautiful to a Roman, lose their Effect with us.*

*This Oration being published was fatal to Cicero, as were the Philippics of Demosthenes to him. In what great Esteem the second Philippic of Cicero was with the Antients, we learn from Juvenal's tenth Satyr; where speaking of these two great Men, his Words run thus:*

Eloquio sed uterque periit Orator, utrumque  
Largus et exundans Letho dedit, Ingenii Fons.  
Ingenio Manus est, et Cervix cæsa, nec, unquam  
Sanguine Caufidici manduerunt Rostra Pusilli.

*O Fortunatam Natam me Consule Romam,  
Antonii Gladios Potuit Contemnere, si sic  
Omnia Dixisset; Ridenda Poemata Malo  
Quam te conspicuæ divina Philippica Famæ  
Volveris a prima quæ proxima —*

*The Coalition betwixt Anthony and Octavius Cæsar, gave him up to the Sword of the former; and the implacable Malice of Fulvia, the Wife of Anthony, was such, that she thrust out his Eyes with a Bodkin after his Death, upon the Murderer's presenting her with his Head.*

M. T.

27. M. 11. 1862.

On the 27th of October  
I took a walk in the woods  
about 1 mile from my house  
and found a number of  
old oaks.

Opposite to one of these old oaks  
was a small tree which had been  
uprooted by a strong wind.  
The tree was about 10 feet high.

On the 28th of October  
I took a walk in the woods  
about 1 mile from my house

and found a number of

old oaks.

The trees were all dead.

The ground was covered

with fallen leaves.

The ground was covered

with fallen leaves.

The ground was covered

with fallen leaves.



M. T.

C I G E R O's  
SECOND  
ORATION  
AGAINST  
M. ANTONIUS.

**T**O what Fatality attending me,  
Fathers Conscript, shall I ascribe it, that for these Twenty  
Years

\* The Words in the Original are, *Quonam meo fato*, and one Copy has it *fato*, which Reading is disapproved of by most of the Commentators. The Antients defined *fatum* thus, *Omnium connectionem seriemque causarum, qua fit omne quod fit*. The Connection and Series of all Causes, by Means of which all Things happen that do happen. The Words in the Original are what Rhetoricians call *Exordium ex abrupto*, in which he enquires into

Years <sup>b</sup> no Man has been the Enemy of this State, who has not at the same time declared War against me also? Unnecessary it is for me to descend to Particulars, which you yourselves may remember. More severe was their Punishment than I could have wished. I am surprized, *Anthony*, that you dread not their Fates <sup>c</sup>, as you tread in their Paths. Yet the Conduct of others <sup>d</sup> gave me less Surprize; for none of them chose to be my Enemy, all of them were attacked by me on account of the State. But you, unprovoked even by Words, that you may appear more audacious than *Catiline*, more furious than *Clodius*, have by your Calumnies even attacked me<sup>e</sup>; and thought that your Enmity with me would be

your

to the Causes why, since his being engaged in the State, and obtaining the Consulship, none who have plagued and harassed the State, have failed to be open and avowed Enemies to him.

<sup>b</sup> These are the Twenty Years which intervened betwixt Cicero's Consulate and the killing of *Cæsar*, which happened under the Consulate of *Mark Anthony*.

<sup>c</sup> *Catiline*, who had conspired against the Republic, and against Cicero, was slain in a Battle, bearing Arms against his Native Country. His Accomplices in that Conspiracy were, by a Decree of the Senate, killed in Prison. *Clodius*, who was an inveterate Enemy to Cicero, and who, by his Factions, had forced him into Banishment, was slain by *Milo*.

<sup>d</sup> He here means *Clodius*, *Catiline*, *Vatinus*, *Piso*, and *Gabinius*, with regard to whom Cicero was the Aggressor.

<sup>e</sup> *Anthony* was the Aggressor, and that too without a Cause; for he wanted to compel Cicero to come into the Senate-House even when faint, and his Strength exhausted by his Journey.

your strongest Recommendation to profligate  
Citizens.

WHAT can I think ; That I am despised ?  
I see nothing in my Life, in my Character<sup>f</sup>,  
in my Actions, nor in my Capacity, slender as  
it now appears, which *Anthony* can despise.  
Did he imagine that his Attempt to detract  
from me would be most successful, because  
made in the Senate ? An Assembly which,  
though it has bestowed on many eminent Citi-  
zens the Praise of successfully *serving* their  
Country, yet me alone has it distinguished  
with the Praise of *saving* it<sup>g</sup> ? Did he intend

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<sup>f</sup> In the Original the Words are *in gratia*, and point undoubtedly at the Instances of Kindness which the *Roman People* shewed to *Cicero* ; which were not only many in Number, but remarkable by their Quality ; for when he was forced to quit the City, and go into Exile, by *Clodius*, and the two *Consuls*, *Piso* and *Gabinius*, almost the whole Equestrian Order, changed their Garments, (among the *Romans* a Sign of Sorrow) and twenty thousand of the Youth of greatest Note, cloathed in homely Dress accompanied those who were to intercede for his Restitution ; and a full Senate decreed a Change of Dress, as in a general Mourning. When he was on his Return from Exile, the Senate and all the People went forth to meet him, and conducted him with the greatest Shouts, and as it were in Triumph, from the *Porta Capena* to the *Capitol* ; and when he was approaching the Town, in his Return from *Greece*, the Confluence of People was so great, that a whole Day was consumed in receiving their Addresses and Congratulations. See *Plutarch* in his *Life of Cicero*.

<sup>g</sup> When *Cicero* had freed the Republic of the Danger that threatened it from the Conspiracy of *Catiline*, the Senate decreed a Thanksgiving in Honour of him ; and *Marcus Cato* being asked his Sentiments of the Matter, pronounced *Cicero Pater Patriæ*, the Father of his Country : an Honour till that Time never conferred on any in a free State.

to dispute with me the Prize of Eloquence? This indeed is doing me a Favour. For can I have a fairer, a fuller Advantage, than both to plead for myself and against *Anthony*? But this, I have found it out, is his End: He thought, that to his Confederates, Men like himself, he could never bring full Evidence that he was the Enemy of his Country, unless he lived at Variance with me. Before I answer other Points, I shall take the Liberty to touch in a few Words upon our Friendship, which he charges me with violating, a Charge which I take to be of the blackest Nature.

HE complains that I appeared, I don't know when, against his Interest. Ought I not to appear against a Stranger in favour of my Friend and Relation<sup>h</sup>? Ought I not to appear against the Power of an Interest gained not by the Semblance of Virtue, but the Bloom of Youth? Ought I not to appear against an Injury, by him committed through the Partiality of a scandalous Interposer<sup>i</sup>, and not the De-

cision

<sup>h</sup> Who this Friend and Relation was, Cicero neither tells us, nor can we, from any Circumstances mentioned, so much as guess at him; but the Stranger spoke of was *Quintus Fabius Bambalio*, a freed Man, whose Daughter *Anthony* had married. Cicero appearing for his Friend against this *Bambalio*, *Anthony* was angry with him, and reproached him with having violated the Laws of Friendship.

<sup>i</sup> Some Tribune of the People had it seems been bribed by *Anthony* or *Bambalio*, to interpose against Cicero's Friend.

cision of the *Prætor*<sup>k</sup>? But this I suppose you have mentioned with this View, that you may recommend yourself to the lowest Rank of the People<sup>l</sup>; that you yourself are Son-in-law to a Man who had been a Slave, and that your Children are the Grandchildren of *Quintus Fadius*, who had been a Slave also. But (you say) you had put yourself as a Pupil under my Care<sup>m</sup>, (for that was your Expression) you had frequently resorted to my House. Surely, had you done that, your Reputation had been more fair, and your Chastity less polluted. But you neither did it, nor had you intended to do it, would *Curio* have permitted it.

You said, that in my Favour you dropt your Pretensions to the Augurship. Amazing Presumption! intolerable Impudence! At the Time when *Cneius Pompeius* and *Quintus Hortensius*, for only two could do it, named me, at the Request of the whole College, to be

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<sup>k</sup> The Words in the Original are, *Jure prætorio*; now the *Jus Prætorium* was a Power assumed by the *Prætors*, of mending, helping, supplying, and correcting the civil Law, as Necessity should require. This Power was likewise called *Jus Honorarium*.

<sup>l</sup> This is the Plebeian Order.

<sup>m</sup> It was customary, when Boys had taken the *manly Gown*, to give them in Charge to Men of Learning and good Morals, in order to be instructed in the Duties of Life, and get them formed to Virtue and Humanity,

an Augur, you was insolvent, and sensible that there was no Safety for you but in the Ruin of your Country. But could you stand for the Augurship at a Time when *Curio*<sup>n</sup> was not in *Italy*? Or even when you was made an Augur<sup>o</sup>, could you have carried one Tribe but by the Interest of *Curio*? And even his Friends were convicted of Violence for being over-zealous in your Favour.

BUT I am under an Obligation to you. What Obligation? Yes! and that Obligation I was always ready to acknowledge. I chose rather to own myself obliged even to you, than to appear to an unthinking Person, ungrateful. But what was this Obligation? That you did not murder me at *Brundufium*<sup>p</sup>? That is saying,

<sup>n</sup> This was *Curio*'s Son who is here pointed at, and who, by his Intimacy with *Anthony*, became so corrupted and so profligate, that in order to support his Debaucheries, and carry on his wicked Designs, he contracted great Debts; which when he was resolving to cancel, his Father banished *Anthony* from his House, upon which he betook himself to *Clodius*, and when Designs were forming against him, retired into *Afia*.

<sup>o</sup> There was at *Rome* a most splendid College of Augurs, who were nine in Number, elected not only from the Patrician, but likewise from the Plebeian Order, and their Dignity was perpetual.

<sup>p</sup> After *Pompey* was vanquished in the Battle of *Pbarsalia*, *Cato* of *Utica* endeavoured to persuade *Cicero*, at the Request of his Friends, to take upon him the Command of the Fleet; but *Cæsar* pursuing him, *Cicero* fled to *Brundufium*, with a Design to go into *Italy*; and as *Anthony* was sent thither before him by *Cæsar*,

saying, you did not kill a Man, preserved and restored to *Italy* by Order of the Conqueror, who, as you yourself used to boast, had dignified you with a chief Command among his Robbers<sup>a</sup>. But admitting you could have killed me: What, Fathers Conscrip<sup>t</sup>, is this other than the Boon of Robbers, whose Language it is that they save the Lives of those whom they do not murder? Had this been a Merit, they whom you used to name the most eminent of Mankind, and who killed the Man who preserved them<sup>b</sup>, never could have acquired so much Glory. But what is the Merit of refraining your Hand from the Commission of detestable Guilt? In which Case it was not near so agreeable to me that I was spared by you, as it was grievous that it was

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*Cæsar*, he might have killed *Cicero*, since he refused both the Authority of *Pompey* and of *Cæsar*. See Appian, Lib. II. Bell. Civil.

<sup>a</sup> Here *Cicero* bears hard both upon *Cæsar* and upon *Anthony*, for he insinuates, that that War might more justly be styled a Robbery than a lawful War; because it was carried on *contra patriam*, against the native Country of those who were engaged in it: A Circumstance, of all others, the most aggravating among the *Romans*, that People so justly famed for their strong Passion for Liberty; and because in that War, amongst the Rest of the Robbers, *Anthony* bore the chief Command, and was, in Consequence of that, sent into *Italy* by *Cæsar*, with a View to subject it by Force of Arms.

<sup>b</sup> Here *Brutus* and *Cassius* must be excepted, since they had never submitted to *Cæsar's* Authority; but all the rest, who had a Hand in his Murder, had been saved by him. See Appian, Lib. II. Bell. Civil.

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in your Power to have murdered me with Impunity.

BUT admit it to be a Favour, since it is all the Favour one can receive from a Robber, yet in what Respect can you term me ungrateful? Ought I not, for fear of appearing ungrateful to you, to bewail my expiring Country? But in what I then complained of (a Complaint woeful and wretched indeed, but indispensable with me in this Station<sup>1</sup>, to which by the Senate and the People of *Rome*

I am

<sup>2</sup> *Anthony* was endeavouring to destroy the Constitution; since he only wanted to assume to himself the Power which *Cæsar* had usurped, but likewise to reverse the Laws made by *Cæsar*: This provoked *Cicero*, and stirred him up to oppose every Measure of *Anthony*'s, which had the least Tendency to ruin the Commonwealth. This, in fine, made him expostulate with *Anthony* in the following Manner: *An de interitu reipublicæ queri non debui, ne in te ingratus viderer?* As if he had said, "Must I then O *Anthony*, because you once spared my Life at *Brundusium*, that Life which you had indeed the Power, but not the Right to deprive me of; must I, I say, on that Account, truckle to your Humour? must I, for that Reason, either tacitly applaud, or tamely view your Attempts on the Freedom and Happiness of *Rome*? Am I obliged, in Consequence of that Circumstance, to sacrifice the noblest and most worthy Principle of my Nature, namely, the *Love of my Country*, to the Whim and Caprice, to the ambitious Views, or even to the most virtuous Friendship of a single Man. Mistaken Mortal, I disdain the horrid Thought; I prefer a greater to a smaller Good, public to private Happiness, the Interest of a Community to the Favour of an Individual. Yes! the *Love of my Country* is an Obligation, sacred, indefeasible, and eternal; all interior and less holy Ties shall yield to this. The Gods themselves cannot dissolve my Obligation to it. Cease then, *Anthony*, to think, that the small Favour of Life once preserved by you, either can or will supersede it."

<sup>1</sup> *Cicero* was a Senator, and a Man of Consular Dignity, than which there was not a more honourable Station in *Rome*.

I am raised) did I throw out aught that was abusive? Did I utter an Expression but what was cool and friendly? Yet what a Self-denial was there in refraining from Abuse, when I was complaining against *Mark Anthony*, especially as you had dissipated the Remains of the State<sup>u</sup>? When within your House every thing had been prostituted to an infamous Venality? When you had confessed that Laws relating to you, and which never had been promulgated<sup>w</sup>, were by your Means passed? When, as Augur, you had abolished the Auspices, and as Consul had excluded the Interposition of the Tribunes? when you had been scandalously attended with Guards? when, sunk in Lust and Liquor, you perpetrated the most shameful Pollutions within a House remarkable for its Purity? But I, as if I had been contending with a *Marcus Crassus*<sup>x</sup>, with

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<sup>u</sup> He here probably means the public Money laid up in the Temple of *Ops*, which remained of the Largeesses of *Cæsar*, and which *Anthony* claimed to himself; or *Cicero* may here likewise mean the four thousand Talents, which *Anthony* got from *Caliphurnia*, *Cæsar's* Wife.

<sup>w</sup> Before any Law was passed, it was proposed or promulgated for twenty seven Days, with these Words, *Velitis jubeatis Quirites, ut lex illa, &c.* and then the Law was said to be promulgated.

<sup>x</sup> The Enmity between this *Crassus* (who was a very rich Man, and slain in the *Parthian Wars*) and *Cicero* was very strong and inveterate, because he imagined he had been engaged in the Conspiracy of *Catiline*, but he was afterwards reconciled to *Crassus*, at his Son's Request.

whom I have had many and severe Bickerings, and not with an infamous Bully, while I bitterly bewailed the Ruin of my Country, spared the Person of the Man.

To Day therefore I will take care, that he shall understand what Favour I then shewed him. This Wretch, void of all Humanity, and ignorant of the Decency required even in low life, read over the Letters which he pretended I wrote to him. For who, that has the least Knowledge of what passes among Men of Worth and Figure, upon a Grudge happening to fall in, ever publickly exposed and read over the Letters that were sent him by his Friend? To take away the Intercourse of absent Friends, what is it else but to take from Life the social Pleasure of Living? In Letters how many Jokes use to be, which if exposed, would seem very silly! How many serious things, yet by no means, fit to be exposed!

HAVING said thus much of thy Brutality, let me now proceed to thy amazing Stupidity. What have you to object to me, My Man of Eloquence? for such you appear to *Mustella Tamisius* and *Tiro Numisius*<sup>y</sup>, who at this Instant  
are

<sup>y</sup> Any farther Account we cannot give of these Men, than that

are standing with their Swords in their Hands, in the Sight of the Senate ; therefore I too shall think you eloquent, if you will shew me how you can prove them to be other than Assassins. But then, what can you object, should I deny that ever I sent you such Letters ? Upon what Evidence canst thou convict me ? Upon that of my own Hand-writing ? In this you have a very profitable Dexterity<sup>z</sup>. But how can You do it ? For they are wrote by my Secretary. Now do I hate thy Tutor, who, notwithstanding all his great Wages, which I shall soon make appear, could not infuse into thee a Grain of Knowledge.

FOR what can shew less, I will not say of an Orator, but of a rational Creature, than to throw out a Charge against an Antagonist, which if the Latter shall deny but upon his bare Word, the other shall be so puzzled, that he cannot proceed ? But I do not deny it. Yet by that very Fact I convict you not only of being void of Humanity, but of common Sense. For is there a Word in all these Letters, that is  
not

that they were Parasites of *Anthony's*, and of a low and despicable Character.

<sup>z</sup> He here insinuates, or rather asserts in plain Terms, that *Anthony* had counterfeited *Cæsar's* Hand, and done it with such Art, that many of *Anthony's* Forgeries were mistaken for genuine Acts of *Cæsar*.

not full of Kindness, Good-manners, and Friendship? But all your Pique is, that in these Letters I did not shew how much I disliked you, that I addressed you as my Fellow-Citizen, and a Man of Worth, and not as a Ruffian and a Robber. Yet, with all the Provocation I have met with from you, which I might justly resent, never did I expose your Letters, by which you beg that I would give you leave to recall a certain Person from Banishment, and which you swear you never will do without my Consent. My Consent you obtained: For why should I oppose thy Audacity<sup>a</sup>, which neither the Authority of this Order, nor your Reputation with the *Roman* People, nor any Laws could restrain? But after all, what did you require of me, if the Person for whom you interceded was recalled by *Cæsar's* Law? But he designed, forsooth, a Compliment to me! though at the same Time, as the Law was passed, no Thanks were owing even to himself.

BUT, Fathers Conscrip, I have a great deal to say, both for myself, and against *Anthony*. While I plead for myself, I beg you to hear me with

<sup>a</sup> Cicero had no Mind vigorously to oppose *Anthony*, since he knew that *Clodius* was to be brought back, in Consequence of a Law already passed by *Cæsar*.

with *Indulgence*; and when I plead against him, I will take care that you shall hear me with *Attention*. At the same Time I entreat, that if you have had Proofs of my Moderation and Decency in every Step of my Life, as well as in my Pleading, think not that I forget what is owing to my own Character, if in my Answer I shall use him according to the Provocation I have received. I will treat him as Consul, no more than he has treated me as Consular. Yet his profligate Life, his wretched Administration, and the Manner in which he was created, takes from him all Right to be Consul; but that I am Consular, is beyond all Dispute.

To set his own Consulate before you in the best Light, he objects to mine. A Consulate that titularily was mine, but *virtually*, Fathers Conscript, it was yours. For what did I resolve, what did I execute, but by the Advice, Authority, and Decision of this Order? And shalt thou, not only eloquent but wise as thou art, presume to reproach me with my Conduct, before those, whose Counsels and Wisdom gave it a Sanction? Did ever Man impeach *my* Consulate besides thyself and *Publius Clodius*?

Whose

Whose Fate, as it has overtaken *Curio*<sup>b</sup>, now awaits thee, because in thy House is the Instrument that proved fatal to both.

My Consulate does not please *Mark Anthony*: Yet did it please *Publius Servilius*<sup>c</sup>; give me leave to name him, who is last deceas'd, first in the List of the Consular Persons of that Time. It pleased *Quintus Catulus*, whose Authority in this State shall never die; it pleased the two *Luculli*, *Marcus Crassus*, *Quintus Hortensius*, *Caius Curio*, *Marcus Lepidus*, *Calphurnius Piso*, *Marcus Glabrio*, *Lucius Volcatius*, *Caius Figulus*, with *Decius Silanus*, and *Lucius Murena*, who were then Consuls elect. What pleased these Consular Men, pleased also *Marcus Cato*, who as he left the World that he might avoid much that he foresaw, never saw you a Consul. But chiefly did my Consulate please *Cneius Pompeius*, who when he first came from *Syria* as soon as he saw me, complimenting and embracing me, owned it to be owing to my Friendship that he was again to

see

<sup>b</sup> Appian tells us, that this *Curio* (when he was marching with two Legions into *Lybia* against *Varus*, who favoured *Pompey*, and against *Juba King of Mauritania*, who favoured *Varus*) was cut off with his Army at the River *Bagrada*.

<sup>c</sup> This *Publius Servilius* conquered the *Isidauri* in *Italy*, and thence had the Name of *Isidauricus* bestowed on him. He died in extreme old Age, under the Consulship of *Cæsar* and *Anthony*.

see his Country. But why do I dwell upon single Persons? So much did it please a full assembled Senate, that there was not a Man who did not return me Thanks as to a Father, who did not own that to me he owed his Life, his Children, his Fortune, and the Deliverance of his Country.

BUT since our Country is now bereaved of so many great Men as I have now named; let me proceed to the Living; two of whom, of Consular Dignity, still are with us. *Lucius Cotta*, a Man of the most consummate Capacity and Prudence, for that very Conduct which you blame, decreed a Thanksgiving in the most magnificent Terms, with the Assent of those very Men of Consular or Senatorial Dignity, whom I now have mentioned; an Honour that since the Building of this City, never was conferred upon any Man in the Robes of Peace, besides myself.

WITH what Energy, with what Resolution, with what Majesty did *Lucius Cæsar*, your maternal Uncle, pronounce Sentence upon the Husband of his own Sister, and your Step-father? Though he ought to have been the Pattern and Director of all your Counsels, of all your Conduct in Life, yet did you chuse to

resemble your Step-father rather than your Uncle. I, though not his Kinsman, yet while I was Consul, followed his Advice. Thou, though the Son of his Sister, yet didst thou ever consult with him upon aught that related to the Public? Immortal Gods! with whom does he consult? Why with Men whose very Birth-Days make a Noise.

To Day *Anthony* does not appear<sup>a</sup>; why? He celebrates a Birth-day in his Gardens. Whose is it? I will name no Man: Suppose it a Buffoon's, a Parasite's, or a Pimp's. Detestable Stain to Humanity! unsufferable Impudence, Infamy, and Lust! Thou, whilst thou hast a leading Senator, a distinguished Citizen, so near a Relation, never consult with him about thy Administration, but with those who having no Property of their own, drain thee of thine! So like a Patriot is thy Consulship conducted, so like a Traitor was mine.

ART thou so thoroughly lost at once to the Virtue of Chastity, and the Sense of Shame, as that thou darest to advance this in that very Temple, where I consulted with the Senate,

<sup>a</sup> *Anthony* did not on this Occasion come into the Senate, because he was probably hindered, not by his own, but by the Birth-day of some Parasite or other.

once the glorious Head of a subjected World ; but where thou hast posted thy abandoned Ruffians with Swords in their Hands ? But thou hast presumed to say ; (for thy Presumption is boundless,) that the Mount of the *Capitol*, when I was Consul, was filled with armed Slaves ; meaning, I suppose, that I forced the Senate into the scandalous Decree which it then made. What a Wretch thou art ! whether thou art ignorant of those things, as well as of every thing besides that is good, or if thou art not ignorant of them, for talking with such Insolence in this awful Assembly ! For was there a *Roman Knight*, was there a Youth of Quality, was there a Man of any Rank besides thyself, who reflected that he was a Citizen, who was not on the Mount of the *Capitol*, while the Senate was assembled in this Temple ? Who amongst them did not enlist himself ? insomuch, that even Clerks were wanting to write down, and the Registers were too scanty to contain their Names. For when abandoned Ruffians confess<sup>e</sup> their Intentions of being the Paricides of their Country ; when they are forced by the Discoveries of their Accomplices, their own Hands, and their almost speaking Letters,

to

<sup>e</sup> Besides many others who confessed, there was one *Caparius*, who, upon a public Promise of Protection, discovered the whole Conspiracy.

to own, that they had conspired to fire the City, to murder the Citizens, to desolate *Italy*, to destroy the Commonwealth: Who must not then be roused to the Defence of the public Safety? Especially as the *Roman People* had then such a Leader, as were there now such another at their Head, must have made thee to share in the same Doom which then befel them.

HE affirms, that I did not deliver the Body of his Step-Father to be buried<sup>f</sup>. This Accusation never was brought against me even by *Clodius*, whom, as my Enmity with him was on my Part well grounded, I am sorry you outdo in every manner of Wickedness. But what could possess you to remind us, that you was educated in the House of *Lentulus*? Was you apprehensive that we could not imagine you should be naturally such a Monster without the Assistance of Education?

BUT such was thy Stupidity, that through all thy Discourse thou wast still confounding thyself: So that what you spoke was not incoherent only, but entirely foreign and contradictory

<sup>f</sup> *Anthony* it seems had objected to *Cicero*, that he refused Burial to the Corps of *Lentulus Sura*. But *Plutarch* tells us in his *Antonius*, that this Story is false.

to what you *meant*; thus through the Whole of your Speech you did not seem to be disputing with me, but with yourself. You acknowledged that your Step-father was involved in that unnatural Treason, yet you complain that he suffered. Thus, what was properly my Act, you have approved; what was that of the whole Senate, you have condemned. For to me it was owing that the Guilty were seized; to the Senate, that they were punished. This Master of Eloquence therefore does not understand that in his Pleading he praises his Antagonist, and reproaches his Judges.

GIVE me now leave to enquire, by whose (I will not call it *Presumption*, for he affects to be thought presumptuous,) but by whose Stupidity, an Imputation more hard of Digestion to him, though no Man can match him in it, the Mount of the *Capitol* happened to be mentioned, while an armed Force is posted even amidst our Benches? Immortal Gods! in this Chapel of *Concord*; in which, during my Consulate<sup>z</sup>, the most Patriot Measures were re-

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<sup>z</sup> Our Author, through all his Orations, is still affecting to bring in the Mention of his Consulate; in this Passage it occurs very naturally, since nothing can be more shocking than to see the Deliberations of a public Body over-awed by open Force; but Cicero, one should think, ought to have been a little tender of touching

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solved on, Measures to which we owe our Existence at this Day, Guards are posted with Swords in their Hands. Accuse the Senate, accuse the Equestrian Order at that Time connected with the Senate, accuse every Rank, every Citizen ; but you must confess, that at this Instant this Assembly is beset by Barbarians. It is not Audaciousness that puts such an impudent Speech in thy Mouth, but thy not perceiving the absolute Inconsistency of the Circumstances. Believe me, thou art completely stupid. For what can be more like an Idiot, than, while thou thyself hast levied an armed Force that is destructive to thy Country, to charge another with rising in Arms to protect her ?

BUT you once attempted to be witty. Kind Heaven ! how clumsily you cut your Jokes ! And let me tell you, it was partly your own Fault ; for you have a Lady, an Actress, who might have instilled some Wit into you.

*To the long Robe let Arms give Way<sup>b</sup>.*

How !

touching upon that Point ; for even in the Case of *Catiline*, the Deliberations of the Senate were by no means free. There was a Body of *Roman Knights*, who were still at Hand, and, as he himself insinuates, were ready to have done whatever he had a Mind should be done ; nay, we find that they went so far, as even to offer to kill *Caesar*, for delivering his Sentiments freely.

<sup>b</sup> This is the famous Distich which has occasioned so many severe Sneers upon our Author's poetical Character : And indeed it

How! and did they not then give way? The long Robe afterwards indeed gave way to thy Arms. Let us therefore enquire which Conduct was preferable; that the Force of Traitors should yield to the Liberties of the *Romans*, or that Liberty should yield to thy Arms. But I will not answer thee more in Stanzas, I will only say in short, that thou art void of all Knowledge, either in Poetry or any other Part of Literature. That I never was wanting in my Duty, either to the Public, or to my Friends; yet by the Works of every Kind which in my Hours of Leisure from those more important Concerns of Life, I composed, that the Fruits of my Labours and Learning were of some Advantage to the Youth, and did some Honour to the Reputation of my Country. But this is foreign at present, let me proceed to what is more important.

T 2

You

is amazing that a Man so quick-sighted in the Characters of others, should be so blind to his own, as not only to mistake his Genius, but obstinately to persevere in his Mistake, by renewing his Attempts to versify, and defending his Compositions. It would appear that *Anthony* had been a little severe upon him for this, and his Answer to him here is by no Means the most shining Part of this Oration, and far from the delicate Raillery which he is Master of on other Occasions.

You have affirmed, that it was by my Advice that *Publius Clodius* was killed<sup>1</sup>. What must the World have thought, had he been kill'd, when in the Sight of all *Rome*, you pursued him in the Forum with a drawn Sword, and had compleated the Work, but that he threw himself under the Steps of a Bookseller's Stall, and by barricading it, stopt your Pursuit? But what do I talk? I own, that I indeed countenanc'd you; but you yourself don't pretend that I advised you in what you then acted. But *Milo* could not have so much as my Countenance, for he finished his Busines before any body suspected that he had undertaken it. Yet I must be his Adviser; as if *Milo* was a Man, who could not without an Adviser have done a Service to his Country. But, you say, that I appeared joyful. What! was it proper, that amidst so universal a Joy, I should be the only dejected Person in all *Rome*.

YET, though it was not quite so legal to do it, a Tryal was appointed upon the Case of *Clodius*; for to what Purpose was a new Law

<sup>1</sup> Our Author here repeats a great deal of what he has said in his Oration for *Milo*, which the Reader may consult.

Law enacted for trying a Man who had killed another, when a Tryal in such a Case was regulated by the Laws in Being? However, the Tryal went on. What then! When that Affair was depending, no body charged me; that was a Task reserved for you a great many Years after it was over. But as to what in a Cloud of Words you have dared to advance, as if by my Means Pompey was divided from *Cæsar's* Friendship, and therefore it was owing to me that the Civil War broke out; you are not indeed absolutely in the Wrong, but mistaken in a very material Point, which is, that of Time.

WHILE *Bibulus*, that excellent Patriot, was Consul, I omitted nothing, I did, I endeavoured all I could to take *Pompey* off from his Connection with *Cæsar*. But in this, *Cæsar* was more successful than I<sup>k</sup>; for he separated *Pompey* from my Friendship. But after *Pompey* had entirely thrown himself into *Cæsar's* Hands, why should I have endeavoured to take him off? it had been foolish to have

T 3                      hoped,

<sup>k</sup> This was the great Failure of Cicero's Politicks. He had done a great deal for Pompey, nay to a Degree of Adulation; yet he took his Measures so ill, that he put Pompey, who, it would appear, had still a secret Contempt for him, upon a Necessity of dropping him, which proved the Cause of all his subsequent Misfortunes.

hoped, it had been presumptuous to have attempted it.

BUT, say you, two Junctures happened, in which I advised Pompey to oppose Cæsar, You have my leave to blame both these Measures if you can. The first was, that the five Years Command of Cæsar<sup>1</sup> should not be prorogued: The other, that Pompey should not suffer any Regard to be had to Cæsar's Absence. In either of which Measures had I succeeded, never had we fallen into these Calamities. Yet, at the same time, after Pompey had transferred his own Power, and that of all the Roman Empire, to Cæsar, when he began too late to be sensible of what I had early foreseen; and when I perceived that an unnatural War was to break out against my Country, with unwearied Pains did I labour to promote Peace, Harmony, and a Reconciliation; to many is the Exclamation I then used known. *I wish, O Pompey, that you never had contracted, or never had broken your Friendship with Cæsar. The one had been consent*

<sup>1</sup> This was a great Error in Pompey and Crassus. They obtained, by their Interest in the Senate, a Prorogation of Cæsar's Command in Gaul, which gave him an Opportunity of gaining Glory and Riches, and garbling his Army, and hardening it so in the Field, as to be an Over-match for the Forces of the Republic.

*f*sistent with your Patriotism<sup>m</sup>, the other with your Prudence. Such, *Mark Anthony*, were my Counsels, both with regard to Pompey and the State. Had they been pursued, still had the Constitution stood, and you must have fallen by your Crimes, your Indigence and Infamy.

BUT these are Instances of an old Date; one is later, *that Cæsar was killed by my Advice.* I am here, Fathers Conscrip<sup>t</sup>, apprehensive of a very scandalous Charge, since it may appear as if I had set up this Shuffler to load me not only with my own Merits, but those of others. For who ever heard of my Name among those who were upon the Concert of that glorious Action? Yet whose Name, amongst all who were, was concealed? Concealed did I say? Whose Name was not immediately publish'd? I should be more ready to charge some with falsely boasting that they were in the Secret, than with concealing it if they were.

T 4

BESIDES,

<sup>m</sup> Our Author, though perhaps he was sensible that Pompey was no more a Patriot than Cæsar; yet, as he had been guilty of no Overt Act against the State, and was the General of the Republic; Cicero here mentions his *Gravitas*, which I have ventured to translate Patriotism, as thinking that that was Cicero's real Meaning.

BESIDES, how probable is it, that among so many, partly Men of no Figure, partly young Men, who concealed no body, my Name should have been kept a Secret? For if those Deliverers of their Country had wanted Promptors to that Action, needed I to have prompted the two *Bruti*, who each had the Statue of *Lucius Brutus* every Day in his Eye, and one of them that of *Abala* besides? Would Men descended of such Progenitors, have asked Advice of Strangers, rather than of their own Friends, abroad rather than at home? How *Caius Cassius*, born of a Family impatient not only of Sovereignty, but of Superiority in any other Person, wanted, very probable indeed, that I should prompt him, though he would have done the Thing without his illustrious Partners in *Cilicia*, at the Mouth of the River *Cydnus*, had not the other landed upon a Bank opposite to where he intended.

WAS it my Persuasion, and not the Ruin of his illustrious Father, the Death of his Uncle, the bereaving him of his Honours, that prompted *Cneius Domitius* to recover Liberty? Did I persuade *C. Trebonius*? I would not have ventured even to have reasoned with him on such a Subject; and therefore his Country  
owes

owes him greater Thanks, in that to the Friendship of one Man, he preferred the Liberty of all *Rome*, and chose to be the Expeller rather than the Partner of Usurpation. Was *L. Tillius Cimber*<sup>a</sup> determined by my Advice? Though I rather was surprised that he should perform, than of Opinion that he would undertake such an Action; and for this Reason did I admire him, that, regardless of Favours, he regarded the Commonwealth.

WHY should I mention the two *Serviliis*? Shall I call them *Cascas* or *Abalas*? Can't thou imagine that they also were fired by my Persuasion, rather than Love for their Country? Tedious it would seem to recount the rest. That their Number was so great, was to their Country's Honour, and their own Glory.

But mark in what Manner this penetrating Person has convicted me: When *Cæsar* was killed, says he, *Marcus Brutus*, holding aloft his bloody Dagger, call'd out upon *Cicero* by

<sup>a</sup> *Seneca*, in his Epistles to *Lucullus*, says, that this *Cimber* was a notorious Drunkard, and that, nevertheless, the Secret of *Cæsar* the Dictator's Death was as much entrusted to him, as it was to *Cassius*, who all his Life had drank nothing but Water.

<sup>b</sup> *Publius Servilius* the Father, was Consul in the Year of the City 674, and having taken the Towns of the *Iauri*, he assumed the Surname of *Iauricus*. His Son was twice Consul.

by Name, and congratulated him on the Recovery of Liberty. But why did he single out me? Because I was Accessary? Take care that the Reason of his calling upon me was not, that as he had performed an Action which might match what I had done, he called me above all Men, to witness, that he there appeared as the Rival of my Glory. But, thou consummate Driveler, dost thou not understand, if what thou chargest me with, the entering into a Design to kill *Cæsar*, be a Crime, that it is equally criminal to rejoice at his Death? For where is the Difference of the Adviser and the Approver of an Action? Or what matters it whether I wished to see, or was glad to find it done? Is there therefore a Man, excepting thyself, and they who rejoice at this Usurpation, who was either against its being effected, or condemned it when it was? The Crime therefore was universal; for all good Men, as much as they could, were accessory to the Death of *Cæsar*. In some the Resolution, in others the Spirit, to others the Opportunity was wanting; but in none the Will.

BUT mark the Stupidity of the Man, rather let me say the Brute, for such were his Words:

Words: MARCUS BRUTUS, WHOM I NAME TO DO HIM HONOUR, HOLDING UP THE BLOODY DAGGER, CALLED ALOUD UPON CICERO: THEREFORE MAY WE CONCLUDE THAT HE WAS ACCESSORY. Therefore you call me a Villain, because you *suspect* that I *suspected* somewhat: Yet this Man who reared the reeking Dagger, is by you named *to do him Honour!* Be it so. Let the Stupidity be in thy Words. How much greater is that of thy Sentiments and Actions? Decide, my worthy Consul, the Merits of the Cause of the *Bruti*, *Caius Cassius*, *Cneius Domitius*, *Caius Trebonius*, and the rest? Sleep out thy Liquor, let me advise thee, and dispel the Fumes of the Wine. Must Torches be brought to arouse thee slumbering over so weighty a Cause? Canst thou never understand, that thou must determine whether they who committed that Action were Murderers, or the Afferters of Liberty?

YET attend but ever so little, snatch one lucid Interval to think as a sober Man. For I, who confess myself to be their Friend, am charged by you as being their Accomplice; I deny that there is any Medium; I confess, that if they were not the Deliverers of the

Roman

Roman People, and the Preservers of this Constitution, they were worse than Assassins, worse than Murderers, nay worse than Parricides; in as much as a Man's killing his natural Father, is not a Crime of so deep a Dye, as that of killing the Father of his Country. Thou, wise and deliberate as thou art, how say'st thou? If they are Parricides, why were they constantly made honourable mention of by thee, both in this Assembly, and before the People of *Rome*? Why had *Brutus*, upon thy Motion, a Dispensation from the Laws, of being *above* ten Days absent from the City? Why, with the amazing Applauses of *Brutus*, were the Plays of *Apollo* perform'd? Why Provinces allotted to *Cassius* and to *Brutus*? Why Quæstors added? Why the Number of their Deputies augmented? These were thy own Acts and Deeds, therefore are they not Murderers. It follows, that in your own Judgment they are Saviours of the State, since no middle Denomination can be found.

WHAT's the Matter? Do I disconcert you? Perhaps you do not perfectly understand what is so clearly laid down. The whole of what I have been saying, is this: Since by thee they have been acquitted of Guilt, by thee they

they have been adjudged worthy of the highest Rewards. Therefore now I will change the Strain of my Discourse ; I will write to them, that in case they should be asked, if what you object to me is Truth, they should not disown it. For I am afraid that it may be thought dishonourable in them to conceal it from me, or scandalous in me to decline it when invited. For, O Holy Jove ! was there ever a greater Action performed not only in this City, but in this World ? Any thing more glorious, any thing that can more endear the Actors to all the Ages of Posterity ? Dost thou shut me up with Heroes, into the *Trajan* Horse of this great Design<sup>p</sup> ? I will not disown it.

I EVEN return you Thanks, whatever your Intentions are ; for so glorious is the Action, that I slight the Malice which you endeavour to raise against me, when I reflect on the Honour that attends it. For can there be a more glorious Fate, than that of the Men whom you declare you have expelled and banished ?

Is

<sup>p</sup> It is said, that the *Grecian* Princes were shut up in a wooden Horse, and that they sallied out thence in order to overturn Troy. *Vide Virgil II. Lib. Aeneid.* Pliny Book VII. thinks that the *Trojan* Horse was a Machine intended for destroying and beating down Walls, and that it was the same with the *Aries* made by *Epeus*.

Is there a Place so desert, so barbarous, as, when they shall approach it, not to court and entertain them? Are there Men in the World so savage, as not to think their beholding them, the greatest Blessing of their Lives? What Posterity shall be found so unmindful, what Records so ungrateful, as not to crown their Memory with immortal Renown? Yet you enroll me in this glorious Number.

BUT there is one Thing which I am afraid of; namely, that you cannot prove your Assertion: For had I been in the Concert, I should have abolished out of the State, not the Tyrant only, but Tyranny itself: And had that STILE, as it is given out, been mine, believe me, I should not only have dispatched one Act, but the whole Play. But if it is a Crime to have wished for the Death of *Cæsar*, how can you *Anthony*, answer for it, when it is notorious, that at *Narbonne*<sup>4</sup> you entered into that Plot<sup>\*</sup> with *Caius Trebonius*, and be-cause

\* This City is the most antient of all *Gaul*, and gives its Name to the whole Province in which it lies.

<sup>†</sup> When the Conspirators were consulting among themselves about the killing *Cæsar*, it was debated among them, whether they should invite *Anthony* to accomplish their Design; but *Trebonius* opposed the Motion, pretending, that he was no Stranger to the Sentiments of *Anthony* with Regard to this Matter, since he had already endeavoured to push him on to it, at

cause you had been once in that Design, we saw you when *Cæsar* was killing, called aside by the same *Trebonius*. Indeed (you see how unlike a Foe I deal) in that you once could entertain a good Design, you have my Approbation; in that you did not betray it, my Thanks; and in that you did not execute it, my Pardon. The Execution required a MAN.

BUT should any one bring you to a Tryal, and apply to you the Saying of *Cassius*, WHAT PURPOSE COULD IT SERVE? Beware, I entreat you, that you be not puzzled. Though indeed, as you yourself owned, it serv'd the Purposes of every Man who was resolved not to be a SLAVE. But your's above all, who are so far from being a Slave, that you are a King. Who at the Temple of *Ops* paid all your immense Debts? who, by Means of the Notes I have mentioned, squandered a prodigious Sum? Thou, to whom such a Treasure was carried from *Cæsar's* House. Thou, whose House is the most lucrative Shop for counter-

at that Time when *Cæsar* was returning from *Gaul*. He represented at the same Time, that *Anthony* refused to comply with what he proposed, but that he had nevertheless kept the Secret faithfully. For which Reason it was again debated among them, whether they should kill *Anthony* along with *Cæsar*; but *Brutus* opposed this, because he thought that an Affair undertaken in Defence of Liberty, and the Laws of one's Country, ought if possible, to be managed in a popular Manner.

counterfeit Notes and fictitious Writings, the infamous Market-place for Lands, Towns, Privileges, and Revenues.

WHAT then but the Death of *Cæsar* could have relieved thy Necessities, and paid thy Debts? You seem to be disconcerted about something. Are you apprehensive lest this Charge may be thought to extend itself to you? I will rid you of your Apprehensions. No body will believe it; it is not for you to do a Service to your Country. The Heroes in that gallant Action were the most illustrious Men in this Republic. I say only, that you was pleased with it<sup>\*</sup>; I do not charge you with committing it. Thus have I answered the most heinous Part of my Accusation, let me now proceed to the other.

You objected to me, my Behaviour in *Pompey's Camp*, and what was done at that Juncture. A Juncture, in which had my Advice and Authority prevailed, thou must at this Time have been *opprest with Want*, and  
we

\* *Anthony* had Reason to be pleased at the Death of *Cæsar*, since from it he reaped great Advantages; for in Consequence of it, he drained the Treasury, and using too much Freedom with his Pocket-Books, and Memorandums, disposed of Provinces to whom he had a Mind.

we in the Enjoyment of Liberty; nor would the State have lost so many Generals<sup>t</sup>, and so many Armies. For I own, that when I fore-saw what actually happened, I was as much dejected as other good Patriots, had they fore-seen the same, would have been. It afflicted me, much did it afflict me, Fathers Conscrip, that this Constitution, once preserved by your Conduct and mine, was in a short time to be ruined. Not that I was so uninstructed, so unexperienced in the World, as that my Spirit should be broken through a Passion for a Life, the Continuance of which but consumed me with Anguish, while the Loss of it would have delivered me from all Troubles; but I was willing to preserve alive those ex-cellent Men, the Lights of the Republic, of so many Consular, so many of Pretorian Dignity, so many honotirable Senators, besides the whole Flower of our Nobility and Youth, and an Army of worthy Citizens; had these lived, even though it had been upon unequal Terms of Peace (for any Peace to me seemed preferable to a Civil War among my Country-men) this Day WE had been in the Possession of the Government.

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HAD

<sup>t</sup> In that Civil War some very great Men perished, viz. Pompey, Cato, Pelleius, and Africanus.

HAD my Advice prevailed, and had not they whose Preservation I had chiefly in my Eye, flushed with the Hopes of Victory, opposed it, to say no more, thou never hadst remained in this Order, or rather in this City. But my Language, say you, made *Pompey* look upon me but very coldly. Did he ever love any Man more than he loved me? Was there a Man with whom he oftener talked, whom he oftener consulted? This indeed was very extraordinary, that two People differing upon the most important Points of Politics, I should still continue the same Intercourse of Friendship. But his Views and Sentiments were known to me, and mine to him. I had an Eye first to the Safety, next to the Dignity of my Countrymen; his chief View was providing for their immediate Dignity. And as both of us had a fixed Point of View which we pursued, therefore our Disagreement was very moderate. But the Sentiments of that incomparable, that almost Divine Person, with regard to me, are known to those who accompanied him to *Paphos*<sup>u</sup> in his Flight from *Pharsalia*: Never did he men-

tion

<sup>u</sup> *Pompey*, after the Battle of *Pharsalia*, fled to *Paphos*, a Town of *Cyprus*, built by *Appagenor*.

tion me but with Honour, never but with Marks of the most friendly Regret, and confessing that I foresaw *more*; but that he had hoped for *better* Events. And dare you presume to insult me by the mention of that Man, while you own, that I was the Friend of his Person, and you the Purchaser of his Estate?

BUT I pass over that War, in which you was but too successful. I will not take Notice even of the Jokes in the Camp \*, which you lay upon me. The Camp indeed was a Camp full of Care; but Men, even while their Situation is perplexed, if they are Men, sometimes unbend their Spirits. But since he at once blames me both for my Dejection and my Mirth, it is a strong Presumption that I went into no Extreme of either. You deny that I have received any Legacies. I wish

U 2 that

\* Cicero had a very facetious, but at the same Time a very satirical, Turn.. Of the Truth of this we have several Proofs, viz. when Pompey said to him, *Sero venis Cicero*, he replied, *Non sero, nihil enim video paratum*. In like Manner, when Pompey said *Victoria in manu est mei*, Cicero added, *Si tibi negotium esset cum mulieribus*. And after the Battle of Pharsalia, when one Nonnius exhorted his Countrymen to take Courage, because there were still seven of the Roman Eagles remaining ; Cicero answered, *Recete admones si adversus Graculos pugnaremus*. These are some Instances of Cicero's Wit : Whether it is of the true and genuine Kind, I leave the Reader to judge for himself.

that Charge of yours was true; then must many more of my Friends and Relations have been now alive. But how could that come into your Head? For I have been Master of more than 156000*l.* by Legacies. Though in that respect I own, that you have been a great deal more lucky than I. None but Friends mentioned me in their Wills, that some Advantage might attend my Grief for losing them. *Lucius Rubricus Caffinas*<sup>x</sup>, a Man whom you never saw, made you his Heir. See now what Affection he had for you, when without knowing the Colour of your Hair, he passed by his own Brother's Son in your Favour. He does not so much as mention in his Will, *Quintus Fusius*, a Roman Knight of the greatest Worth, in the greatest Friendship with himself, whom he had often publickly promised should be his Heir; and he named as his Heir you, whom he never saw, with whom, at least, he never was in Company. If it is not giving you too much Trouble, I would ask you, what kind of a Man in his Person was *Lucius Turfellius*? How tall was he? Of what Corporation, and of what Ward? I cannot tell, say you, but I  
can

<sup>x</sup> *Caffinum* is a Town in *Campania*, situate near the Place where the *Via Appia* and the *Via Latina* run into one another.

can tell you what Estates he had. Therefore he disinherited his Brother, and made you his Heir. He likewise, to the Prejudice of the true Heirs, has laid his Hands upon the proper Effect of a great many other People who were absolute Strangers to him. But my greatest Surprise is, that you should have the Presumption to mention *Heirships*, when you yourself was not Heir even to your own Father.

Was it to pick up these Stories, thou Madman, that you *held forth* for so many Days at another Person's Country Seat? Though indeed your Intimates give out, that you hold forth not to improve your Understanding, but to evaporate your Wine; and to complete the Farce, you appointed a Master, one who in your and your Companions Eyes, is a Rhetorician, with Liberty to speak against you as much as he pleased. A very pleasant Fellow indeed! But it is a very easy matter to find Subject enough against you and your Friends. Observe however the Difference betwixt you and your Grandfather<sup>y</sup>. He spoke gradually, coolly, and to the Purpose; you

U 3 speak

<sup>9</sup> His Grandfather was that celebrated Orator *Mark Anthony*, so much spoke of by *Cicero* in his Book *De Oratore*.

speak hastily and slightly, and what you say,  
is not to the Purpose.

BUT what Wages have you paid to your Master in Rhetoric? Hear, hear, Fathers Conscript, and perceive the Wounds of your Country. You have allotted two thousand Acres of the *Leontine* Lands, Tax-free, to *Sextus Clodius*, Professor of Rhetoric; you gave him those extravagant Wages, that you might remain a Dunce. Frontless Fellow, did you do this by Virtue of *Cæsar's* Journals? But in another Place I will talk of the *Leontine*<sup>7</sup> and *Campanian* Lands, of which he has robbed the Public, that he might pollute them with his Scoundrel Tenants. For now, as I have said enough in answer to his Charge against me, give me leave to touch a little upon this Corrector and Amender of mine; for I will not exhaust my Subject, that if we should happen oftener to mount the Stage, as must be the Case, I may still fight with new Weapons; an Advantage for which I am obliged to his inexhaustible Fund of Guilt and Wickedness. Have you a mind that I should examine your Conduct when you was but a Lad?

<sup>7</sup> *Leontium* is a Town of *Sicilia Septentrionalis*, famed for its Land's being fertile.

Lad? With all my Heart: Let us begin at your first setting out.

Do you remember, that before you put on the manly Gown you was bankrupt? That, say you, is not my Fault, but my Father's: I gránt it; for the Excuse is full of filial Duty. But your Impudence appeared in your sittting in one of the fourteen Rows in the Theatre, when by the *Roscian Law*<sup>a</sup> there was a particular Place set apart for Bankrupts, even though they had become such not through their Mismanagement, but their ill Luck. You appeared in the Gown of a Man, but you quickly changed it with the Dress of a Woman. At first you was a common Whore; the Wages of your Prostitution were fixed and high; but *Curio* soon interposed; he took you out of the Profession of a Prostitute; and as if he had cloathed you in the Array of a Bride, he settled you in sure and certain Wedlock!

U 4

No.

<sup>a</sup> In the Consulate of *Lucius Metellus*, and *Quintus Martius*, and the Year of the City 682. *Lucius Rufcius Otbo*, a Tribune of the People, enacted a Law, that fourteen Forms should be set apart for the *Roman Knights* on the Theatre. But those of them who, either through their own Mismanagement, or bad Luck, had lost their Estates, had no Right to sit in these Forms.

No Boy bought to satiate Lust was ever so much in his Master's Power, as you was in *Curio's*. How often did his Father thrust you out of his House? How often did he place Sentinels to prevent your crossing his Threshold? Yet you, favoured by Night, prompted by Lust, and compelled by Hire, was let down through the Roof; Disorders which that Family could no longer bear with. Are you not conscious that I mention no more than I very well know? Reflect upon the Time when *Curio* the Father lay disconsolate in his Bed; when his Son prostrate in Tears at my Feet recommended you to my Care; begged that though he should insist upon above forty-eight thousand Pounds, yet that I should protect you against his own Father; for that he was engaged for you to that Amount. At the same time burning with Passion, he declared, since he could not bear the Pangs of a Separation from you, that he would go into Banishment.

At that Juncture I composed, or rather I cured these afflicting Disorders of that flourishing Family: I persuaded the Father to pay his Son's Debts. To clear in the World, by means

means of his private Estate, a Youth who gave the greatest Hopes of being endowed with every Accomplishment of Sense and Wit; and by his paternal Power and Authority, to debar him not only from being intimate, but from keeping Company with you. Had you called to mind what I did at that Time, had you not trusted to those Swords, would you have dared to challenge me by your Railing?

I SHALL pass over your Prostitution, and your scandalous Intrigues; there being some Circumstances which I cannot with Decency mention, though the Knowledge of this gave you the greater Liberty, since the Charge which lies against you cannot be urged by any Antagonist, who has a Sense of Decency. But observe the remaining Course of his Life; and this I shall very quickly run over: For my Mind hurries me to speak of his Actions during the Civil Wars, and amidst the most afflicting Calamities of his Country, and of what he is daily now perpetrating: To the Relation of these, though you are much better acquainted with them than I am, yet continue, I entreat you, your Attention: For in such Actions the Passions ought to be fired, not

not only by knowing, but by recollecting them. I shall however enter upon the middle Stage of his Life, lest it may be too late before I reach the last.

DURING his Tribunehip, this Man, who boasts of his Kindness to me, was intimate with *Clodius*<sup>b</sup>. He was the Firebrand of all his incendiary Proceedings. As to what he then contrived at his House, I shall say nothing, he himself best understands my Meaning. From thence he went to *Alexandria*, in Defiance of the Authority of the Senate, of the Government, and of religious Rites. But he had *Gabinius*<sup>c</sup> for his Leader, with whom he could not but do every thing in the best manner. When, or how did he return thence? He went from *Egypt* to the farther *Gaul*, before he went to his own House. But what House? Every body at that Time had a House of his own, but you had none! A House did I say! Was there a Place on Earth, where you could set your Foot, except *Misenus* alone,

<sup>b</sup> *Anthony* was very intimate with *Clodius* the Tribune of the People; but when he saw he had many Enemies, he left him and sailed into *Greece*.

<sup>c</sup> This *Gabinius* was a very covetous Fellow, and was sent Pro-consul to reduce *Ptolemy* King of *Egypt*.

alone, which, like another *Sisapo*<sup>4</sup>, you and your Companions possessed?

You left Gaul to stand for the Quæstorship. Dare you say you visited your Mother before me? *Cœsar* had then wrote to me, that I would suffer you to make Satisfaction; therefore I would not suffer you so much as to mention any Apology. I was afterwards your Patron, and I countenanced you when you stood for the Quæstorship; at which Time indeed you attempted, with the Approbation of all *Rome*, to kill *Publius Clodius* in the *Forum*: And though this Attempt was the Effect of what you yourself had resolved, and not of what I suggested, yet you professed that you never could satisfy me for the Injuries you had done me, unless you killed *Clodius*. I am therefore surprized why you say that *Milo* dispatched him through my Instigation, when I never gave you the least Encouragement when you voluntarily made the very same Offer. Though if your Resolution had still continued, I should have chose that that Action should be looked upon as honourable  
for

<sup>4</sup> *Sisapo* was a Town in *Corduba*, in *Spain*, famous for its Mines of Red-Lead. *Cicero* mentions it here by Way of Infamy. It alludes, probably, to some Proverb taken from the Collusion among the Farmers, in whose Hands it was, or from their working under Ground.

for you, rather than advantageous for me. You was made Quæstor, and instantly without any Decree of the Senate, without any Allotment, without any Law, you hurried over to *Cæsar*; for that you thought to be the only Course by which, upon this Earth, Want, Debt, Villainy, and desperate Circumstances could find Shelter. There, when by his Profusion and your own Rapine you had glutted yourself (if it can be said you was glutted with what you were immediately to disgorge) you flew, needy as you was, into the Tribuneship, that you might, as far as you could, imitate the Conduct of your Husband in that Office,

LEARN now, I beseech you, not what relates to the Impurity and Intemperance of his domestic Disgrace, but to his impious and unnatural Conduct against us and our Fortune; or, which is the same thing, against the whole State: because you will find, that from his Wickedness all our Calamities had their Birth; for, when under the Consulate of *Lucius Lentulus* and *Caius Marcellus*, you shewed a Willingness to support your weakened and almost falling Country, on the first of January,

*& Viz. Cicero.*

nuary, and desired to favour *Caius Cæsar* himself, could he have been brought to a right way of thinking : Then did *Antbony* oppose the venal, the prostitute Tribuneship, to disconcert your Designs, and subjected his own Neck to that Ax, under which many for less Crimes had fallen. But, *Mark Anthony*, against you, the Senate, while it was flourishing, and so many of its Lights unextinguished, decreed that Punishment which, by the Usage of our Ancestors, was commonly decreed against an Enemy of his Country. And have *you* presumed to speak against *me* before the Senate, though by this Order I have been adjudged to be the Preserver, and you the Enemy of the State ? The Mention of this your Guilt, has been indeed omitted, but not the Remembrance of it abolished, while Mankind, while the Glory of the *Roman* People shall remain ; that Glory, which if not extinguished by you, must be eternal, so long shall that pestilentious Opposition of yours be mentioned. Was there a partial, was there a rash Step taken by the Senate, when you, a single Youth, restrained that whole Order from decreeing what related to the public Safety ? This was not once, but often ; nor would you admit of any Representations or

any

any treating upon the Authority of the Senate. Yet what was their Intention, but to prevent you from utterly abolishing and ruining the Government; when neither the Requests of our leading Citizens, the Advice of your Elders, nor the Debates of a numerous Senate, could shake your venal, your *determined* Resolution? Then after many previous Temptations, that Blow was necessarily inflicted on you, which before you few had felt, but none without suffering by its Weight. Then did this Order put Arms against you into the Hands of the Consuls, and our other Commanders and Powers, which you never could have escaped, had you not enlisted yourself in *Cæsar's* Army.

You, *Mark Anthony*, you, I say, was the Chief who furnished *Cæsar*, whose Passion was to throw every thing into Confusion, with a Pretext of making War upon his Country. For what other Pretext had he? What Motive did he alledge for his outragious Conduct and Actions, except the Neglect of the Interposition, the setting aside of the Tribunitial Power, and the Limitations imposed upon *Anthony* by the Senate? I shall not say how false, how trifling all this is, especially as it is

impossible for any Man ever to have a justifiable Reason for taking up Arms against his Country. But to say nothing of *Cæsar*, yet you must allow that the Cause of this most detestable War was grounded in your Person. How wretched are you if you understand, how much more wretched if you do not understand that this is committed to History, that this stands upon Record, and that no Posterity in all After-ages shall ever be ignorant or unmindful of this Fact : That the Consuls were driven from *Italy*, and with them *Pompey*, the Light and Ornament of the *Roman Empire*, all the Consulars, whose State of Health would suffer them to join in that Rout and Flight : That they who either were, or had been *Prætors*, the *Tribunes* of the People, a great Part of the *Senate*, the whole Body of their Youth ; in a Word, that our Government was driven or exterminated from its Abodes !

THUS, as the Growth of Trees and Vegetables shoots from the Seed, you are the Seed of this most calamitous War. Ye mourn the Slaughter of three *Roman Armies* : They were slaughtered by *Anthony*. Ye bewail the Loss of our most illustrious Citizens : It was

*Anthony*

*Anthony* likewise who snatched them away. The Authority of this Order is abolished: It is abolished by *Anthony*. All the Scene of Calamity that afterwards appeared to our Eyes (and what Species of Calamity has not appeared?) if we reason rightly on the Matter, was owing to *Anthony* alone. As *Helen* to the *Trojans*, so to this Republic was *Anthony* the Cause of War, Calamity, and Destruction. The rest of his Conduct, as Tribune, was of a piece with its Commencement. He effected all that the Precaution of the Senate, while the Constitution was inviolated, had taken care should not be effected. But how villainously he exercised his Villainy, you yourselves shall judge. He restored many who had been condemned, but never mentioned his Uncle. If he was severe, why did not his Severity extend to all? If he was pitiful, why did not his Pity reach his own Relations? But the rest I omit. He has restored *Licinius Denticula*<sup>f</sup>, his Playfellow, who was condemned as a Gamester, as if indeed it was unlawful to play with one who was condemned;

but

<sup>f</sup> Cicero here puts *Anthony's* Vices into a very detestable Light; he shews that *Anthony*, as he himself expresses it, was villainous even in the Exercise of Villainy, because he suffered his own Uncle to live in Banishment, yet restored a common Sharper.

but this he did that he might take the Advantage of the Law's discharging those Debts which he had lost in Play.

WHAT Reason did you alledge before the People of *Rome* for his being restored? To be sure an Information had been granted against the Party in his Absence! Sentence was passed before the Cause was opened! There was no express Statute against playing at Dice; he was overpowered by Force and Arms; in short, as was said of your Uncle, the Trial was under a pecuniary Influence. None of these was the Cause: But he was a good Man, and a worthy Patriot: That's nothing to the Purpose: But when he restored the most infamous of Mankind, a Man who did not scruple to play in the *Forum* at Dice<sup>t</sup>, a Man who was condemned upon the Statute prohibiting that Game, does he not himself avow his Passion for Play?

BUT in the same Tribuneship when *Cæsar* after his marching into *Spain*, had delivered *Italy* to be trampled upon by this *Anthony*,

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<sup>t</sup> This appears to have been an aggravating Circumstance among the *Romans*; for we find, by a Law passed by *Sylla*, that all Gaming was prohibited, except it was for Improvement in personal Exercise; such as throwing the Spear, Running, Jumping, Wrestling, and Boxing.

what a Progress did he make over the Country ! What a Review of our municipal Cities <sup>b</sup> ! I know that I am now treating of Facts, that of all others are most publickly in Every-body's Mouth, and what I either now speak, or am to speak, is better known to those who were then in *Italy*, than to me who was not. Yet will I point at the Facts particularly ; though all that I can say, must fall short of what you yourselves know. Was ever so lewd, so polluted, so scandalous a Conduct heard of in this World ?

A TRIBUNE of the People was carried in a Car, Lawrel'd *Lictors* led the Proceffion, and an Actress was borne about in an open Sedan. As the Citizens and Men of Credit in the Towns were obliged to meet her on the Road, they did not accost her by her own notorious and theatrical Name, but by that of *Volumnia*. A Waggon followed, full of Bawds, and the lewdest of Attendants, while the flighted Mother followed the Strumpet of her polluted Son, as if she had been his Bride : Wretched Woman, unhappy in the Fruitfulness of thy Womb !

<sup>b</sup> The Words in the Original are *Lustratio Municipiorum* ; which signifies, a Reviewing of the Municipal Cities, with a Design to know who were fit for his Purpose, and who not.

Womb! With the Traces of this Lewdness did he mark all our Corporations, our Præfectures, our Colonies, and in short, all *Italy*.

DOUBTFUL and dangerous it is, Fathers Conscript, to blame his other Actions<sup>1</sup>. He is a Man of the Sword, and his Sword he has glutted with the Blood of his Countrymen far unlike himself. Happy he was, if any Happiness can ever associate with Guilt. But as I must beware of reproaching his Veterans, and lest he should provoke their Indignation against me, I will say nothing of the Nature of the War. Though after all, the Case of the Soldiers is quite different from yours; they followed, but you sought a Leader; you returned victorious from *Theffaly* to *Brundusium* with the Legions. There you did not kill me. A mighty Favour indeed! For I confess it was in your Power. There was not a Man who attended you, who did not think that you ought to spare me; for so strong is the Passion for our Country, that even to your Legions I appeared a sacred Person, because they remembered that by me their Country

<sup>1</sup> Our Author very wisely, and at the same Time very artfully, takes Notice on every Occasion, that while he is speaking, he speaks with the Sword at his Throat.

was preserved. But admitting you gave me a Thing which you did not take away, and that I now possess Life, because you did not rob me of it; is it possible for me to look upon my Preservation as a Favour, since such has been by Provocation from you since that, I am obliged to speak what you now hear?

You came to *Brundusium* in the very Bosom, and the Arms of your little Actress. How! Do I lie<sup>k</sup>? How wretched it is to be unable to deny what it is shameful to confess! If you was not ashamed before our municipal Cities, was you as insensible before your Veteran Army? For was there a Soldier, who did not see her at *Brundusium*? Who did not know that she came so many Days Journey to wish you Joy? Was there a Man who did not grieve that he should be so late in knowing what a worthless Fellow he served?

You made a second Tour of *Italy*, attended by the same Actress. Cruel and miserable was the quartering of your Soldiers upon the Towns; and scandalous was the Plunder of Gold

<sup>k</sup> It is hard to translate the little Interjections that Cicero throws in through the Whole of this Oration; and indeed it is almost impossible for an English Reader to read it (without consulting the Original) with any Pleasure.

Gold and Silver, but especially Wine in the City ; and besides all this, *Cæsar* knowing nothing of the Matter while he was at *Alexandria*, *Anthony*, by the Favour of his Friends, was appointed General of the Horse. Then he thought he had a Right to live with *Hippia* uncontrouled, and to deliver the Tributary Horses <sup>1</sup> to *Sergius* the Player. He then chose the House of *Marcus Piso*, and not the House which he now so unworthily fills. Why should I disclose his Decrees, his Rapaciousness, the Legacies which he unjustly bestowed, and those which he violently forced ? He was pinched by want ; to what Hand to turn himself he knew not ; he had not as yet come to the large Estate, which was left him by *Lucius Rubrius*, and that left him by *Lucius Turcelius* ; he had not yet all of a sudden started up the Heir of *Pompey*, and a great many others who were absent. As yet he was obliged to act in the Manner of Robbers, who live from Hand to Mouth on what they plunder.

But let me no longer talk of his Actions as a common Robber, let me rather pass on

X 3 to

<sup>1</sup> It is very hard to determine upon what Account these Horses were furnished ; it is most probable, that they were a Kind of Perquisite to the General of the Horse, furnished by the Public for his Equipage.

to the more scandalous Circumstances of his Levity <sup>m</sup>. At the Marriage of *Hippia*, such a Load of Wine did you pour down that Throat into these Sides, and so thoroughly did you soak all that Prize-fighting Person of yours, that you was in a Necessity of disgorging it next Day in sight of the People of *Rome*. A Circumstance detestable, not only in seeing, but in hearing? Had you done this in the Time of Supper, amidst your extravagant Debauch of Drinking, who would not have thought it scandalous? But in a full Assembly of the *Roman* People, vested with a public Character, the General of the Horse, in whom it must have been scandalous even to belch, vomited, and filled his own Bosom, and all the Tribunal with indigested Morsels, smelling rank of Wine; but this he acknowledges to be one of his Blots. Let us now proceed to his Beauties,

*Cæsar* went to *Alexandria*, happy indeed in his own Eyes, but in mine, if Rebellion against his Country can make a Man unhappy, he

<sup>m</sup> Nothing gave the *Romans* a worse Idea both of a Man's Head and his Heart, than Inconstancy and Levity: hence it is that the Word *Levitatis* is taken in a general bad Sense, as well for the Want of Morals as of Sense,

he must have been wretched<sup>n</sup>. At a public Auction, before the Temple of JUPITER the Stayer, the Goods of Pompey, (How wretched am I! my Tears indeed are spent, but my Grief is lively) the Goods, I say, of the great Pompey, were put up by the doleful Voice of a public Cryer. In this single Instance did this City groan, forgetful of her Slavery; and though every Man's Soul was enthralled, being all over-awed by Fear, yet the Groans of the People of *Rome* found a free Passage. While all were wondering, who would be so impious, so frantic, so much an Enemy to Gods and Men, as to dare to bid at this detestable Sale! None was found besides *Anthony*. This was the more remarkable, as there stood around the Auctioneer, Men who boggled at nothing else. There was found but one Man who durst venture to do what the most presumptuous Man alive had avoided and dreaded.

DID then such Stupidity, or rather such Frenzy, seize you, as to be ignorant, that while you, descended of such a Family, stood

X 4 as

<sup>n</sup> The Reader will no doubt of himself, observe what a vast Difference our Author makes betwixt a living and a dead *Cæsar*: who could imagine that this is the same Person with him to whom the Orations for *Marcellus* and *Ligarius* were addressed,

as a Bidder in that Place, and a Bidder too for the Goods of *Pompey*, you was the Object of the Curses, the Detestation of the *Roman People*, and the present and future Resentment of both Gods and Men? But with what Insolence did this voracious Miscreant seize upon the Goods of that Patriot, whose Courage rendered the *Romans* terrible, and whose Justice endeared them to foreign Nations!

HAVING therefore, all of a sudden immersed himself in the Riches of this great Man, like the Character in the Play, there was but a little Time betwixt his Want and Wealth. But, as a Poet, I don't know who he is, expresses it, *What slightly comes, slightly goes*: It is incredible, it is prodigious, how much Wealth he squandered in a few, I will not say Months but Days. Large was the Quantity of Wine, large the Services of maffy Plate, not costly Apparel, and of fine Furniture, nobly fitted up for various Places, such as befitted not Luxury indeed, but Plenty; yet in a few Days they were all dissipated. Was *Charibdis* herself so voracious? What do I talk of *Charibdis*? *Charibdis*, if ever there was a *Charibdis*, was but a single Monster. By Heavens it seemed impossible for the Ocean it-  
self

self so quickly to swallow down so much Wealth, so widely separated, and situated in so very various Places ! Nothing remained shut or sealed up ; nothing was even marked by Writing ; whole Cellars of Wine were lavished upon the greatest Miscreants ; some Things became the Plunder of Actors, some of Actresses ; his House was crammed with Gamesters and Drunkards ; the Debauch went round for whole Days in different Places ; many likewise were his Play-Debts, for even *Anthony* was not always lucky. There you might have seen the purple Quilts of *Pompey* bedecking the Beds of Slaves in their Bed-Rooms. Cease then to wonder that all this Wealth was so suddenly dissipated ; for such Profusion must have quickly consumed not only the Fortune of one Man, however, great as that was, but Cities and Kingdoms.

EVEN his Houses and Gardens were swallowed up. Frontless Impudence ! for you to presume to enter that House ; to cross that most awful Threshold ; to present that ominous Countenance before Household Gods of that Family ! Did you not blush to dwell so long in a House which none could behold, and none could pass by for a long time without shedding

shedding Tears? A House in which, however senseless you may be, it was impossible that ought should give you Pleasure.

DID you think you was entering into your own House, when you beheld the naval Spoils which adorned its Porch<sup>o</sup>? By no Means; for, senseless and regardless as you are, yet still you know yourself, your Abilities, and your Friends. Nor do I indeed believe that it was possible for you not to be distracted both asleep and awake; let you be ever so violent and frantic, when the Form of that matchless Hero presented to your Imagination, you must, if asleep, have awakened in Horror, and often, if awake, have been seized with Frenzy.

FOR my Part, indeed, I compassionate its very Walls and Roofs: For what did that House ever behold but what was modest, but what discovered the greatest Purity of Conduct, the greatest Sanctity of Manners? For Pompey, Fathers Conscript, you well know, was a Man equally to be admired in his private,

<sup>o</sup> The Romans, it would seem, had a great Pride, in ornamenting their Porches, and the Avenues to their Houses. Pompey, having been very successful in the War against the Pyrates, had his ornamented with Naval Spoils.

yate, as he was eminent in his public Capacity. Nor was his Conduct abroad more glorious than his Oeconomy at home was amiable. Yet under his Roofs, his Bed - chambers are converted into Brothels, and his Dining - rooms into Drinking - booths. *Anthony* now denies all this. Give over, give over your Enquiries. He is now commenced an Oeconomist; he has divorced his Actress with all the Formality of Law; he has taken from her his Keys; he has turned her out of Doors. Would you wish for a more creditable sober Citizen, through the whole Course of whose Life the most commendable Action was his divorcing an Actres.

How often does he, in a swaggering Fit, talk of his being both *Consul* and *Anthony*; or, in other Words, both *Consul* and a very scandalous Fellow; both *Consul* and a very great Villain; for what else can you mean by the Word *Anthony*? For if the Name could have implied any Dignity, no doubt of it, your Grandfather would have sometimes stiled himself both *Consul* and *Anthony*. Yet he never did: My Colleague, your Uncle, would have done the same, unless you are the only Person of your Name. But I will pass over these

Faults,

Faults, which are not peculiar to that Character in which you have harassed your Country; let me return to the Scene in which you was distinguished; I mean the Civil War; a War, begun, contrived, and undertaken by your Means.

\* UNEQUAL you was to this War<sup>b</sup>, as well on account of your Cowardice as your Lust: You had tasted, or rather swallowed down the Blood of your Countrymen: In the Battle of Pharsalia you led the Van: You had murdered *Lucius Domitius*<sup>c</sup>, a Man of the greatest Quality and Eminence; after cruelly harassing, you had butchered many who had escaped from the Battle, whom *Cæsar*, as he did to some others, would perhaps have pardoned: After so many and so glorious Actions, why did you not follow *Cæsar* into Africa; especially as so much of the War was yet unfinished? What passed then? In what Favour was

\* This Passage is very perplext in the Original. It seems to relate to *Anthony's* not having Courage to oppose *Cæsar*, when he asked him for the Money he owed him.

<sup>a</sup> The Alexandrian War being finished, which was undertaken by *Cæsar*, after the Victory at Pharsalia, he undertook a fresh War against *Scipio* and *Cato* in Africa, in which War *Anthony* did not follow *Cæsar*.

<sup>b</sup> *Lucius Domitius Aenobarbus* was a Man justly famed on Account of his glorious Actions, and before the breaking out of the Civil War was ordered to succeed *Cæsar* in Gaul.

you with *Cæsar* upon his return from *Africa*? In what Rank? As General, you had been his Quæstor; as Dictator, his General of the Horse; you had been the Leader of the War, the Adviser of his Cruelty, the Partner in the Plunder, and as you yourself owned, the Heir of his Will. But you was asked for the Money which you owed \* for the House, for the Gardens, and for the Goods.

AT first you answered with downright Fierceness: And that I may not seem always to put you in the wrong, I own that what you said was almost just and equitable. “ *Cæsar* ask me for Money! Why more than I ask him!” He has conquered without me? That he could not do. It was I who furnished him with the Pretext for the Civil War, who passed ruinous Laws, who took up Arms against the Consuls and Generals of the *Roman* People against the Gods, the Religion, and the Property of *Rome*, and against my Country herself. Did he conquer for himself alone?

\* Before *Cæsar's* Death, *Anthony* was by no Means so great a Favourite with him, as he had been during the Civil Wars. *Cæsar's* insisting for immediate Payment of the Money which he was to give for *Pompey's* Estate, was some Proof of this. But after all, there is little Ground to imagine that *Cæsar's* real Design was to have ruined *Anthony*; perhaps it was only to have a Check upon his Extravagance, and thus render him more useful to his own Designs.

alone? No, if the Guilt was in common, why should not the Booty be in common too? You demanded but what was reasonable, but what did that signify, while he had more Power?

THEREFORE turning a deaf Ear to all you said, he turned his Soldiers loose both upon yourself and your Bail; and when that famous Inventory was produced by you, all of a sudden, what Diversion did it afford? That the Rent-Roll should be so large, the Estates so various and so many, and yet that there should not be a single Article, except a Part of *Misenas*, which the Seller had a Right to call his own. But miserable was the Appearance which that Sale made; a few of *Pompey's* Cloaths, and those all fuddled; some of his Silver Plate all battered together, some of his Slaves all in Rags and Nastiness, so that we were grieved that any thing of his should remain for us to see,

THE Heirs of *Lucius Rubrius*, however, by a Decree from *Cæsar*, but a Stop to this Sale. The Knave was now trapped; to what Side he should turn him he did not know. At that very Juncture therefore he sent an Assassin

to *Cæsar's House*<sup>t</sup>; who was said to have been caught with a Dagger in his Hand, of which *Cæsar* complained with bitter Invectives against you in the Senate. *Cæsar* went to *Spain*, having on account of your Poverty, indulged you in a few Days for making up your Payment. You did not even then follow him. What! so good a Gladiator, yet so early received your Discharge!

<sup>n</sup> CAN any one then be afraid of a Man, who is so very backward in what immediately concerned himself, that is in craving his own Fortune? Yet at last to *Spain* he did go, but he says it was with Danger that he went. But how did *Dolabella* make out his March? *Anthony*, you either ought never to have embraced that Party, or if you did embrace it, to have defended it to the last. Thrice did *Cæsar* fight with his Countrymen in *Theffaly*, *Africa*, and *Spain*.

*Dolabella* was present in all these Battles; and in *Spain* he received a Wound. In my  
own

<sup>t</sup> This is an Anecdote very probably of *Cicero's* own. It might perhaps have a Foundation on some Report spread about that Time; but we can have no Reason to believe it true.

<sup>n</sup> This alludes to *Pompey's* Children then in *Spain*, and whom it highly concerned *Anthony*, who had bought their Father's Estate, to have destroyed.

own Judgment, indeed I condemn him; but though I condemn the Principles on which he acted, his Constancy is commendable. But who are you? The Children of *Cneius Pompeius* first demanded to be restored to their Country. It is allowed, that to oppose this was a Cause in common to you with others. But they demanded the Restitution of their Gods, the Altars, the Property of their Family; they demanded a Restitution of their paternal Estate which you had unjustly seized. As the lawful Claimants to all these demanded them with the Sword in their Hands, though where there is no Right there can be no Justification, yet still was it very justifiable for the Intruder upon *Pompey's* Estate to fight against *Pompey's* Heirs.

WHILE at *Narbonne* you was vomiting amidst your riotous Entertainments, was not *Dolabella* fighting for you in *Spain*? But how did you return from *Narbonne*? Yet does *Anthony* demand why I so suddenly returned. Lately, Fathers Conscript, I laid before you the Reason of my Return. I was willing, had it been in my Power, to have done some Service to my Country before the first of *January*. But as you asked me how I found my way home;

home; I answer in the first place, by Day, and not by Night. In the next place, I was dressed in a Gown and Shoes, without either Wooden Pattins or a short Cloak \*. So you look upon me with an angry Eye, indeed! Sure you would be glad to be Friends with me, if you knew how much I am ashamed of that Infamy which gives you no Concern. Of all the Indecencies among Mankind, never did I see any thing more scandalous. That you, who looked upon yourself as General of the Horse, who designed next Year to sollicite, or rather to demand, the Consulship, should through all the Corporations and Colonies of Gaul, in which we used to sollicite for the Consulship, during the times when it was solicited, and not demanded, that you should run in Wooden Pattins and a short Cloak.

BUT observe the Levity of the Fellow: Having come to the *red Rocks* about the tenth Hour of the Day, he flunk into a tippling Booth, where he concealed himself, and drank hard

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\* Our Author is here very severe upon the Manner in which Anthony entered *Rome*, on leaving *Gaul*. The Reader is to observe, that the Dress alluded to here, was such as the *Romans* thought highly becoming any Man of Quality or Fortune. The rest of the Description of Anthony's Journey back to *Rome*, is full of very fine Humour, and represents him in a very ludicrous Light.

till Night. Then he drove in his Chaife to the City as fast as he could, and came to his House all muffled up. Says the Porter, who are you? A Letter-Carrier from *Marcus*, answers the other. He is immediately introduced to the Lady, on whose Account he came; and he gives her a Letter, which she reads with Tears. It was indeed lovingly wrote, and contained in Substance, "That from thenceforward he would have nothing to do with the Actress: That he had transplanted all his Thoughts from the one, and placed it with the other." At this she wept again, and more plentifully. Then the good-natured Man could not bear it: He unmuffled his Head, and jumped about her Neck. Infamous Fellow! (for do you deserve a more gentle Epithet?) was it that a Woman might unexpectedly, by your suddenly discovering yourself, see a Male-Prostitute, was it for this that you filled the City with nocturnal Terrors, and for many Days struck a Dread through all Italy? One Object of your Passion was at your House, but another, and a more scandalous one, was abroad, which was left *Lucius Plancus*. Should distress your Bail. But when, by the <sup>the</sup> <sup>x</sup> This *Lucius Plancus* was Brother to *Munatius Plancus*, a Friend of Cicero's, and to whom a good many of his Epistles are

the Tribune of the People, you was brought into the Assembly, when you answered that your own Affairs had brought you thither, you became even the Jeit of the Populace<sup>1</sup>.

BUT enough of Trifles: let us now come to Affairs of greater Importance. When Cæsar returned from Spain, you was by far the most forward of all others in meeting him: You both went and returned with Dispatch, that he might know, though you was not valiant, you was at least active. Again, some way or other, you came into his good Graces; but this was the Characteristic of Cæsar<sup>2</sup>, that

Y 2 when

are addressed. *Lucius* here spoken of, was Tribune of the People when *Anthony* owed all this Sum of Money to the Public and to *Cæsar*, and threatened us he would distrēs his Estate, in order to pay off his Debts.

<sup>1</sup> There is, in the Original, a *double Entendre*, which made the People a little merry.

<sup>2</sup> Cicero has here hit upon the true Character of *Cæsar*, and almost of every Man who changes the State of a free People into Slavery. It was by first breaking the private Virtues of the Romans, that he only could pave his Way to those fundamental Alterations in the Constitution; such as the lengthning the Time of his Command, and suffering him to stand a Candidate for a public Office in his Absence. This Maxim he stuck close to even after his Ends were compassed, as appears from his Familiarity with *Anthony*, and several other bold lewd Fellows. Plutarch tells us a Story of *Dyonyssus the Elder*, applicable enough to this Conduct of *Cæsar*. Some Persons reproaching him, for promoting a profligate Fellow, who was abhorred by the Citizens, to Honour; he replied, I want to have some one in the City more detested by the Citizens than myself; or he imitated *Philip* who had advised, that the Friendship of the most powerful Men in all the Towns, as well those who were virtuous, as those who

when he knew a Man to be desperately in Debt and Want, and at the same time an enterprizing Miscreant, him he gladly received into his Bosom-Friendship.

HAVING these eminent Recommendations in your own Person, he ordered that you should be returned Consul even along with himself. It was not amiss that *Dolabella* then prompted to stand for it, was persuaded and bubbled. But how treacherously you have both behaved to *Dolabella*<sup>a</sup> is a secret to Nobody. *Cæsar* prompted him to declare himself a Candidate, while he appropriated and transferred to himself what was thus promised and accepted of; and you clubbed your Interest with *Cæsar* in this Piece of Treachery. The first of January comes: We are forced into the Senate-House: *Dolabella* then inveighed more freely<sup>b</sup> and more bitterly against this

who were wicked, should be sought after, that the one might be used, and the other abused.

<sup>a</sup> *Cæsar* had exhorted *Publius Cornelius Dolabella* to seek the Consulate, and had promised him his Assistance in that Affair; but having changed Sentiments, he deprived *Dolabella* of the Consulship promised him, and took it to himself, contrary to his Promise passed. Thus *Dolabella* was pushed on by *Cæsar*'s Exhortations, soothed by his Promises, and at last affronted by an open Repulse.

<sup>b</sup> When *Dolabella* saw that he was deprived of the Consulate, and that *Cæsar* had taken it to himself, taking it as an Affront, and not daring at the same Time to complain openly of *Cæsar*, he

this Fellow then I do now. But when he grew in a Passion, good Gods ! What did he not say ?

THEN *Cæsar* first of all told us, that before he should set out, he would order that *Dolabella* should be Consul: Yet they deny that a Man, who always talked and acted in this Manner, was a King. But when *Cæsar* had made this Declaration, this good Augur told us, that he was clothed with that holy Character he was able by his Auspices either to stop the Elections, or to render them void; and he made the most solemn Affverations that he would exert this Power. Here you have one Proof of his incredible Stupidity.

FOR how! had you not have been Augustus  
and yet been Consul, was it more difficult to  
effectuate what you said you could do by your  
sacerdotal Authority alone? Take Care that it  
is not more easy; for we have only the Right  
of declaring vested in us; the Right of In-

## Y 3 Specimen

he spoke bitterly against *Anthony*, and upbraided him with being perfidious, that through him *Cæsar* might be reached. But *Anthony* instantly flew into a Passion, and spoke so opprobiously to *Dolabella*, that the Conscribt Fathers were angry with him, and *Cæsar* himself blushed so much for the Impudence of his Colleague, that he hushed the Debate, and in order to satisfy *Dolabella*, promised to put him in the Consulate, and in his own Place, before he should go to the *Parthian* War.

spection is vested in the Consuls, and even the other Magistrates. Well, I admit this to be but a Slip; for how can we expect Exactness in a Fellow always drunk? But remark his Impudence. He said a great many Months before in the Senate-House, that he would either put a Negative upon *Dolabella's* Election by the Auspices, or that he would do what he actually did. But could any Man foresee what Defect there was to be in the Auspices, unless he had determined before-hand to interrupt the Election by observing them while the *Comitia* were holding? But this is never allowed of at the *Comitia* by our Laws, and if any Augur has observed them, they ought to be declared, not while the *Comitia* are holding, but before they are assembled. But his Ignorance and Impudence go hand in hand; he neither knows not what becomes an Augur, nor acts what consists with Decency. You may remember his Conduct as Consul from that Day to the Ides of March: Was ever Beadle more fawning, more submissive? He could do nothing of himself; he requested every thing; and thrusting his Head into *Cæsar's* Litter, he petitioned his Colleague for the Gratuities which he himself exposed to Sale.

THE

THE Day comes for *Dolabella's* Election ;  
the preferring Lots are drawn. He remains  
quiet : They are declared, still he says nothing ;  
the first Class of the prerogative Tribe is called,  
their Vote is reported : And then, as usual,  
the second Class is summoned to vote : All  
this was done sooner than I have spoken it.  
When Busines was over, the worthy Augur  
(who would not think him another *Lelius*?)

Y 4

called

*Cæsar* had promised that before he went to the *Parthian* War, he would take Care that *Dolabella* should be created Consul in his Stead. When therefore the Day of the *Comitia* was approaching, he convened the People, and amongst all the Centuries into which they were distributed, one was to fall to him by Lot, whose Vote was to be asked. *Anthony* was satisfied, nor did he oppose that Way of going to Work by Lots. Having asked, received, and counted the Suffrages, *Dolabella* is returned, as having the Balance on his Side. *Anthony* in the mean Time was silent, and did not by a single Word insinuate, that these *Comitia* were corrupted. After the Prerogative Century, the first Class is called in to give its Suffrage, and in the usual Form the Votes are asked, and so the rest of the Classes. After the Constitution of the five and thirty Tribes, into which the Classes and their Centuries were divided ; in the first Place the Tribes cast Lots, which should be the Prerogative Tribe, and then the Centuries of the Tribe for being the Prerogative Century. All the other Tribes and Centuries had the Appellation of *Ure vocatae*, because they were called out according to their proper Places.

The Prerogative Century being chose by Lot, the chief Magistrate, sitting in a Tent in the Middle of the *Campus Martius*, ordered that Century to come out and give their Voices : Upon which they presently separated from the rest of the Multitude, and came into an inclosed Apartment, which they called *Septa*, or *Ovilia*, passing over the *Pontes*, or narrow Boards which they laid there for that Occasion, on which Account *de ponte dejici* is to be denied the Privilege of Voting ; and Persons thus dealt with, were called *Depontani*. But for a full and accurate Account of this Matter, see *Hock's Roman History*.

called out, ADJOURN. Matchless Impudence ! What had you seen ? What had you perceived ? What had you heard ? You neither then, nor to this Day pretend that you was observing the Heavens. This Bar therefore interposed, which so far back as the first of January you had seen and foretold. Therefore I trust in Heaven that you have beliyed the Auspices rather to your own than your Country's Confusion. Under the Pre-tence of Religion you embarrassed the *Roman* People. You as an Augur protested against the Election of an Augur, and as a Consul against that of a Consul. I'll go no farther, lest I should seem to shake the Acts of *Dolabella* ; which some time or other must necessarily be laid before our College.

BUT see the Arrogance and Insolence of this Fellow<sup>a</sup> ! As long as you pleased, *Dolabella* was unduly elected Consul ; and as soon as you changed your Mind he is created with regular Auspices. But if, when an Augur declares in the Words you declared in, they go for nothing, confess that when you called out ADJOURN, you was drunk : For if there is any Validity in these Words, I require you  
as

<sup>a</sup> *Anthony* arrogated so much to himself, that he wanted the Auspices to depend intirely on his Will.

as a Brother-Augur here to make it appear.

BUT lest in my Speech I should skip over one most beautiful Incident of the many that have happened in the Course of *Mark Anthony's Life*, let me proceed to the *Lupercal* Games. He is no Hypocrite, Fathers Conscript. It is plain, that he is now touched, he sweats, he grows pale: Let him do any thing but vomit, as he did in the *Minutian* Portico. I should be glad to know what Apology can be made for so scandalous a Behaviour, that I may see what Return he has had for the large Wages he paid to his Rhetoric-Master, and for the *Leontine* Field. Your Colleague sat in the Rostra, cloathed in a purple Robe<sup>c</sup>, upon a golden Throne, with a Crown on his Head. You went up to him, you approached his Throne; though you was a *Lupercal*, yet still ought you to have remembered that you was at the same time a Consul: You produced a royal Diadem: The *Forum* set up a general Groan. From whence came that Diadem? you did not take up one that was thrown away: But you brought from home

<sup>c</sup> This was the Robe wore by Generals when they triumphed, according to *Plutarch*; it was likewise wore by Kings, according to *Dio*.

home the meditated, the concerted Treason. Every time you put it on his Head, the People sent up a Groan of Anguish: But when he rejected it, a Shout of Applause. You therefore, Traitor, alone<sup>1</sup>, after establishing Tyranny, desired to have the Man who was your Colleague, to be your Sovereign, and at the same Time you made the Experiment how far the Patience and Forbearance of the *Roman* People could extend.

You then affected to move his Compassion: you threw yourself as a Suppliant at his Feet: For what Favour? That you might be a Slave. This could be a Favour to you alone, who, from your Childhood, have lived so as to bear any thing, so as to render you a supple Slave: But sure you had no such Commission from us and the People of *Rome*. Beautiful was your Eloquence, when naked you harangued the People. Could any thing be more disgraceful, more infamous, more meriting the severest Penalties than this? Do you expect that I am to gore you with my Stings? If you have the smallest Particle of Sensation about you, this Speech must wound, must harrow up your Soul.

<sup>1</sup> He here concludes the Matter with a grievous Exclamation, because *Anthony* alone was found daring enough for that Attempt.

Soul. Tender, as I am, of detracting from the Glory of the greatest of Mankind, yet let me speak it in the Anguish of Spirit; What can be more shameful, than that the Man who bestowed a Royal Diadem should live, whilst all the World confesses, that the Man who rejected it, was deservedly put to Death? He even ordered this Inscription to be entered into the Calendar at the Time of the *Luper-cals*, ‘That *Mark Anthony* the Consul, at the Command of the People, offered to *Caius Cæsar* perpetual Dictator, Royalty; but that *Cæsar* refused it.’ Now indeed I am not at all surprised that you disturb the public Tranquility; that you not only hate the City, but the Sun. That you pass your Life with these most abandoned Ruffians, not only intemperately, but without any manner of Thought; for in Time of Peace where can you have a Footing? How can you be sheltered by Laws and Regulations, who did your best by introducing Sovereign Authority, to abolish them? Was *Lucius Tarquinius* banished? Was *Spurius Cassius, Melius, Marcus Manlius* put to Death for this, that many Ages after, contrary to all Law<sup>2</sup>, a King should be set up at *Rome* by

*Marcus*

<sup>2</sup> *Livy*, lib. 2. has these Words, *Omnium primum avidum novæ libertatis populum, ne post modum flecti precibus, aut donis regiis posset,*

*Marcus Antonius?* But to return to the Auspices.

GIVE me leave to ask you how you would have behaved in the Business which was to have come before *Cæsar* on the Ides of March. I hear indeed, that you came prepared, because you imagined that I was to have spoken upon the Auspices, which, though fictitious<sup>h</sup>, there was a Necessity of obeying. The Guardian Genius of *Rome* freed you from the Danger of that Day: But do you imagine, that the Death of *Cæsar* has prevented your being tried upon the Nature of these Auspices? But I have touched upon a Juncture prior to those Facts with which my Speech set out.

How you fled, how you trembled on that glorious Day! into what a Fit of Despair did you fall through the Consciousness of your Guilt, while out of the General Rout you privately retired

*posset, jure jurando adegit neminem Romæ passuros regnare.* And these Things they swore, standing over slain Victims, not only for themselves, but for their Posterity, that neither Solicitations, nor any Royal Gifts, should ever prevail with them to admit regal Government again into *Rome*.

<sup>h</sup> It would appear as if Cicero had an Intention to arraign Anthony for this before the Senate. From this Passage it seems probable, that Cicero knew not that *Cæsar* was to be killed on that Day.

retired to your own House, being favoured by those who meant that you should be safe, could you have been but found. O my vainly unerring prophetic Spirit ! I told our brave Deliverers in the *Capitol*, when they desired me to go and exhort you to protect the State, that while you was under the Influence of Fear, you would promise every thing ; but, that Influence removed, that you would return to your own Nature. Therefore, while the other Consulars<sup>i</sup> were going to, and returning from you, I was still fixed in my Opinion ; I did not see you all that and the following Day, as not believing that any Coalition could be formed by any Ties, betwixt the best of Patriots and most inveterate of Rebels. Three Days after I came to the Temple of *Tellus*<sup>k</sup>, even against my Will, since the Avenues to it were blocked up by Soldiers under Arms. What a Day, *Mark Anthony*, was that for you !

<sup>i</sup> Commentators have made very botching Work here. The Original is, *irent, redirent*, which signifies no more than that they altered their Way of Thinking of *Anthony*, sometimes to one Way, sometimes to another ; but, says *Cicero*, *ego in sententia manxi*, “ I still kept in the same Way of Thinking.”

<sup>k</sup> The Day on which the Senate met in the Temple of *Tellus*, is very often mentioned by *Cicero* with great Pleasure ; but I cannot understand why, since they met so amicably ; all the Avenues and Entries were blocked up with armed Men. One should have thought that the Friends of the Republick would have taken the Alarm at this, and suspected that *Anthony* did not mean them fair.

you ! Though all of a sudden you have commenced my Foe, yet do you move my Pity, in that you have thus become your own.

IMMORTAL Gods ! how good, how great a Man you might have been, could you have retained a just Sense of what passed on that Day ! We might have had a Peace that was sealed by a Hostage, a noble Youth, the Grandson of *Marcus Bambilio*. Though Fear, for a while, made you a worthy Citizen, yet the Restraint was but of a short Continuance. That Audaciousness which is your inseparable Attendant when you are not influenced by Fear, rendered you a Miscreant. And even at that Time, while you stood fairest in their Opinion, though I still dissented, like a Traitor as you was, you was Chief Mourner at the Funeral of the Tyrant, if a Funeral it can be called : Thine was his plausible Panegyric<sup>1</sup>; thine the Pity that was expressed, and thine the Exhortation that was delivered. You, you, I say, kindled those Brands, those with which his Body was half consumed, and those which burnt down the

House

<sup>1</sup> This is the same Harangue which *Shakespeare* has so beautifully imitated. See the Notes upon the first *Philippic*.

House of *Lucius Belienus*<sup>m</sup>. It was you who let loose upon us those desperate Ruffians, for the most part Slaves, whose Attacks we were forced to repell by Violence ; yet as if your Foulness had been wiped off, the following Days you passed some noble Decrees of the Senate in the *Capitol*, that no Bill for a Favour should be affixed on account of any Man after the Ides of *March*. You yourself mentioned the Exiles : You know what you talked about Immunities : But to crown all, you for ever abolished out of the Government the Office of Dictator. By this last Action it appeared, that you had so entire an Aversion for Kingly Government, that you was resolved to take away all Apprehension of it, upon the account of the last Dictator.

To others the State of Affairs seemed to be in Tranquility ; but far different were my Thoughts : For while you sat at the Helm, I dreaded a general Wreck. Was I mistaken in him ? Or could he longer be unlike himself ? Bills were stuck up all over the *Capitol* in your Sight ; Immunities passed not only to single

<sup>m</sup> This was a Senator, whose House the People, instigated by Anthony's Speeches, set on Fire, and had certainly proceeded farther, had they not been quelled by Dolabella.

single Persons, but to whole States. The Privileges of *Rome* were granted not only to Particulars, but to whole Provinces. Therefore, Fathers Conscrip<sup>t</sup>, if these Acts shall remain in Force, which could have no Force were our Constitution inviolate, you may bid adieu to all your Provinces. Not only your Revenues, but the whole System of *Roman* Power must sink by this domestic Venality.

WHERE is the 5,000,000 of Money, which was entered in the Books, kept in the Temple of *Ops*? Fatal indeed were his Treasures. But provided they were not returned to their right Owners, they were sufficient to supply the Exigencies of State. But by what Means could you, who on the Ides of *March* was in Debt for above thirty thousand Pounds, pay it off clear before the first of *April*<sup>a</sup>? Innumerable indeed were the Favours which by your Connivance were brought by different Hands; but one notable Decree was stuck up in the *Capitol* relating to *Dejotarus*<sup>o</sup>, the firm Friend

<sup>a</sup> Some Copies have here the following Words. *Quid ego de Commentariis infinitis, quid de innumerabilibus Chirographis Loquar?* But they are justly repeated as spurious by the best Commentators.

<sup>o</sup> *Dejotarus*, King of *Gallogræcia*, stiled by the Senate, the Friend of the People of *Rome*, and King of *Armenia the Lesser*, was

Friend of the *Roman People*: A Measure which one, in the middle of their deepest Concern, could not help laughing at. For was ever one Man more the Enemy of another, than *Cæsar* was to *Dejotarus*? As he was of this Order, of the *Roman Knights*, of the Inhabitants of *Marseilles*, and of all whose Passion was for the Glory of the *Roman Empire*. *Dejotarus* therefore became the Favourite of a Man when dead, from whom when alive he neither, either present or absent, received the least Kindness, or the least Justice. While *Cæsar* was on Earth, he prosecuted *Dejotarus*, who entertained him at his Court; he fleeced him, he squeezed Money from him, he placed one of his Greek Attendants over his Tetrarchy; he deprived him of *Armenia*, which had been granted

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him

was along with *Pompey* in the Battle of *Pharsalia*: But *Pompey* being overcome by *Cæsar*, he returned into his own Kingdom; he appeased *Cæsar* by sending him the Horses, and the Money he demanded of him; whom he also received into one of his Forts, when going forth against *Pharmaces*. He was accused by his own Subjects as if he intended to kill *Cæsar* when staying with him. He was defended by *Cicero*. But he was deprived of one Part of *Gallogrecia* by *Cæsar*, and *Armenia* given him by the Senate. But *Cæsar* being killed, whatever he had been deprived of was restored to him. But *Antony*, the King's Ambassadors dissuading, promised that if *Dejotarus* would give him a certain Sum, he would produce an Edict, by Means of which, whatever had been taken from him by *Cæsar*, should be restored to him, as if that had been found in his Pocket-Book.

him by the Senate; all this when alive he robbed him of, when dead he restored.

BUT in what Expressions? Sometimes he says, *He thinks it reasonable, and sometimes not unreasonable*: A rare Gingle of Words! but *Cæsar* never said that any thing even appeared reasonable to him, that we solicited for *Dejotarus*, for whose Interest I always appeared in his Absence. A Note under his own Hand, for the Sum of above seventy eight thousand Pounds, was without my Knowledge, or the Knowledge of any of his other Friends by the Deputies of *Dejotarus*, Men of Honour indeed, but dastardly and unexperienced, was made in his Seraglio, which was and still is a Mart of Venality for many wicked Purposes. My Advice is, that you should consider well how you are to dispose of this Note; for that Prince, by his own Bravery and by his own Address, without having Recourse to any of *Cæsar's* Journals, as soon as he heard of his Death, recovered his Estate. As he was a wise Man, he knew well that whatever Tyrants plundered from the lawful Possessors, the former Possessors, upon the Death of the Tyrant, have a Right to recover it. None of your Lawyers therefore, not even that Fellow

who

who is your sole Agent, and who advised you to this Step, pretend that you have a Title, by virtue of this Note, to any thing that was recovered before it was granted ; for he did not buy it of you, because he was in Possession of his Property before that Bargain was made. *Déjotarus* acted as a Man, but we like despicable Sycophants, who ratify the Acts of the Tyrant we detest.

WHY then need I to mention the endless Journals, and the numberless Notes of Hand, which Forgers usually sell like Prize-fighting Bills ? Hence it is, that such Heaps of Coin are piled up at his House, that it is not told, but weighed out. But how blind is Avarice ! A Bill was lately stuck up, by which the most wealthy Cities of *Crete* were freed from their Taxes ; and it is enacted, That that Island should never be a Province after the Expiration of the Proconsulate of *Marcus Brutus*. Art thou in thy Senses ? Oughtest thou not to be confined ? Can *Crete* be exempted after that Term, when *Brutus* had nothing to do with

Z 2      *Crete*

<sup>p</sup> This is very insulting Language ; but at the same Time it was a very gross Impostion, which *Anthony* wanted to palm upon the Senses of Mankind, by pretending that *Cæsar* had made an Act freeing *Crete* from paying Tribute, after the Expiration of the Proconsulate of *Brutus*, when *Cæsar* could not know that it was to fall to *Brutus*'s Share.

*Crete* while *Cæsar* was alive? But lest ye should think there is nothing in this, ye have lost the Province of *Crete* by the Venality of this Decree. Never did any Man buy any thing that *Anthony* is not ready to sell.

DID *Cæsar* too pass the Law relating to Exiles, which you stuck up? I insult no Man upon his Misfortune: Yet I complain, in the first place, that they whose Case *Cæsar* adjudged to be different, have been put upon a scandalous Footing as to their Return from Banishment. In the next place, I can see no Reason why you should not extend this Indulgence to all; for not above three or four are excepted. Why should not they, who are equally Partners in Calamity, be equally the Objects of your Compassion? Why should you treat these as if each of them was your Uncle, whom you refused to recommend, when you recommended others, whom however you prompted to stand for the Censorship, and for that purpose prepared a Petition, which at once raised the Laughter and Indignation of Mankind?

BUT why did you not hold that *Comitia*? Was it because a Tribune of the People informed

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ed you, that he had heard Thunder<sup>a</sup> on his left Hand, though Heaven never interests herself in what concerns you? But in what concerns your Relations, you are scrupulously religious. How! did you not desert him when he put in to be a *Septemvir*<sup>b</sup>? But he intruded. What was you afraid of? I suppose, least you could not have denied him without exposing yourself. With all manner of Abuse you affronted the Man, whom, had you had the least Sense of your Duty, you ought to have looked upon as a second Father. His Daughter, your Cousin, you drove away, having first looked out, and bargained for another Match. That was not enough, you scandalously defamed a Woman of the strictest Virtue. Could you go farther? Yes, you was not even satisfied with that: In a full House of the Senate, where your Uncle was present on the first of *January*, you had the Impudence to say, That the Ground of your Difference with *Dolabella*, was, because you had discovered that he had debauched your Cousin and

Z 3

Wife.

<sup>a</sup> The Romans took great Notice of the Quarter from whence Thunder proceeded, and its coming from an unfavourable Quarter was enough to defeat the most important Resolutions.

<sup>b</sup> Seven Commissioners called the *Septemviri*, were appointed for taking Care of the Feasts appointed in Honour of the Gods. Others think that *Cicero* here means one of the seven Commissioners appointed after Cæsar's Death for dividing the Campanian and the Leontine Lands.

Wife. Who can say on this Occasion which was most predominant, your Imprudence in the Senate, your Villainy against *Dolabella*, your Indecency in the Hearing of your Father, or your cruel Language against an unfortunate Lady?

BUT let us return to the Notes of Hand. Where then were your Proofs? For *Cæsar's* Acts were, for the sake of Peace, ratified by the Senate, at least all that *Cæsar* enacted, not all that *Anthony* said he had enacted. From whence are they issued? upon what Authority are they produced? If false, why are they valid? If genuine, why are they sold? But it was the Sense of the Senate, that from the first of *June* the Consuls should, with Assistants, take Cognizance of the Acts of *Cæsar*. But who were these Assistants? whom did you ever summon? What first of *June* did you expect? That on which having made a Circuit over all the Colonies of the Veterans, you returned to *Rome* guarded with an armed Force. How glorious was that Progress during all the Months of *April* and *May*! Even when you attempted to introduce your *Capuan* Settlement, we know what a Retreat you  
made

made from thence, or rather what a Stay you had almost made.

You threaten *Capua*; I wish you would proceed so far, as that the *almost* I just now mentioned may be out of the Question. But how grand was that Procession of your's! Need I to mention your sumptuous Entertainments, or your incessant hard Drinking? But that was your Loss, the other was our's. When the Territory of *Campania* was exempted from Taxes, that it might be divided among the Soldiers, we thought it a gross Violation of the Constitution. But you divided it amongst your Gamesters and Debauchees. Would you believe it, Fathers Conscript, that Actors and Actresses were settled upon the *Campanian* Territories? After that why should I complain of the Territory of *Leontium*? Yet both these Estates brought in a large and plentiful Revenue to the public Treasury of the *Roman* People. Three thousand Acres to a Physician, as if he could have made you sound; and two thousand to a Rhetoric Master, as if he could have made you eloquent. But to return to your Journey, and to the Country of *Italy*.

You brought a Colony to settle at *Caslinum*\*, where *Cæsar* had settled one before. You consulted me indeed by Letters about the Affair of *Capua* (had you done the same with regard to *Caslinum*, I had returned you the same Answer) Whether you lawfully could bring a new Colony to a Place where a Colony had been already settled. I denied, while a Colony which was settled by regular Auspices was unimpaired, that any new Colony could be brought in; but I admitted, that new Planters might be added to the former. But, you insolently disregarding and violating all the Laws of Auspices, brought a Colony to *Caslinum*, where another had been a few Years before settled, that you might rear a Banner, and drive round a Plough, whose Share almost rubbed upon the Gate of *Capua*, that you might impair the Territory of a very flourishing Colony.

AFTER this Violation of what was sacred, you flew to the *Caslinian* Estate of *M. Varro*, a Man of the greatest Sanctity and Integrity. By what Right? With what Front? The same you will say, as those with which you dispossessed

\* This is a Town in *Campania*.

possessed the Heirs of *L. Rubrius*, and *Lucius Turcelius*, of their Estate, and got Possession of a great many more. If you bought it at a Sale, let the Sale be legal, let the Bills be legal, I mean *Cæsar's* Bills, not your's; the Bills by which you are a Debtor, not those by which your Debt was paid. But who can pretend that the *Casilinian* Estate of *Varro* was sold? Who ever saw the Conditions of Sale? Who ever heard the Voice of an Auctioneer? You say you sent one to *Alexandria* to purchase it of *Cæsar*; because it would seem that it was too long to wait till *Cæsar* should come to *Rome*.

BUT whoever heard, though there was no Man in whom the Public took greater Concern, that any Part of *Varro's* Estate was sequestred? Yet should it be proved, that *Cæsar* himself wrote to you, that you should refund it; what can the World say bad enough of such Impudence? Call off but for a little those Arms which are in our View; I will let you know the Difference betwixt *Cæsar's* Authority for ordering a Sale, and your audacious Impudence. For not only shall it be in the Power of *Varro* himself as Proprietor, but of

any

any Friend, Neighbour, Guest, or Steward  
that he has, to derive you out of that Estate.

BUT for how many Days did you shamefully revel in that *Villa*? From the third Hour there was but one continued Round of Drinking, Gaming, and Vomiting; the very Gates were to be pitied: *What a Change of Masters was there!* But how can he be called their Master? Yet how unlike is he to the Person whom he dispossessed! For *Marcus Varro* meant that this Seat should be a Retreat for Study, and not a Haunt for Lewdness. In that Retirement, before that Time, how delightful were the Conversations, the Reasonings, the Writings upon the Constitution of the *Roman* People, the Monuments of our Fathers, and upon the Speculation and Practice of Philosophy! But during your Intrusion (for I will not call it Possession) the Walls resounded with the Noise of Drunkards; the Pavements were deluged; the Walls were stained with Wine; Boys of liberal Birth and Education were confounded with mercenary Catamites, and Matrons with common Whores. People came from *Caslinum*, *Aquinum*, *Interamma*, to pay you their Compliments; no body had Access. There you was in the right; for

for in a scandalous Fellow, the Lustre of Badges  
of Dignity is tarnished.

IN his return to *Rome*, when he came to *Aquinum*, which is a populous Town, great Numbers came out to meet him; but he was carried in a close Sedan through the Streets as if he had been dead. The Inhabitants of *Aquinum* acted foolishly, if you will; but what could they do? They lived on the Road. But how can those of *Anagni* be excused who lived off the Road, yet came down, and paid him all the Compliments due to a real Consul. Who can believe it? Yet by all Accounts he never returned one Salute, though he had in his Retinue two Inhabitants of *Anagni*, *Mus-tella*, and *Laco*; the first an excellent Fencer, the other an excellent Drinker. Why should I recount the Threatenings and Abuses he threw out against the *Sidicinians*? He oppressed the Inhabitants of *Puteoli* for having put themselves under the Patronage of the *Bruti* and of *Cassius*; from a strong Principle, from Affection, from Friendship and Love, not from Dread and Terror, as they were forced to follow you and *Basilius*, whom no body would choose as Clients, much less as Patrons.

IN the mean time, during your Absence, what a glorious Day happened to your Colleague<sup>t</sup>, when in the *Forum* he demolished the Burial Place which you used to worship ! Upon your hearing this News, we are told by those who were in your Train, that you was quite struck with Consternation. What happened afterwards I know not; I suppose Fear, and the Terror of Arms then took Place. You dispossessed your Colleague of the Heaven of his Glory; you rendered him indeed not so bad as *Anthony*, but surely far unlike to *Dolabella*. But how did you return to *Rome*? What a Consternation you struck in the whole City!

WE remembered *Cinna* too powerful; *Sylla* afterwards domineering: We had just seen an End of *Cæsar's* Reign. These perhaps had Swords, but their Swords were sheathed, and but few in Number. But, how like a March of *Barbarians* was that? Battalions of Soldiers<sup>u</sup>, with their Swords in their Hands, attended them, and we saw Bucklers piled up in Litters

<sup>t</sup> It is easy to perceive, that *Cicero* really had a Kindness for *Dolabella*, who was *Anthony's* Colleague; for here he imputes all his Mismanagements only to *Anthony's* ill Example and Influence.

<sup>u</sup> As if they had been designed and ready for Action.

Litters carried along. But, Fathers Conscrip<sup>t</sup>, so frequent were these Objects, that our Senses grew quite callous on seeing them. On the first of June, when by Adjournment we attempted to meet in the Senate, struck with sudden Fear, each of us fled.

BUT he who neither wanted nor desired any Senate, and who was rather glad at our Departure, immediately set about his strange and wonderful Operations. He who while he could gain by it had stood up for the Validity of *Cæsar's Notes*, disannulled *Cæsar's Laws*, though some of them excellent in themselves, that he might overthrow the Constitution. He prorogued the Number of Years, during which a Province could be held; and the same Man who ought to have been a Champion for *Cæsar's Acts*, repealed them all, whether of a public or private Nature. In public Concerns nothing is more authentic than a Law: in private nothing more binding than a Will. Some Laws he disannulled without any Promulgation, others he stuck up, that he might abrogate those already promulgated. He disannulled a Will; a Deed that amongst the lowest Rank of Citizens, is always valid. The Statues and Pictures, which, together with his  
Gardens,

Gardens, *Cæsar* had bequeathed as a Legacy to the *Roman People*; these he carried off, partly to *Pompey's Gardens*, partly to *Scipio's Villa*.

ARE you then jealous of *Cæsar's Memory*? Do you love him even in Death? What greater Honour could he attain to while alive, than to have a Shrine, an Image, a PAVILION, and a Priest? Therefore, as *Jove*, as *Mars*, as *Romulus* have their Priests, so is *Mark Anthony* Priest to the deified *Cæsar*. Why do you stop here? Why are you not consecrated? Name your Day: Look out for a proper Person to perform the Ceremony: We are Colleagues, no body will withstand it. Detestable Wretch! whether considered as the Priest of a Tyrant, or of a breathless Body. I then demand of you, whether you know what a Day this is? Are you ignorant that Yesterday was the fourth Day of the *Roman Games* in the *Circus*? That you yourself proposed a Law to the People, that a fifth Day should be reserved for *Cæsar*? Why then are we not in our proper Robes<sup>w</sup>? Why do we now suffer

<sup>w</sup> Commentators have very different Opinions with regard to this Passage. Cicero here reproaches *Anthony*, because they were not in their Robes upon the Occasion of a Festival devoted to the

fer an Honour to *Cæsar*, decreed by your Law, to be neglected? Do you, who have suffered that a Day should be profaned by the Addition of Thanksgivings, refuse him Shrines? Either abolish your Superstition in every Respect, or preserve it entirely.

You may perhaps demand of me whether I approve of a Shrine, a PAVILION, and a Priest? No, I am against them all. But you, who insist upon ratifying the Acts of *Cæsar*, how can you account for ratifying some, and neglecting others? Unless by owning that you made every thing square with your Interest, not with his Dignity. What other Answer can you make? I am impatient to have a Specimen of your Oratorical Faculties. I know that your Grandfather<sup>x</sup> was a Man of great Eloquence; but he never was so perspicuous a Speaker as

you;

the Memory of *Cæsar*. This has occasioned some to imagine, that the Senators were always *Pretextati*, that is in their Robes of Ceremony: Others think, that *Cicero* here speaks only in Quality of *Augur*, who likewise had a Right to the *Pretextas*: Others are of Opinion, with great Probability, that *Anthony's* Zeal had carried him so far as to get a Decree passed, that the Senators should be present at the Games celebrated in his Honour in their Robes.

<sup>x</sup> *Cicero* throws out here a good deal of Wit; I am not sure if it is of the most pure Kind. The Pun he makes use of is better understood in the Original, than it can be in the Translation: *Dissertissimum cognovi avum tuum. At te etiam aperi- tiorum in dicendo ille nunquam nudus est concionatus tuum hominis simplicis Pectus videmus.*

you; for he never harangued while he was naked. Your plain *Honesty* bared your very Bosom to us. What! no Answer to this? Won't you so much as mouthe at one? Is there nothing in all this long Oration which you hope you can answer? But what is past I omit.

THIS very instant Day, in the single Moment of Time I am now speaking, account for it if you can, who the Senate is environed with a Body of Soldiers under Arms? Why are your Guards here present with Swords in their Hands? Why are not the Doors of the Temple of *Concord* thrown open? Why do you bring into the *Forum* the *Ityræans*, a Race the most savage of all Mankind, with their Quivers and their Darts? He answers me, that he does it to guard himself. Are not a thousand Deaths then preferable to your not being able to live in your own Country without a Guard of armed Soldiers? But feeble and weak, believe me is that Guard; the Affections, the Love of your Fellow-Citizens<sup>y</sup>, and not your Arms, must be your Defence.

These

<sup>y</sup> We see that it has been a very old Maxim, that a Tyrant never was safe when surrounded by Guards: It is upon the Affections of the People alone that a sure Sway can be founded.

These the *Roman* People will pluck out of your Hands, and I hope we shall live to see it. But however you may dispose of us, believe me, when you follow such Counsellors, your Reign will be but short. For too long has thy generous Spouse <sup>z</sup> (I mention her, I hope, with Decency) owed the third Debt she has to pay to the People of *Rome*. The *Romans* have still able Steersmen to place at the Helm of their Government. Through whatever Quarters of the World they are dispersed, with them remains the Safety of this State, or rather the State itself, which, though just avenged of her Wrongs, has not yet recovered her Lustre. True it is, our Country has Youths of the greatest Quality and Virtues, determined to defend her. However Conveniency may make it expedient for them to retire, yet the Distresses of their Country can recall them. Harmonious is the Name of Peace, and salutary her Qualities; but wide is the Difference between Peace and Servitude. Peace is the Tranquility of Freedom; Slavery, the most detestable of Evils, is to be averted, not by Force only,

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<sup>z</sup> *Fulvia* who was *Anthony's* Wife, had had three Husbands, *Clodius*, *Curio*, and *Anthony*. The first was killed by *Milo*; the second, being sent by *Cæsar* against *Juba*, King of *Mauritania*, was defeated and killed; and *Cicero* here prognosticates the Death of her third Husband, who was *Anthony*.

but even by Death. But though our brave Deliverers have withdrawn themselves from our Eyes, yet have they left a glorious Precedent. They have done what no Man ever did before ; *Brutus*, in the Field of Battle, fought *Tarquin*, who was a King, while Monarchy was agreeable to the Constitution of *Rome*. *Spurius Cassius*, *Spurius Melius*, *Marcus Manlius*, were put to Death for incurring but a Suspicion of affecting Loyalty. But our Deliverers have the Merit of being the first whose Swords reached not the Affector, but the Possessor of Regal Power ; an Action which, as it was glorious, nay divine in itself; so it is worthy our Imitation, since the Glory of its Authors is such, as that Heaven itself seems too narrow to contain it. For though the Consciousness of performing an amiable Action is a sufficient Reward ; yet in my Opinion Immortality ought to appear no despicable Prize to a Mortal.

CALL to mind therefore, *Marcus Antonius*, that glorious Day when you abolished the Dictatorship ; set in View the Transports of the Senate and the People of *Rome* ; oppose to these Objects the Bags hoarded up by Thee and Thine ; then wilt thou be sensible of the Difference

Difference betwixt Praise and Profit. But in vain : For as some People, benumbed and diseased, lose all Taste for the most savoury Food, thus the Lustful, the Covetous, the Guilty, never can taste the exalted Relish of true Glory. But if Glory has no Charms to reclaim you to your Duty, has Fear nothing to deter you from your miscreant Purposes ? You disregard all judiciary Proceedings ; if this arises from a Consciousness of Innocence, I commend it ; if from the Insolence of Power, little are you sensible how much the Man has to dread, who entertains such a Disregard. But if you are above dreading any thing from brave Men and worthy Citizens, whom by Means of your Arms you set at Defiance, as to any Attempt upon your Person ; yet believe me, your own Creatures will not long endure you. What a Life is it to be Day and Night in Alarms from your own People, unless they are under greater Obligations to you, than any of Cæsar's Destroyers were to him ? But are you in any respect to be compared with him ? He had Capacity, Sense, Memory, Learning,

## A a 2 Foresight,

\* We have here a very fine *Encomium upon Cæsar*, whom *Cicero* describes as possessing the greatest Qualifications. We are told by *Pliny*, that he was capable at the same Time, to write and to read, to dictate and to give Audiences : That he could dictate to four Clerks all at once ; and if he had no other Business on his Hands, to seven. We have many other Instances of his great Capacity and Quickness, both from his Contemporaries and other Authors.

Foresight, Reflection, and Spirit. His warlike Achievements, though ruinous to his Country, were glorious to himself. Through inexpressible Toil, through numberless Dangers, he laid a Scheme <sup>b</sup> for a long Possession of Power: What he projected he perfected: With Presents, with Shews, with Largeesses, with Entertainments, he soothed the heedless Vulgar; by his Liberality he obliged his Friends, and by a Semblance of Clemency, his Enemies. In short, partly with Fear, and partly by Patience, he made the Habit of Slavery tolerable to a free State.

THE Lust of Power, I own, was indeed in common to you both, though in no other respect can you admit of a Comparison with him. But from all the Misfortunes inflicted by him upon our Country this Advantage accrued, that the People of *Rome* have now learned how far any Man is to be believed; they have learned whom to trust, and whom to avoid. This gives you no Concern <sup>b</sup>, nor do you dream that it is enough for the bravest of Men to have now learned how amiable in itself,

<sup>b</sup> It is very probable, that if the Conspirators against *Cæsar* had not cut him off in the Manner they did, he would have enjoyed a long and a happy Reign. Perhaps, as Things fell out afterwards, it had been happy for the *Romans*, if he had lived till he had seen the great Designs he had formed, both civil and military, put in Execution. By what we learn in this Oration, and in the preceding one, they must have been very advantageous for the Constitution of *Rome*.

itself, how agreeable in the Consequences, and how glorious in its Report it is, to kill a Tyrant. If they could not bear with a *Cæsar*, will they endure an *Antonius*?

EAGERLY, believe me, will the World henceforward run into such an Enterprize; nor will they ever long wait for an Opportunity. Cast a considering Eye, *Marcus Antonius*, at last upon your Country. Reflect not on those with whom you live, but on those from whom you are descended: However you may stand with me, yet reconcile yourself to your Country. But of this you are the best Judge; one Thing for my own Part, I will here openly declare. In my Youth I defended my Country; in my old Age I will not abandon her. The Swords of *Catiline* I despised<sup>c</sup>, never shall I dread yours. With Pleasure should I expose my Person, if by my Blood the Liberties of *Rome* could be immediately recovered, and the People of *Rome* could be delivered from that painful Load they have been so long in Labour of. For if

almost

<sup>c</sup> Perhaps this Part of our Author's Speech cost him dearer than all the rest. He had great Authority and Weight in the Senate, and with the People: And however *Anthony* might despise his Invective and Railing, yet it is not to be supposed that he could be easy while such a Man as *Cicero*, who here so openly threatens him, lived. It was therefore no Wonder, if the first Preliminary of his Agreement with *Anthony* and *Lepidus* was that *Cicero* should be given up to his Sword.

<sup>d</sup> This is a very artful Insinuation at the End of a Speech; it awakes

almost twenty Years ago in this very Temple<sup>e</sup> I declared that no Death could be untimely to me, when Consular; much more truly can I declare the same now, that I am an aged Man. To me, Fathers Conscript, Death is even desirable, now that I have performed all the Duties which my Station and Character required. Two Things only I have now to wish for<sup>f</sup>: The first (than which the Gods themselves can bestow nothing on me more grateful is, that I may leave *Rome* in the Enjoyment of her Liberty: The other, that the Reward of every Man be proportioned to what he has deserved of his Country.

awakes in the Mind an Idea of the Character of *Catiline*, which is applicable to *Anthony*, and the Deliverer of *Rome* which is applied to *Caesar*.

<sup>e</sup> See the fourth Oration against *Catiline*.

<sup>f</sup> These are the Questorship, the Aedileship, the Praetorship, the Consulship, the Proconsulship of *Cilicia*, the Augurship, two Thanksgivings decreed in Honour of him, the Name of General bestowed on him, the Renown of being the first Orator of the Age, and the Honour of a Triumph, unless his Return from *Cilicia* had happened amidst the Commotions of the Civil War.

<sup>g</sup> He closes his Oration with two wishes: That at his Death he may leave the Republic free from the Tyranny of *Anthony*, and that the good Citizens may flourish and be happy; but that the Seditious, and those who are guilty of Oppression, might receive a Punishment proportioned to the Enormity of their Crimes. *Demosthenes* concludes his Oration concerning the Crown in the same Manner with Wishes. His Words are Μή, Σὺν ἀστερίοις. Immortal Gods wink not at these Things, but in the first Place give these People a sounder Mind; but if they are incurable, utterly destroy them, both by Sea and Land, and speedily delivering us from the Terrors we labour under, secure our Peace and Happiness.

The End of the SECOND VOLUME.

